# A STORY OF ACTIVE SERVICE

A

# STORY OF ACTIVE SERVICE IN FOREIGN LANDS

COMPILED FROM LETTERS SENT HOME FROM SOUTH AFRICA, INDIA, AND CHINA, 1856–1882

BY

SURGEON-GENERAL A. GRAHAM YOUNG

AUTHOR OF 'CRIMEAN CRACKS'

E 285821

MERCANTILE LIBRARY, OF NEW YORK.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS
EDINBURGH AND LONDON
MDCCCLXXXVIII

B-ZP (Young) (2)

WELL LIBRARY INSTITUTE

*TO THE MEMORY OF*

MY PARENTS,

AND OF

MANY FRIENDS AND COMRADES.

## *PREFATORY NOTE.*

*The following Extracts, from Letters sent home from foreign lands, form an extension of a previous Volume, entitled 'Crimean Cracks.' It may be useful to give the meaning of the latter word. The term "crack," in the Scottish dialect, has been happily defined as signifying "a familiar chat, with a human soul in it."*

# SUMMARY OF CONTENTS.

## SOUTH AFRICA.


| | PAGE |
|---|---|
| Outward bound, | 1 |
| Whales! Cape Town, | 4 |
| Emigrants from the "German Legion," | 4 |
| A visit from Caffre chiefs, | 9 |
| Journey inland, | 13 |
| Startling news of a mutiny in India, | 21 |
| A piscatorial discovery, | 28 |
| Caffre children at school, | 31 |
| Visit from the Governor, | 40 |
| Our orders for India arrive, | 42 |
| Leave Caffraria, | 47 |


## INDIA.


| | |
|---|---|
| Approach to Calcutta by the river Hughli, | 52 |
| At Benares, | 59 |
| A Rajah loyal and true, | 61 |
| Night journey—Dinapore to Arrah, | 65 |

The white mutiny, . . . . . 68
Pests of the "rainy season," . . . . 69
Rejoin headquarters at Benares, . . . 71
Startling orders, . . . . . 72
On the way to China, . . . . . 73

## CHINA.

Expeditionary force leaves Hong Kong for the North, 81
A cyclone, . . . . . . 84
Digging wells—scarcity of fresh water, . . 88
The fleet arrives in the Gulf of Pi-chi-li, . . 93
First encounter with the enemy at Sinho, . . 96
Battle of Tang Ku, . . . . . 98
Entreaties from the enemy to negotiate, . . 100
Capture of the North, and surrender of the South Taku Forts, . . . . . 106
Advance on Tien Tsin, . . . . 109
Flagging diplomacy, . . . . . 111
Forward to Pekin, . . . . . 113
Chinese treachery—battle of Changkiawan, . . 115
Pekin at last, . . . . . . 121
The Emperor's Summer Palace, . . . 124
More negotiations—preparations for bombardment, . 130
Release of prisoners, and their statements, . . 131
State papers found in the Summer Palace, . . 146
Burning of the Palace, . . . . . 157
Inside Pekin, . . . . . . 161
Winter-quarters at Tien Tsin, . . . . 171
An hospital established for poor Chinese, . . 175
The "Temple of Horrors," . . . . 183

## HOMEWARD BOUND.

Homeward bound—another cyclone! . . . 194
At St Helena—sad news of the Prince Consort's death received with dismay and doubt, . . . 208
The dreadful news confirmed at Cape Verd Islands, . 211
Home! . . . . . . . 212

## A SECOND TOUR OF INDIAN SERVICE.

"Good-bye" to the old regiment—Bay of Biscay illuminated, . . . . . 214
Cairo—a knightly steed, . . . . 217
Desert railway to Suez—down the Red Sea, . . 219
Guardian angels—scarcity of ice at Calcutta, . . 222
Reappointed to my old regiment, . . . 225
In a Calcutta boarding-house—native servants, . 227
Land at Madras, . . . . . 230
Public breakfast at Government House, . . 234
A cool (?) summer. Visit Ootacamund, . . 237
Aborigines of the Nilgherries, . . . 243
Madras Club, . . . . . . 249
Change of station—a farewell ball, . . . 250
From Bangalore to Bellary, . . . . 251
An unbidden guest, . . . . . 257
Marauders, . . . . . . 259
"Clothed in a little brief authority," . . . 263
On the way to Aden, . . . . . 266
Some plagues of Egypt, and others, . . . 278
Great anxiety felt for the Prince of Wales, . . 282
Homeward bound! . . . . . 282

## MY THIRD AND LAST TOUR OF INDIAN SERVICE.

Sudden orders to embark for India on a third tour of service, . . . . . . 287
Arrive at Bombay—railway travelling in India, . 291
A modern "Wandering Jew," . . . . 295
A curious geological feature, . . . . 297
A gastronomic oracle, . . . . . 299
Further experiences, . . . . . 301
Indian servants, . . . . . 303
The monsoon breaks, . . . . . 304
A first visit to Delhi, . . . . . 306
Artists at work, . . . . . 309
Agra and the Tāj Mahāl, . . . . 314
Native manufactures—mosaics, . . . 317
Rough travel, . . . . . . 319

## IN THE HIMALAYAS.

An anxious week in the Himalayas, . . . 321
A mountain hotel, . . . . . 325
A lonely Christmas, . . . . . 328
Struck down, . . . . . . 330
Farewell to India, . . . . . 331

# ILLUSTRATIONS.


TOP OF THE WALL OF PEKIN, OVER THE ANTING GATE, . . . *Frontispiece.*

ARRAH HOUSE, LOWER BENGAL, . *To face page* 66

HONG KONG WASHERWOMEN, . . . " 80

OUTSIDE THE WALL OF TIEN TSIN. BRICKS DRYING IN THE SUN, . . " 110

VEDETTE OF "FANE'S HORSE," . . " 136

WATER-CARRIER, . . . . . " 180

H.M. FRIGATE SIMOOM IN A CYCLONE, OCTOBER 1861, . . . . " 196

MY QUARTERS AND OFFICERS' MESS-HOUSE, FORT GEORGE, MADRAS, . . . " 234

Mercantile Library
of New York

# A STORY OF ACTIVE SERVICE.

## SOUTH AFRICA.

Dawn on the 9th November 1856 shed its shimmering light on the deck of the East Indiaman Wanata, as she left Gravesend for South Africa, whither I am now bound, to join the 2d battalion of the 60th Royal Rifles, at present stationed in British Caffraria.

Far from the gorgeous pageant of the Lord Mayor's show, and the booming noise of the anniversary royal salutes for the birthday celebration of the Prince of Wales, in comparative tranquillity we glide down the English Channel, with a fair wind that fills our canvas wings, and bears us gently onward to the broad bosom of the Atlantic.

There is not much to record of an uneventful voyage made in mid-ocean, between the mighty continents of Africa and America, save the occasional appearance of some of the common marvels of the sea, such as flying-fish, porpoises, nautili, and the beautifully variegated mass of algæ in the Sargasso Sea, along the border of which we sailed. What a field for histological research is here! Besides the huge aggregation of fuci, the innumerable inhabitants of this floating world are full of interest. On this occasion the pursuit of scientific investigation has to be subordinated to mercantile interests, and mine has been restricted to dipping a ship's bucket, attached to a long cord, over the side, and allowing it to sink as far as it would. Drawing it slowly on board after dusk, what a magnificent sight met my enraptured gaze! The water in the bucket was crowded with phosphorescent sparks, of sizes varying from a pin's point to a mustard-seed, all the tiny sparks twinkling like the stars overhead, and revolving each in its own orbit—excentric, certainly, but very lovely to behold. Suddenly there was a flutter and tremulous commotion in the sparkling throng, when there appeared, rising to the surface, a monster in the shape of an infant hermit-crab—body the

diameter of a split pea—clothed in a shell that he had evidently annexed, as it was about six sizes too large, and gave him the appearance of a small child in his grandfather's coat. My friend the hermit was speedily fished up in a tumbler, where he remained as an object of lively interest for several days, until a ruthless saloon waiter emptied the contents, anchorite and all, as waste water.

After an almost unprecedented voyage, for safety and celerity, we cast anchor in Table Bay on the 29th of December. The coast of Brazil was the first land we saw, and that was after twenty-eight days' sailing over a boundless expanse of blue water. In the "doldrums"—the zone of calms and light variable winds—we had some good boating, while our floating home lay in a dead calm, like "a painted ship upon a painted ocean." One day the captain saw what he declared to be a school of whales, about two miles off. Two boats were lowered away, plentifully supplied with harpoons and lines, and, with good crews on board, we soon drew near the group of monsters, basking in the sun. Before we got within range we discovered that the school was of manatees, not of whales, though resembling them somewhat when seen from a distance, and they quietly disappeared

from view on our trying to make their nearer acquaintance. Our long and hot pull only resulted in the discomfiture of the skipper, when we reported that his "whales" were not veritable cetaceæ. The medical officer in charge of the ship, an assistant surgeon of the East India Company's service, has been very ill with dysentery, but is now convalescent, though at one time I thought we should lose him. It was so far fortunate that I was one of the passengers, as there was no other medical aid available.

Cape Town, in the present year of grace (1857), is not a desirable residence. The principal hotel is a wretched caravanserai, chiefly constructed of wood, with badly fitting doors and windows that rattle with every breeze. For the last three days a strong gale from the south-east has been blowing, and the dust, mingled with hard pebbles, has been insufferable. It is bad in the house, but in the streets it is too painful to encounter. I am thankful to get away. We embark to-morrow (3d January) for East London in the Sultana, which takes some 600 of the German Legion, with a complement of officers and their families, to settle on grants of land in British Caffraria. These legionaries are some of those who were invited by

the British Government to take an active part in the Crimean war, but they were not embodied in time to join the army before Sevastopol, and many of them accepted the offer to become military settlers in South Africa, rather than return to their fatherland. I was told by one of the officers that, some time previous to this decision in favour of emigration, one of their own staff officers had been sent to explore the country, and he had returned to England with such a glowing account of vineyards and orange-groves as sufficed to stir even the Teutonic mind to its depths. There are many very lovely spots in the colony, but where that staff officer explored was certainly not the district which the settlers were eventually invited to occupy; or, at least, he must have viewed the endless tracts of coarse *veldt*, interspersed with large clumps of mimosa bush, through spectacles of the most roseate hue, or of such high magnifying power that they may have converted the globular yellow blossoms of the mimosa into a semblance of the golden fruit.

Before re-embarking I had two rides into the neighbouring country, and they proved very enjoyable—one, along a well-made road, round the base of a hill known as the "Lion," from which a

small promontory juts down to the sea, whence we had a magnificent panoramic view of the South Atlantic, Table Bay, and Cape Town, with Table Mountain in the background.

The bay is large, and, at present, without the protection of a breakwater, so that when a strong north-west wind blows, ships cannot enter the harbour. The town is built along the margin of the bay, from which it extends towards the base of Table Mountain, so called from the peculiar flat formation of its summit. When the wind blows off the sea, the mountain is covered by a dense layer of pure white cloud, aptly termed a table-cloth, and which gives it a very peculiar and beautiful appearance.

My second ride was towards the famous vineyards of Constantia, through a beautiful well-wooded country, studded, at short intervals, with the farm-houses of Dutch settlers. Having started rather late, we only had a distant view of the wine-growing district, and, much to our regret, had to retrace our steps lest we should be overtaken by the gloaming.

New Year's Day is quite a high holiday with the coloured people, who trick themselves out in raiment of the gaudiest colours, and delight in showing off their bravery to the white folks. Dusky Malay,

Hottentot, and half-caste women appear to strive each to outrival the others in the varied brilliancy of their personal adornments. Men of the same races display snowy shirt-fronts and open waist-coats, decorated with quaintly shaped silver buttons and embroidery. All of them appeared to be thoroughly good-natured, and to enjoy the admiration evoked by their festive garb! There was a "dignity ball" in the evening, and it was most amusing to watch the antics that were indulged in by the dancers, who skipped and hopped about the floor in a style peculiar to themselves, though in perfect accord with the accurate time kept by a band of nigger musicians, who discoursed sweet music with much wriggling and queer grimaces. A short stay in an almost palpable atmosphere was quite enough to satisfy our curiosity.

We are coasting along the south of Africa in a heavy sea that makes the ship pitch and roll uncomfortably.

The Teutonic element on board does not impress one very favourably, especially as regards their manner of conducting themselves at table, which, to put it mildly, is very far from being in accordance with our insular practices. An inpression has hitherto been cherished by me that "German"

was another term for "gentleman," but my first contact with the reality has rudely shaken that belief. Most of the officers use the aristocratic prefix "von," but they do not carry out the principles expressed by the ancient motto, *Noblesse oblige*. Of course I refer only to my immediate surroundings, not to the German Empire. The colonel in command has his wife and two daughters with him: one of the latter is betrothed to a young officer who is also on board. The young couple seem to enjoy themselves, as they are constantly hugging and embracing each other, no matter where or in what society they may be. It is not an edifying or amusing pastime to witness after the first few minutes.

At length (16th Jan.) we have reached our port of debarkation, if an open roadstead at the mouth of the Buffalo river can be called a port. We anchored off the dreary-looking and not very extensive city of East London yesterday, having been in sight of the place on four successive days, and driven back each time by adverse winds and currents. As the coast is not a very safe one to approach, we are about a mile and a half from the landing-place, and the ship rolls heavily in a wild tumbling sea. Communication with the shore is

effected by means of strongly built surf-boats, each large enough to convey a hundred men. These boats are hauled to and fro on stout hawsers that work over pulleys, firmly fixed at the stem and stern. Sails and oars would be of no use with such powerful currents and heavy surfs as have to be encountered here. The first boat to arrive brought the port-captain on board to superintend the disembarkation, which speedily commenced, and proceeded amidst great noise and confusion. Men, women, and children, with their personal belongings, were bundled into the boat through a large open porthole, as she rose to its level on the swell of the heaving water. The boats are worked by stalwart Caffres, fine specimens of humanity, sheathed in skin of a coppery hue; and the hawsers, firmly moored at intervals, are arranged to admit of boats passing each other on the way to or from the shore.

We have been much gratified by receiving a visit from three Caffre chiefs, accompanied by two of our resident magistrates, and some of our army officers. As this is the first instance of a Caffre chief having been induced to venture on board ship here, we deem ourselves highly honoured. One of them, who rejoices in the name of "Smith"

(so called after Sir Harry Smith, ex-governor and commander-in-chief), is the son of Umhala, one of the great chiefs of Caffraria, and is a good specimen of the race as regards physical development, but very ugly. He is one of the few who refused to obey the "prophet" when ordered to kill his cattle before the last war; and as his father killed his in obedience to the voice of the prophet, Smith left the paternal kraal in disgust, and commenced the profession of chief on his own account. Another of these sable princes, named Siwani, is also a great man in his own country: at one time he was reputed the fleetest runner in Caffreland, and on one occasion he pursued and actually captured an antelope, but the effort proved too much for him, as he either strained or ruptured the muscles of his right leg, and has been lame ever since. He does not believe in strained or ruptured muscular tissue, but declares that he was bewitched by some one who envied him his running powers, and was thus reft of his speed. The third is a petty chief, yclept Umbolo, of no particular note. The costume of these children of nature did not approach our standard idea of royal robes: the two latter had nothing beyond a blanket, worn toga fashion, with one corner thrown over the left shoulder, leaving the right arm free; but Smith

had a pair of pantaloons in addition to the blanket, by way of adding dignity and importance to his superior position. They all wore necklets of copper beads, copper finger-rings, and had their right arms, from the wrist to the elbow, encased in a close array of brass rings, the wires for which are put on hot round the forearm, and the ends of each wire welded together to form the ring—a process of ornamentation rather more painful than that of boring the ears, as practised on young ladies at home. In addition to these ornaments, Smith wore a ring of ivory above the elbow, this being the mark of royalty, as none but great chiefs are allowed to wear it. This ring was made from a section of an elephant's tusk without any mark of division, and it must have been slipped on and retained in position before the limb had become fully developed.

When they came on board, all three were very much surprised at the large expanse of the different decks and the cabin accommodation. Smith remarked that he thought himself a clever fellow when he refused to kill his cattle, but now that he had come on board ship he considered himself twenty times more so. They all had a little brandy, which they relished very much, and were

highly delighted with a present of tobacco and ship's biscuit, which they carried off to show their friends on shore. When they got glasses of water they each swallowed a little, then filled their mouths and squirted the water to an immense distance: after this they took more into their mouths, transferred it to their hands, and rubbed it over face and neck—the most original form of personal ablution I ever saw. On being placed before a large mirror in the after-cabin, they were very much delighted and surprised, and stood opposite it for some time wrapt in admiration. They appeared to enjoy their visit, barring the passage from the shore, as the sea was rough and they were unhappy. The two magistrates are British officers who have acquired a knowledge of the Caffre language, and reside in the neighbourhood of the chiefs to advise them and assist in the administration of justice. They brought the chiefs on board to show them what a mighty thing a ship full of soldiers is, and no doubt they returned duly impressed with our strength.

The last shore-going surf-boat brought me safely to land on the evening of Sunday the 18th: what a number of other important historical events have occurred on a Sunday!

The only existing hotel mainly consists of a drinking-bar, much patronised by Caffres and Africanders, and is a very indifferent one, so I gladly accepted the kind invitation of the officer commanding a detachment of the 73d Regiment, stationed in Fort Glamorgan, to dine and sleep there. The fort is small, and commands the landing-place near the mouth of the river. I was hospitably entertained; and as rain fell incessantly all next day, I was obliged to inflict my presence upon my host till the day following, when the weather cleared a little, and I started for my destination, about forty-five miles distant. The journey was made in a four-wheeled, tilted waggon, without springs, and drawn by a "span" of eight pretty mules, harnessed in pairs and driven by a Hottentot, who wielded a whip like a salmon-rod, with a lash of proportionate length. The roads, or rather tracks, are dreadful, and we bumped along (my baggage and I) over deep ruts, boulders of rock, across deep ravines and running water, my limbs in constant jeopardy, till we reached Fort Pato, a distance of fifteen miles. I never had such a rough drive, and was only too glad to learn that we were to "outspan" here for the night. I made my bow to the officer in command, who at once

invited me to take "pot luck" with him, and a shake-down for the night—an invitation I gladly accepted. Fort Pato is the second of a chain of outposts along the main track from the coast to the interior, for the protection of travellers: they average about fifteen miles apart from one another. "Inspanned" after breakfast, and left for King William's Town about 9 A.M., over a track worse, by many degrees, than that we had travelled by on the previous day. After a halt, about half-way, to breathe the mules, we recommenced our struggles, and reached our destination at 6 P.M., thankful to escape with whole bones, though they ached consummately.

Not a bed to be had at any of the inns; but I was fortunate enough to find that one of our subalterns was absent on escort duty, and I turned in to his room for the night.

On arrival, I was most kindly received by my brother officers; and I have only to say "what I lack," to have the need supplied—even to an evening suit for dinner, as I had not time to unpack my own before the mess bugle sounded the "dress."

Frequent heavy showers and severe thunderstorms have prevented me looking at the neighbouring country. I can only speak, as yet, with

certainty, of the long and dreary waste between this and East London. There are few signs of habitation along the track, with the exception of the forts, and it is only in their immediate vicinity that any appearance of cultivation is seen. The track for wheeled traffic is through coarse grass, with large patches of mimosa and other shrubs, locally known as "the bush," dotted about at short intervals. Tall trees are in the minority on this exposed and undulating plateau: they are chiefly to be seen in deep hollows close to purling streams, favourite haunts of the iguana, a small saurian that lives in trees, and feeds on leaves and fruit, and is uncommonly good to eat when cooked.

Since the termination of the last war, the country is in an unsettled state. Caffres prowl about stealing cattle or anything they fancy, though they are generally brought to justice and the plunder restored.

Sir George Grey, Governor of the Cape, and the Commander-in-chief of the army, are both here. The former believes there is not the slightest chance of another rising of the Caffres. There are now about 14,000 British and German troops in the colony, and should war break out afresh, it will be a war of extermination, and the natives

know it. There is not much danger in riding about the country by daylight, though most people carry pistols; but after dark it is unsafe to do so.

Last month we were quite gay: we had two concerts in aid of a fund for the purchase of an organ for the church. Many visitors came from stations twenty and thirty miles distant. The sun is now very powerful, and frequent hot winds do not add to our comfort. However, as this is the last month of the hot season, we live in anticipation of a reduced temperature in April. Two of our companies are on detachment duty: one occupies one of the frontier forts, sixteen miles from headquarters; while the other is employed at woodcutting in the "Peri bush," an extensive wood at the base of the Amatola mountains, distant nine miles in the opposite direction. As these posts have to be visited by a medical officer at short intervals, I have been told off for this delectable duty! Accompanied by an orderly from the Cape Mounted Rifles, who, with loaded carbine, acted in the double capacity of guide and guard, to scare away any stray Caffres who might be lurking in the bush, I have paid my first visit to and from Fort Jackson, and did not feel quite happy for

several days after my ride of thirty-two miles. It was, in more than one sense, a trial trip. Traveling on horseback is the only pleasant way of traversing long distances: there is plenty of grass on either side of the waggon-track, soft cantering ground, and not a toll to bar progress. The country is broken and rugged—features conferred by the secondary rivers that abound throughout British Caffraria. These rivers flow in deep and tortuous channels within a few miles of each other, and the steep banks of most of them are thickly wooded with tall umbrageous trees. The undulating intervening plateaus are generally left to nature, and are thickly clothed with mimosa bush and other shrubs. Cultivation is chiefly carried on by the natives on the rivers' banks, and in favourable situations there may be seen large patches of mealies (Indian corn or maize) and of millet growing in rich luxuriance. Wild flowers are not plentiful at this season, though the margins of the rivers are thickly fringed with flowering-shrubs of varied beauty.

One peculiarity of my surroundings struck me during this ride, and that was the almost total absence of animal life. The denizens of the forest would seem to have retired, like the natives of the

soil, at the approach of the white invader of territory they once called their own.

There are some birds of beautiful plumage, but none of them have any song except the canary, and that only sings after being caged. From my own short experience, and from what I hear, I have come to the conclusion that British Caffraria, in its present undeveloped state, is not a desirable country to live in, unless you possess the combined instincts of a farmer and a country gentleman with capital, and brains to work the latter profitably.

Ten days ago (5th April) I was suddenly ordered to proceed to Tamacha, a post about fifteen miles distant, to take medical charge of the 12th Regiment during the temporary illness of the surgeon of that corps. The name of the post is derived from the Caffre word signifying bitter or brackish water, as the small stream and lakelets close to it are impregnated with saline matter which makes the water bitter to the taste, and recalls to mind the position of the Israelites at the waters of Marah. Officers and men are housed in buildings constructed of materials at hand, locally termed "wattle and daub." Strong wooden supports cut from the neighbouring bush are fixed in the ground at the angles and along the side and end

walls; these are interlaced with twigs and branches, and then the walls are completed by a thick coating of mud, spaces being left for doors and windows, while the roof is thatched with the long grass which grows in abundance all around. An application of whitewash gives these rude structures an air of respectability, and the floors are periodically smeared with a solution of a peculiar kind to keep insect life under control. The neighbouring country is of an undulating character, without beauty, and is intersected by deep and thickly wooded ravines, though the wood is merely a thick tangled "bush," with creepers of great size winding and twisting amongst it, like huge snakes, in all the wild luxuriance of nature. There is no town or village near, so that we are individually dependent on our own resources for occupation or amusement. We begin to experience the severity of the cold of winter, which, though not so great as that at home, is here very appreciable, especially at night. Winter being the dry season, we shall have little rain for some months to come. Already the rivers are very low, and vegetation begins to lose its rich verdure.

Two days after my return from Tamacha, I had to visit the detachment at the "Peri bush," where

the men are engaged in cutting wood for building purposes. It is a lovely spot, near to the "Buffalo Poorts," or sources of the Buffalo river. The bush is extremely dense, and has more the character of a wood, extending for miles along the range of the Amatola mountains, and it is perfectly alive with birds of most beautiful plumage, various kinds of antelopes, baboons, small monkeys, and wild pigs. Green parrots are here in great abundance, and make the woods resound with their constant chatter, in which the monkeys delight to join. The camp is cold, from its great altitude above the plain, and damp, by reason of its close proximity to the rushing infantile river; yet the officers and men of the party like it as a change from the monotony of garrison life.

We gave a ball to the general and staff, officers of the garrison, German Legion, and those at the outposts, on Friday 17th April, at which about two hundred officers and ladies assisted. Our mess-room was prettily decorated, and dancing went on till about 5 A.M. The general (Sir J. Jackson) was so pleased with the success of the party, that he begged us to allow the decorations to remain till after Monday, when, if the officers of the battalion had no objections, he proposes to give another ball.

Of course no objections were raised, and thus we shall have another display of the beauty and fashion of King William's Town and neighbourhood. Some of the replies to our invitations to the German ladies were droll: one wrote, "Captain Von B. cannot come; Mrs Von B. will come."

H.M.S. Megæra has brought startling news of a Sepoy revolt in India (5th July 1857). Carrier-pigeons from Bombay brought messages to Ceylon, to the effect that several native regiments had killed their officers and many other Europeans. Details of this mutiny have not yet reached us, but if it extend, as some seem to think it will, several regiments will probably be sent from this colony, and we all hope that our battalion may be one of the first to go. The change from a life of comparative inaction will be hailed with delight, as there is little to be done here except routine work, and the prospect of active service in the field is eagerly discussed. We are almost outside the pale of civilisation, and the ordinary amenities of home life are few and expensive to acquire. I often sigh for a return of the rough old times we had in the Crimea.

Notwithstanding our war prospects, one of our captains is busy making arrangements for theatri-

cals, he having a high reputation as an amateur actor. The officers are to form the corps to represent both male and female characters, and the manager was good enough to tell me that I would make a very good lady if I would consent to part with my "anchovies"—by which term he dignified my facial hirsute adornments. I declined the honour, especially as my vocation is not a theatrical one, even in the female department.

Accompanied by a brother officer, I rode yesterday to Fort Jackson, an outpost on the new "trek" between King William's Town and East London. We saddled up at 9 A.M., and had a very hot ride of three hours, over twenty-two miles, lunched, and started on our return journey at 3 P.M., arriving at six. My object in going down was to secure the only available house, in the possible event of my being ordered to accompany a relieving detachment from our headquarters. The house is a small, square, single-room structure, built of the usual materials,[1] but it affords better shelter than a tent. It has a door and a window, if a square hole in the wall, closed by a board on hinges and fastened by a wooden button, can be called a window.

Two companies left headquarters, on outpost

[1] Wattle and daub.

duty at Fort Jackson and Amalinda respectively (August 1857), to relieve detachments of the 89th Regiment, ordered to embark at East London, originally for New Zealand, but now more probably for India. Our Indian news is most exciting, and urgent demands are made, for British troops for India, on military stations, such as Mauritius, Ceylon, New Zealand, Australia, and the Cape. We hear that five battalions will be sent from this, but do not know which are likely to be selected. Unfortunately for us, several regiments have been longer here than ours, and will probably leave before we do—a contingency to be deplored.

We marched about twelve miles the first afternoon in a thick drizzling rain, and encamped for the night opposite a large Caffre kraal, where Major Gawlor of the 73d Regiment is resident magistrate. Immediately after our arrival the major rode over and invited the officers, four in number, to dinner. After the tents were pitched and the horses attended to, we spent a pleasant evening with Major and Mrs Gawlor after our comfortless march. The magistrate has made himself so popular with the chief and his people, that they now style themselves "the Amagalas" —the friends or children of Gawlor. Marched at

daybreak, after a hasty cup of coffee, to a village of German military settlers, where materials for breakfast were procured, and speedily disposed of. Rode on in advance of the detachment, and soon established myself in the house I had purchased.

An isolated fort like this is not a lively spot. It is in the form of a square, enclosed by a mud wall, with a ditch outside, and the men are relegated to mud huts and tents within the enclosure. There are two breaches in the wall for the ingress and egress of waggons and riding-parties, but no battlemented gateways or drawbridges exist; the road through is merely a continuation of the "trek" to the seaboard town of East London. My duties are light, but I have a little variety in making periodical visits to the outpost at Amalinda, about ten miles distant, and near to where the river Buffalo debouches into the sea. The ride is through a very pretty, well wooded country, and as there is some good shooting to be had, we hope to have an occasional partridge, quail, or bustard on our table. This is a healthy station, and as we all take an immense amount of exercise, we are getting as "hard as nails." Went out with guns to-day (7th September), together with a brother officer, but

after walking over hill and dale for four hours, I returned without having a chance of discharging mine. My companion shot an eagle, which is now being prepared for setting up. Yesterday L. and I rode to East London, starting early. We breakfasted at Amalinda; at East London we had lunch with the 73d, and afterwards pulled up the river about four miles, a lovely stretch of water, with magnificent foliage on either bank. As I was obliged to return, I left about 4 P.M. for a nineteen miles' canter, and got back at 6.15 P.M., a little after dark, which is not altogether a safe thing to do in these parts. L. remained at East London to spend a few days, and I travelled alone.

We have been gardening to a considerable extent, and that, on virgin soil, is not child's play. First of all we had to cut through a thick layer of turf that has been turf for ages, and then dig the soil that has never known either a spade or a plough. A large piece of ground in front of our huts has been prepared and sown with vegetable seeds, some of which are already up. Then we have prepared another large piece of virgin soil, outside the post, for the reception of potatoes, which are planted, and the ground "kraaled in," or surrounded by a strong stockade cut from the neighbouring bush.

In a short time, vegetation being rapid, we shall have a good supply of green food and fresh tubers, instead of preserved vegetables and potatoes, as at present, which are neither succulent nor palatable. We each get a ration of 1 lb. of meat and 1 lb. of bread daily, for which we are mulcted in the large sum of 1½d.; but when visitors arrive we can always get supplies of both at contract rates, 3¼d. per pound. Beer and wine are expensive, and not much indulged in; so also are groceries.

You make a mistake about the Indian Mutiny: our 1st battalion was not one of those that mutinied, but was actually one of the first that was engaged in suppressing the revolt, as it was stationed at Meerut, where the sepoys first rose in armed rebellion, and it afterwards took an active and prominent part in the siege of Delhi, which the mutineers at first took by surprise and occupied.

Two more regiments (the 13th and 89th) have gone on to India, but we are fixtures for the present — to our sorrow. The 80th Regiment was also under orders, gave a farewell ball to the people of Beaufort, where they are stationed, and the first part of the regiment had actually marched, when a Government "express" arrived with orders for them to "stand fast": they

were dreadfully annoyed. No recent news from India, but the last we had seemed to indicate that the insurrection had assumed the character of a religious war, and if such be the case, it will be both serious and of long duration. Therefore we live in the hope that our services may yet be required to aid the cause of Christianity *versus* Eastern fanaticism and all its cruel and oppressive tenets.

We do not find the Caffres interesting in peace times. The men are chiefly occupied in idling about, smoking when they have tobacco, and begging when they have the chance. Their constant salutation is "Mollo," for Good day, quickly followed by "N'isela hiccuba," Give tobacco; and if they receive a negative in reply they are not at all abashed, but continue with "N'isela tickey," Give me a threepenny-bit. Even the chiefs condescend to beg most importunately and persuasively for "tickeys." Many of the poor constantly prowl around our kitchens, crying out "Bunya lumbelé," Very hungry, or "N'isela scoff," Give me meat. Great numbers of the poor people have died from starvation, after having killed their cattle in obedience to the voice of the so-called "prophet" during the late war, he having an-

nounced that a general sacrifice of their cattle would ensure their victory over British arms.

The women do most of the manual labour, as digging, cutting and carrying wood, of which they carry immense loads on their heads. They clothe themselves scantily in a necklet of beads, and a short kilt made of blanket or cow's hide, sometimes with the addition of a blanket thrown loosely over their shoulders: this blanket is also used to securely fasten "baby" between them, as being a convenient perch whence he receives his nourishment from what looks like a black leather bag thrown backwards to him, but which in reality is the primal source of all infantile food.

War news is no longer in the ascendant (7th October 1857), now that the discovery of proper bait for snaring the wily mullet in the Buffalo river has been made. The water has been whipped for ages by anglers, with every diversity of fly and tempting bait, with indifferent results, but now both banks of the river are crowded with eager sportsmen, from the officer commanding to the smallest bugler, landing their "fush" in quick succession, after baiting their hooks with the winged grub of a large ant, which has extensive colonial possessions on both banks. This marvellous supply of large

grey mullet, fresh from the river, is a grand boon to all—to men as well as officers; for hitherto we have had no fish except salmon and sardines in hermetically sealed tins, which (like most imported luxuries) are too expensive for the men, especially those with families. But now, thanks to the discovery (not patented) of the great ant-grub for bait, by Major Webbe Butler, the whole population on the banks of the Buffalo river can have a plentiful supply of fresh and uncommonly good fish. This may seem a small matter to you at home, who can have your "caller ou'" and "haddies" for the asking; but here, in a comparative wilderness, these mullet have come to us like the manna to the Israelites of old, if I may say so with all reverence.

We have just had a new experience, which took the form of a severe gale that nearly swept us all away. Considerable damage was done to our thatched roofs; the end of my stable was only saved from being blown in by the aid of a timely prop; and the hospital marquee had to be constantly watched, pegs and ropes driven in and tightened: indeed we had to be continually on the look-out for the security of our belongings. This gale forcibly reminded me of the Crimean storm of the 14th November 1854, with this difference, that I was

not marching through it and its accompanying rain and seas of mud.

Our latest Indian news came by the last home mail. The 2d battalion Rifle Brigade was at Cape Town a few days ago, *en route* to India; but being unprovided with the wings of a dove, I could not traverse a distance of several hundreds of miles to wish my old friends good luck.

There appears to be very little chance of our getting the route, as the Governor seems determined to keep a large force in the country, for what purpose no one can divine, except it be to maintain his popularity with the "Wincklers," as the European storekeepers are called. The presence of a large body of British soldiers means the circulation of a large amount of the current coin of the realm, which is of great advantage to the "Wincklers." The reason for the detention of a large army cannot be fear of another Caffre rising, as the people are starving, and in no condition for fighting. Whispers of unpatriotic selfishness are even heard, though not generally accepted, keeping in view the urgent need of India in the present crisis.

Newlands Mission Station, a few miles off, has been nearly destroyed by fire (20th October 1857). I visit the station periodically, as there is always

some sickness to be cared for amongst the little flock of school children, and was present when the alarm of fire was raised. One thatched hut was ablaze, and a high wind blew the flames towards the neighbouring one before it could be pulled down. All that could be done was to rescue the furniture, though much of it was destroyed, as one hut after another caught fire; but, fortunately for the ladies and their children, we succeeded in saving the two last of the group of huts, those occupied by the catechist. The excitement was great, especially as we had to deal with such combustible materials as wood and dried thatch, flaming in a high wind.

The Caffre children attending the mission school have, with some difficulty, been persuaded to wash their faces regularly, and to comb their woolly heads of hair. They have been provided with little blouses to wear, instead of the dirty bit of old blanket in ordinary use: it is astonishing to see what a change has been effected in the appearance of these copper-coloured atoms of humanity. As a rule, they have good features, some are actually pretty, and their beautifully bright dark eyes sparkle with intelligence and good-humour. It is a great and good work, the gentle leading of this young generation

of heathens in the paths of Christian knowledge. To accomplish this effectually, the missionaries and teachers have to acquire a knowledge of the language—no light task, even with the aid of printed books and vocabularies, compiled with great labour, by some of their predecessors. It is a soft, musical language, somewhat like Italian in sound, with the exception of a variety of "clicks" which are frequently introduced, but are difficult to render on paper: they can only be described as labial, lingual, palatal, and guttural sounds, that are only to be acquired by practice, the possession of a musical ear being indispensable.

Our gardens are in a flourishing condition: in a few days we shall have salad and green peas, and another month will see us provided with new potatoes. How nice it will be to eat the fruit of our own labour!

There are a great many very beautiful wild flowers all around us, but as they are too large to send by post, I have attempted to transfer a few of them to paper, though my colouring is far short of nature's, and you must please be sparing in your criticism.

Tame a parrot or two, indeed! I must first catch them; but they are very wily birds, and roost in the

highest and most inaccessible trees. The only way to get them is to shoot them; and, as a general rule, I find that sportsmen carry the taming process a little too far, so that the birds they bring home are only fit to cook, and then they are very good to eat.

So the "Mound" has lost its prominent feature (November 1857) by the removal of its thirteen-storeyed houses—relics of past ages—to be replaced by more stately, if not more picturesque, buildings. Here the work of destruction has taken a milder form: a "general order" has been issued, requesting officers and men serving in Caffraria to reap the crops on their chins forthwith, and display them unadorned by the protection which nature had provided. The "steel age" is revived!

The 13th, 80th, and 89th Regiments have gone to India, and two more are to go soon, the 6th being one, but the other has not been named. We are kept in a state of suspense, though I have plenty to occupy me, and wait the turn of events placidly, doing my twenty or thirty miles' ride day by day in different directions to aid suffering humanity, by which exercise I also suffer *materially*.

Our hopes of Indian service are now (December 1857) at a lower ebb than ever. One of our captains has just been appointed aide-de-camp to the local

Commander-in-chief, and this alone leads us to suppose that we are fixtures in South Africa for some time, as in the event of the battalion being ordered on active service, all officers on staff employ must rejoin, and it is not probable that the old "Buster"[1] would select an officer as a member of his personal staff whose corps is to leave the command at an early date.

Considerable excitement has been caused by the arrival of upwards of a hundred girl emigrants, chiefly Irish, who have come out to act as domestic servants, and probably with an eye to possible matrimony. Servant-girls are much wanted in the colony, as ladies have to rely on the Hottentot or Fingo population for female helps, and they are very indifferent substitutes for the home housemaid, seldom remain long in a situation, while they demand wages of £4 a-month and their food for very poor service. The new arrival is therefore hailed as a great boon by those who require a female servant or—a wife. I may mention incidentally that many of these girls married well, not only to colonists, but also to soldiers of the battalion, some of whom subsequently became commissioned officers, and the wives did not dis-

[1] A playful term for the Commander-in-chief, who is very stout.

grace their position. Two days after the emigrants landed, the ship they came out in was driven ashore during a severe gale at East London. No lives were lost, but the Lady Kenaway is fast on a spit of sand at the mouth of the river Buffalo, with a valuable cargo of railway plant and wine for India on board, which common report says has been seized on behalf of the Colonial Government, probably for safe custody, and for subsequent transmission to its original destination.

We are now using our own vegetables that we put in after so much labour, and very excellent they are, especially the delicious new potatoes—fancy, new potatoes in December! But we are fast approaching our midsummer's day, and are fairly entered on the season of thunderstorms, the dense clouds forming a grand protection from the broiling sun. The plains are now bedecked in the richest verdure, and besprinkled with lovely flowers, while the feathery mimosa has begun to put forth her golden blossoms, a sign that summer is at hand. Hitherto thunderstorms have not been so frequent or severe as they usually are, and it is on this account, I believe, that many gardens have suffered from the ravages of myriads of locusts, which have committed havoc amongst

the pot-herbs: they eat and destroy every kind of vegetable. Fortunately for us, our enclosure is near the top of a hillock exposed to the high winds that prevail daily, and thus we have not suffered to the same extent as others from the depredations of these destructive visitors. Talking of locusts, we were amused at a picture in a recent number of the 'London News' of one that had been secured by a pin on London Bridge and safely deposited in the British Museum, to the delight of wonder-stricken Cockneys and interested *savants*. In a five minutes' walk from my house I could show you hundreds, larger and much more beautiful than that which so recently enraptured the astonished Londoners. We cannot take a step on the grass without disturbing them, as they bask in the heat of the sun's rays. Up they start with a whirr, as they pass rapidly through the air, displaying their magnificently coloured suits of plate-armour glinting in the bright sunshine. Their variegated colours are rich and beautiful: I have dubbed them the stalwart knights of the insect world.

Twelve months of comparative inaction have brought us face to face with the year of grace 1858. I say comparative inaction, though per-

sonally I have had a full share of active work, and sometimes a trifle too much. A few days ago an urgent summons came from one of our detachments for a medical officer to go to the relief of a subaltern who was reported to be very ill. The outpost, known by the ominous name of "Bailie's Grave," is only forty-five miles distant! and as the greater part of the road runs through a disaffected district, I took with me an escort of a corporal and two men of the Cape Mounted Rifles with loaded carbines, and started at cock-crow in the morning. Going at a hand-canter, we changed our steaming horses for troopers at three different outposts on the way. I was sorry to leave my own at the first halt, as the troop-horses are by no means comfortable to ride. We were not molested by the way; but whenever we had to pass a thick clump of bush, the corporal rode up and said, "Gallop as fast as you can, sir,"—which I did, or rather the horse I bestrode. Arrived safely about eleven, and, as I expected, found the sick officer nearly well. After lunch I had the "saddle up" sounded by a bugler for my escort to prepare for our return, though the men did not seem to like it. We picked up the horses we left at the other outposts, and I was thankful to feel

my own steed under me at the one nearest home, which carried me back in time for a late dinner. A ninety-mile ride in one day is no joke, and it is no wonder that I felt stiff and uncomfortable for days afterwards; but my return was imperative, as I had other duties to attend to.

We have had about the dullest Christmas I ever passed, and, to make matters worse, the leg of mutton at dinner was very tough, and the heat was so great that we had to sit without our coats, dining in shirt-sleeves in December!

The sheep at the Cape have unusually large tails, and as these animals are small in size, they appear to be overweighted by the broad and fat caudal appendages with which nature has provided them. Not so the Hottentot women, who also rejoice in a natural posterior development, which shakes like a jelly underneath their thin garments as the owners move about.

These Hottentot women are fond of music, and delight to gyrate in front of our band when the battalion marches out, and then the quivering mass is seen to perfection. They not only carry their children but also large burdens on this protuberance.

Can it be possible that the idea for the con-

struction of modern improvers for ladies' figures, in use at home, was originally derived from the natural formation of this wild race of South Africa? For "Hottentot" read a wild man, a dweller in the wilderness who lives on roots and the produce of his bow and spear, and form your own conclusions.

Ten days ago (9th January), on returning from my usual visit to the Amalinda outpost, I could scarcely keep in the saddle till I reached my own door. The day was very hot, and the sun gave me a *coup* which kept me in bed, unable to eat or sleep, for several days. Thanks to the careful nursing of my commandant, I am once more fit for work. Our surgeon sent a waggon to take me to headquarters; but I did not like the change, as the air is better here, and I sent back the waggon with a note of grateful thanks for the kind attention.

The Caffres suffer dreadfully for their belief in the "prophet," who told them to kill their cattle with the expectation that they would rise again, when the people would be able to drive all the white men out of the country. Immense numbers have died of starvation, including the prophet and his family, and *they* won't rise again just yet.

Many have migrated to the Cape Colony, to work for the farmers; and the remaining population of Caffraria is very scant. A few small tribes, who did not believe in the prophet, are left: they are under British protection, and are rich in cattle, which they do not sell. Like the patriarchs of old, they number their flocks, and are men of substance in proportion to their number.

All this may not be accounted as "active service;" but *proficiat*, and we shall see.

If it be ordained that we are to go to India, we have had a foretaste of oriental climate. During the last fortnight (11th February 1858) the temperature by day averaged 110° in the shade, and you may try to imagine, but cannot realise, our discomfort, with none of the appliances for tempering the heat that exist in the far East. I had to ride to the Mission Station twice daily to see one of the missionaries; and though it is only an hour's ride, I felt the heat greatly. Poor Mr B. had neglected himself at the outset, and applied for medical aid when it was too late: this is my first patient who has died in South Africa.

The Governor, Sir George Grey, and the brigadier commanding the district, with their respective staffs, did us the honour of breakfasting with us (7th

March). Sir George has been making a tour of the frontier, and is now *en route* for East London, where he embarks for Cape Town. He informed us that the 73d and ourselves are under orders for India. There is not much chance of our leaving for the next three months, as available transports are scarce, which is so far fortunate, as we shall then arrive in the cool season.

I look forward with mixed feelings to our change of station. We shall probably have some hard work, and plenty of marching; but we are in pretty good training for the climate, as we have had to endure more than an average Indian heat for some months past. India will separate us from home by a much wider space, though the means of communication are quite as direct, and more regular.

Contrary to all expectation, H.M.S. Simoom arrived off East London last evening, and the embarkation of the baggage of the 73d Regiment was at once commenced. The regiment embarked to-day (9th March), and they steamed away direct to India at noon. This sudden move has taken us by surprise. The Commandant's aide-de-camp at King William's Town belongs to the regiment, and he hurried down to rejoin, together with the Com-

mandant and Assistant Adjutant-General, who went to superintend the embarkation. They reached East London in time to see the steamer well under way with the regiment on board.

One of the paramount Caffre chiefs, named Pato, has been senteneed to ten years' transportation for a variety of offenees. He is a eunning old raseal, and has long eluded the efforts made to entrap him. For some time past the loeal government appears to have adopted a policy of ehief-eatehing whieh has been sueeessfully earried out, many petty ehiefs having been transported, their power broken up, and their people scattered. A large mounted expedition has been sent into Kreli's eountry, whieh is said to have dispersed his people and eaptured 400 head of eattle. Kreli was a power in the land—one of our strongest foes in the reeent war—and a prineipal instigator in the eattle-killing movement: he has made his eseape for the present. The expedition against him is not generally viewed with favour: it certainly takes the semblanee of a declaration of war, and the natives seem to regard it in this light.

The route for India has arrived, and our head-quarters, with five eompanies, mareh to-morrow (24th Mareh) to East London, for embarkation

in the United Kingdom steamship. Our other three companies remain until shipping is taken up for them, and I go in medical charge of these three companies. With the exception of the married people, who are dreadfully put about, all of us are delighted at the prospect of leaving this benighted country for the so-called "gorgeous East." We are in a state of confusion, obliged to get rid of all our heavy traps; and as so many regiments have recently left, the market is flooded with furniture of all kinds, so that our *lares* and *penates* will probably go for less than half their value. We shall go in light marching order: my kit will consist of two bullock-trunks, saddle-box, and bed. I am rather in a quandary about my charger. I shall be sorry to part with my chestnut "Barb," which has done me good service; but unfortunately he is too big for a cabin companion, so he must be left behind.

Letters received from those regiments that have gone before us speak in glowing terms of India, and advise all who can to follow them. We shall certainly find the climate hot, though we have already experienced something like tropical heat here, which may serve as a climatic apprenticeship. Our headquarters halted here for the night, on their

way to East London for embarkation (25th March). The officers dined with us, and I rode down with them to say "good-bye" till we meet again. I am ordered to join at King William's Town to take charge of the remaining companies. We now live in a comfortless way, having disposed of all our goods and chattels, except what we require for the voyage and life in India.

Our first half-battalion sailed last evening (6th April). All the men went on board sober, and there were no absentees—a very unusual thing in a country like this, where "Cape smoke" —the whisky made locally—is cheap and very strong.

The division of the battalion into two wings has put us to considerable inconvenience. As we expected to leave almost immediately after the first wing embarked, we sold our cumbrous baggage and the warm clothing we deemed unsuited to India, the consequence being that winter is now upon us, all unprepared with protecting garments against the cold. The range of temperature is trying: in the heat of the day the mercury reaches 85° or 90° in the shade, while it falls to 35° at night. To add to our discomfort, we have had no home letters for

four months, as they are all sent to India, where they will await our arrival. But when that happy event may occur no one of our disappointed band can form an idea. The headquarters of this wing and ninety men are ordered to Fort Murray, a compact little stone barrack seven miles on the road to East London—our detachment at the latter place to be increased as much as the size of the barracks will admit—and the rest of the wing remain here. Thus the authorities seem determined to scatter us, at a time when the men should be kept together to work in concert. We are now half-way through a shivery, wet July, without a word of our leaving. We almost begin to feel like nomadic colonists.

*Fort Murray, British Caffraria, 27th August* 1858.—Barring the lack of news from home, the last four weeks have been the pleasantest I have passed in the country. The Chief Commissioner, wife, and daughter, have a nice house and garden quite near the fort, and they have been hospitality personified since our arrival. But the pleasant times are nearly over, as our orders to march have come, and we were to have started four days ago, but the fates were unpropitious. Heavy rain has

fallen almost continuously for a week, the rivers are flooded and impassable at the fords, and the roads, where they are not tributary streams, are tracks of mud over which waggons cannot travel. On two occasions we had our mess equipment packed, and we dined at the Commissioner's, expecting to march next morning, and the ladies were up at peep of day with breakfast ready for us before our expected departure. They would have us live with them, but that we could not consent to; and there being no improvement in the weather, we unpacked, and recommenced housekeeping on our own account. Even in this they continue to assist by sending hot rolls for breakfast, and savoury additions to lunch and dinner. All these pleasantries, including cosy morning chats, with music and song interspersed, are about to end in the stern work of dusky warfare.

It has not been all play for me, as I have had to inspect our detachments to pick out men who are unfit for India. To East London, thirty-four miles distant, one day, and back on the day following, in time to accompany the ladies to see the last of the garrison theatricals at King William's Town. The "chief" was too busy to go, so I was invited to do escort, and spent a pleasant evening; but we

did not get back till the small hours of the morning, and very tired was I.

We were to have had our farewell dinner to-night and march to-morrow, but more rain has fallen, and both arrangements are postponed: it is too tantalising. The Commissioner has offered me the "Crown Reserve" commissionership, to rule over a large section of British Caffraria; but being under orders for active service, I had to decline with thanks, even resisting the soft persuasion of female influence! How blind men sometimes are to their lifelong interests!

Delighted to see the name of my Crimean chief Dr Alexander in the 'Gazette,' as head of the Medical Department of the army. He well deserves his promotion, and will make an excellent Director-General, as he is a man of great resources, never at fault in a difficulty, and overcomes all obstacles to gain his point, which is usually the correct one.

After surmounting the difficulties of the march, we reached our port of embarkation a week ago (9th September), and are impatiently waiting the arrival of H.M. steam-transport Megæra, which was to have sailed from the Cape two days ago. Our friends from Fort Murray are now at their

Marine Cottage, about seven miles along the coast from East London, and their kindness still pursues us in the form of presents of fresh vegetables, &c., for our mess.

This is now the 11th and no sign of the Megæra, but this letter must go, and my next may be dated from India.

# INDIA.

H.M.S. MEGÆRA is by no means a swift cruiser, and she took us leisurely across the Indian Ocean and up the Bay of Bengal. We left East London on the 25th of September 1858, a little over three hundred officers and men. For some days we sailed along the fortieth parallel of south latitude, in tempestuous weather, with intense cold. We sighted St Paul's Isle, and the bay where our lazy ship, some years afterwards, became a total wreck.[1] On arriving at Ceylon, our navigating officer would not take a pilot on board, preferring to take the ship into the harbour at Point de Galle, and secure the pilotage fee for himself. We steamed through a tortuous channel very cautiously, with rugged rocks on either hand, some of which reached for-

[1] On a voyage to Australia in 1871 the Megæra sprang a leak, and was beached on St Paul's Isle. Tents and stores were landed, but officers and men were not relieved for two months. The vessel had been reported "unfit for service" in 1867.

ward, showing their pointed heads just below the surface of the water, and were at times unpleasantly near our hull, before we anchored in the spacious and all but land-locked harbour.

An ancient castle, with obsolete fortifications, substantially built houses, many with shops on the street level, and a few hotels, make up the more civilised portion of the town; but there is a large native town, with a teeming population of industrious Cingalese, close by. At first sight it is difficult to distinguish sex among the natives. Men and women are about the same size and height, they wear short white jackets and parti-coloured petticoats, like elongated kilts, the only visible difference being the arrangement of the hair. Even this is worn long by the men, combed backwards and wound into a club behind; but the women indulge in a somewhat more elaborate *coiffure*, a custom that prevails all the world over.

The shop-windows are gay with bright tortoise-shell ornaments, carved boxes of ebony and sandal-wood, flower-stands of porcupine-quills neatly arranged in a variety of devices; while the jewellers display a few gems and gold bracelets, but prefer to keep their more precious wares under lock and key, inside their carefully guarded premises.

When ships arrive in harbour, they are quickly boarded by a motley crowd of itinerant dealers in the various commodities produced and manufactured on the island. Unset rubies, emeralds, cat's-eye stones, moonstones, pearls, &c., are temptingly displayed in little boxes for sale. High prices are demanded at first; but if any one shows signs of yielding to their importunities, these worthy merchants, with apparent reluctance, gradually reduce their demands to a mere fraction of the original—"to please master." The greater number of these gems are imitations; and a tradition exists here to the effect that a large stained-glass window arrived some years ago from England, and got so badly broken *en route* that the fragments were sold by auction for a considerable sum. Thereafter there was no lack of precious stones wherewith to tempt "ship foolo passengers," arriving by the Peninsular and Oriental Company's and other steamers, into making valuable purchases! One of the dealers showed us a collection of what he called very fine "moonie shtones and fine fiery wupples" (moonstones and opals), who, on being told they were only glass, became very indignant, and declared that he would make a present of his whole stock to any one who would crack or

break one of the moonstones with his teeth. A tall, powerful officer accepted the challenge, and, presto! the stone went to pieces between his strong grinders. The dealer did not tarry to complete the terms of the contract, but quickly huddled his wares together, and was over the ship's side while we were still laughing at his discomfiture.

A visit to the Cinnamon Gardens in the outskirts, and to the native town and Buddhist temple, were all I could accomplish—neither of the latter being very interesting, as they are dirty and not inodorous.

At the "Old Mansion House" hotel I was initiated into the mysteries of cocoa-nut and prawn curry, a most delicious compound.

We steamed slowly up the river Hughli under charge of a Government pilot. The navigation of the river is very intricate, from the frequent changes that take place in the shoals of alluvial mud which abound throughout its course, and require constant survey to ascertain the shiftings in their position. Overcoming these difficulties, we anchored off Calcutta, abreast of Fort William, on the 12th November, after a tedious voyage.

As we approached Calcutta, the flat roofs of the large white houses in the suburbs were crowded

with Europeans, most of them being ladies, who waved their kerchiefs and cheered us on our way. The Mutiny scare is not yet over, and these refugees, chiefly from stations up country, still gladly welcome the arrival of British soldiers. Some of the officers who were recalled from leave to join their regiments, after tearful partings from their families, tried to shoot themselves in the extremity of their grief, and doubt as to the ultimate fate of those they loved and had to leave. In one instance, an officer, whom I afterwards knew, when he commanded a regiment, only succeeded in wounding his cheek near the eye, the lid of which contracted and gave him a weeping expression, which earned for him, from irreverent subalterns, the name of "old turvey drop."

We disembarked on Sunday the 14th, and marched about a mile to barracks at the Ordnance go-down or stores (all large stores and warehouses are here known as go-downs). The church bells were ringing and people were hurrying to early service, and looked surprised to see us on the march in full war-paint. On reaching our quarters we were at once besieged by a crowd of native servants, all armed with certificates of character from former masters. As these characters are not

always genuine documents, I went on the lines of Lavater, and picked out a good-looking, active youth as my valet and table-servant or "khitmutghar." This "city of palaces" is a wonderful place in our eyes, that have been so long accustomed to mean huts of wattle and daub. There is a magnificent expanse of level plain—"maidān"—covered with turf and small clumps of trees, with pretty gardens and fine statuary (effigies of former statesmen and great soldiers) dotted all about at wide intervals. Broad carriage-drives intersect this plain in all directions, and it affords the inhabitants a grand breathing-space when they ride or drive, in the early morning or evening, for the purpose of "eating the air." Fort William, with its dismal historical associations, is near the one end, and at the other stands the splendid palace of the Viceroy of India, surrounded by fairy-like gardens. A wide street of large houses, with an occasional club-house, built in stately proportions, on one side, having the open plain opposite, and each standing within its own enclosed garden, extends from the business part of the city for about a mile and a half, terminating in a grim structure locally known as "No. 1 Chowringee," *alias* the chief jail of the Presidency.

We have a native messman who offered to provide three hot meals a-day for two rupees a head! Fancy a Caffre supplying an officer's mess! Here things are so utterly different that we are like so many children, delighted with all we see. To watch the crowds in the principal streets from a window is a source of endless interest and amusement. All sorts of quaintly dressed natives passing to and fro, from the portly baboo or native gentleman in his white flowing robes, to the ragged beggar or still more scantily clothed street arab, make a wonderful series of panoramic pictures. Palanquins are the usual means of transit. Long coffin-like boxes, with a pole at either end, borne on the shoulders of four natives, in which one reclines on a thin mattress, carry single passengers anywhere. The bearers run at a sharp trot, and as they do not step together, the motion is moderately smooth. They lighten their burden by singing in cadence a perpetual refrain, somewhat like "hi, hi, burra sahib," as they trot along. As a rule, "palkees" are only used during the hot hours, and even now they are being superseded by the gradual introduction of "palkee gharries"—one-horse cabs, with sliding side-doors opening from the centre. A somewhat similar but more comfortable

contrivance to the palanquin is used for the conveyance of sick or wounded. It is known as a "doolie"; and a well-known author has rendered it immortal in his description of a battle, which shall be nameless, by recording that after the action "the ferocious doolies came down from the hills and carried off our wounded"!

Except for a few hours in the middle of the day, the climate at present is pleasant: the mornings and evenings are quite enjoyable, when every one turns out from an hour before daylight till about 8 A.M., and from 4.30 P.M. till the moment when the sun dips suddenly below the horizon, and darkness without twilight sets in.

Crowds of carriages of all kinds, and occupied by people representing all shades between black and white, are on the Mall, or principal drive along the river-bank. Many of the native gentlemen and rich merchants have splendidly equipped carriages, with magnificent horses, not to be surpassed even in Rotten Row.

Our other half-battalion is out in the jungles looking for rebels, but they are seldom to be seen. A general amnesty has been proclaimed, offering a free pardon for all rebels who give themselves up before the 1st of January, after which none will be

spared. There is not much fighting now, as the rebels are pretty well scattered, and rarely make a stand against our troops. The great prize is Nana Sahib, for whose capture a reward of £10,000 is offered.

We commenced our pilgrimage up country, and have covered the first 130 miles, to the last station on the direct line of the new railway, and are now (23d November) at Raneegunj, whence we travel by bullock-waggon, along the Grand Trunk Road to Benares. Our railway journey was rather a novelty, as we had not had any such experience for some time. It is very like railway travelling at home, excepting that the carriages are much larger, and fitted with good appliances for ventilation and protection from heat.

The country we passed through is very flat, with large groups of stately palms, and immense fields of rice in all stages of growth, from green "paddy" to the ripening grain. Small villages appear at short intervals: the houses are built of sun-dried bricks, and most of them have a miniature "musjid" or mosque, with its picturesque dome and minarets. We had an excellent lunch at a station about halfway from Calcutta, and reached our present destination about 4 P.M., after a mile march along

a shockingly dusty road from the station to barracks.

Our surroundings have quite a homelike appearance, for several hills, rising abruptly from the plain, display their well-wooded contours, about five miles distant; while civilised industry is represented by several tall smoking chimneys that tower above the trees in the near neighbourhood. They form the terminal points of colliery buildings, coal having recently been found here in great abundance.

During the last three days (26th) our officers and men have been leaving by detachments of a hundred, in bullock-waggons that carry one officer or four men, with their personal belongings. Travelling at the rate of two miles an hour, they started at 4 P.M. in order to reach the first halt by 10 A.M., before the heat becomes oppressive, and there they are to remain till evening, when the weary march will be resumed. It will take us nearly ten days to reach Benares by this "express."

Our headquarter detachment leaves this afternoon, in thirty waggons, to convey four officers and 104 men. The cold at night is nearly as much felt by us here as it is in England at this season, and the farther we go up country the cold will

increase. At short intervals along the road there are halting-stations for the convenience of travellers. These travellers' bungalows, as they are called, are under Government control, and usually consist of three rooms and a separate kitchen establishment. The furniture is not at all luxurious, but sufficient for all practical purposes, as we have already experienced during our short stay here.

*Benares, December* 31, 1858.—Our weary progress, along a stretch of road nearly 300 miles in length, terminated on the 8th, and we found the other companies in the occupation of large airy barracks. The Grand Trunk Road, by which we travelled, is a wonderful piece of engineering skill: it is nearly level in its entire extent, which was originally from Calcutta to Peshawur, in the far north. Running almost in a straight line, with an occasional curve round the base of a hill, or a bend to reach a bridge across a river, it forms the main artery for traffic throughout the whole length of the Bengal Presidency. Luxuriant acacias, sycamores, and tamarind trees border it on either side, interspersed with clumps of graceful palms. But it will soon be superseded by the railway, which is even now advancing towards Benares, and will in course of time traverse the whole peninsula.

Our Indian experience, so far, has been extremely pleasant: the climate at this season is all that we can wish, but though we have got a very good station, we cannot forego the Briton's privilege to grumble, and go — where duty calls him. We grumble because we live here in inglorious ease, and would gladly "go," while our brothers are dealing around that retributive punishment so loudly called for by the blood of the victims of our inhuman enemies. This is the last day of the amnesty, and all India waits with anxiety the decision of Lords Clyde and Canning as to future measures.

Our battalion band arrived from Arrah, where the headquarter wing has been stationed for months, to play at a ball to be given this evening in honour of the second bride of our General. The matrimonial market has been open, and business brisk of late: the General's new wife had two daughters, by a previous marriage, "given away" a few weeks before her own wedding took place.

The holy city of Benares has a grand appearance from a short distance, with its many domes, minarets, and tall towers of Hindoo temples. But a brief visit dispels the illusion, for the streets are narrow and tortuous, and the mosques and temples, which

look so picturesque from afar, are rather noxious on close acquaintance, especially the temples, where offerings of all sorts are laid by Hindoos on the shrines sacred to the various deities of their creed. In the courtyard of the chief temple is a life-size statue of a recumbent ox, which is regarded as a sacred animal. It is beautifully sculptured in marble, but whether the marble was originally black or white is now impossible to say, as the entire effigy has been the recipient of the libations of countless generations of pious Hindoos, and it is now entirely black.

*January* 16, 1859.—One of the native magnates, the Rajah Deo Narayana Singh, behaved well all through the Mutiny, and provided supplies for the British garrison when the public bazaars were closed and provisions could not be procured. He was rewarded by Government, and now rejoices in his title of rajah or prince. He likes our rule, and has been a staunch supporter of it. Wishing to have a better look round the city, and also to see the interior of a rajah's palace, I wrote to this prince to the effect that I should like to have the pleasure of making his acquaintance, and would be happy to call upon him on a certain day, provided he would send a carriage for me! His reply was more civil than

my effrontery deserved: this is a eopy of the original, which I have before me:—

"My dear Sir,—With mueh pleasure I shall send you a earriage at 12 o'eloek, and at the same time I shall have myself the honour of seeing you here. —Very sincerely yours,

"Deo Narayana Singh.

"11*th January* 1859."

The earriage eame and eonveyed a party of four to the palaee, one being a moonshee to aet as interpreter, two brother offieers, and myself. We were received by his Highness in a splendid saloon, hung round with good English engravings and beautiful tapestry. Carpets from Persia covered the floor, English tables with "Brummagem" ornaments and English ehairs were plentifully bestowed about the room. Canary-birds in pretty cages were suspended from the gaudily painted eeiling; and a gallery with prettily carved lattiee-screens, whenee the ladies eould see but not be seen, was at both ends of the hall.

The Rajah is a fine-looking, portly old gentleman, and seemed pleased with our visit. One grown-up son was present at our interview: he attends the

Hindoo college, which is under the supervision of English masters, and he talks our language fairly well. The conversation was merely an interchange of compliments, and as it soon became difficult to form new speeches, we were glad when the visit came to an end. When we rose to take leave, his Highness made a sign, and turbaned servants came forward making low salaams, bearing betel-nut or *pān*, cardamoms, and cloves, on silver salvers, which the Rajah took in his own hands and presented to each of us: this is considered a high compliment. He then desired his son to show us the other public rooms, and, after a few more polite phrases, he intimated his desire to return our visit, when we finally left. Two days after he called on us, but would take no refreshment on account of religious scruples, placed his carriages at our disposal, and asked us to appoint a day for a sail on the Ganges, when he will provide lunch.

After our visit to the Rajah we drove to the principal mosque to get a view of the city from the top of one of the minarets—a sight that well repays one for the fatigue of climbing up a spiral stair several hundreds of feet high. Below was the huge assemblage of flat-roofed houses, minarets, and domes of the "holy city," with the broad Ganges

winding a stately course along its entire extent. We looked at and admired cashmere shawls, gold embroideries and native jewellery, beautiful gems set in gold, and silver filigree of elaborate workmanship, until our eyes were wellnigh dazzled.

The mutineers are pretty well played out; an occasional brush with small parties of rebels is all that takes place. We have been unfortunate in not having been engaged, and now there is no black game in the neighbourhood, it having been driven away before our arrival in the country.

The headquarters of the battalion having arrived from Arrah, where they had been stationed with the right wing, I was sent there to take charge of that part of the corps, and joined on the 30th of March. Our party consisted of one major, an adjutant, and myself, and we went by steamer to Dinapore down the sacred Ganges, the most uninteresting river I ever sailed upon. Flat mudbanks extend on either side as far as the eye can reach, the dreary outline being only occasionally broken by a wretched-looking village, or a *tope* of mango or palm trees. Alligators lay in small groups, basking in the sun close to the water's edge; and now and then we passed the body of a defunct Hindoo who had been brought to the bank of the

sacred stream to die. Navigation could only be carried on by day; and when we anchored at even-tide opposite a village, we often saw a number of tiny lights being floated off from the shore in little crafts made of interlaced and folded leaves, with wick and oil, to propitiate "Mother Gunga," or thank-offerings for favours received.

As a change, when we reached Dinapore we had to travel by night, a distance of twenty-eight miles, to Arrah, the sole means of transport being palanquins for ourselves and coolies to carry our traps. Twelve palkee-bearers and a torch-bearer for each person is the usual allowance, with coolies in proportion to the weight and quantity of the baggage. The major, being largely made and heavy, had sixteen palkee-bearers, in reliefs of four at short intervals. It was a strange experience travelling at night through a district so recently overrun by thousands of mutineers, and along a road bordered by thick jungle (tall grass, trees, and undergrowth) on either hand, where any number of lawless men or beasts of prey might lie in ambush ready to pounce upon unwary travellers. We started from Dinapore about 7.30 P.M. after dining; got a few winks of sleep by the way, and I awoke to find my palkee deposited in the grassy compound (en-

closure) of the officers' bungalow at Arrah at 4.30 A.M. A native servant was the first to greet me, as he stood alongside my Indian gondola, with a cup of excellent coffee in his hand, saying, "Sahib! sahib! café hai," which means, "Lord! lord! coffee is"—"here" understood.

Arrah is a small but pretty inland station in Lower Bengal. It became famous as having been the scene of a very gallant defence by a mere handful of Europeans against hundreds of sepoys in the days of the Mutiny. Driven from their own homes, they assembled for mutual protection in the large bungalow we now occupy, with what arms and ammunition they could collect. The mutinous sepoys soon forced them to take refuge in the billiard-room, a substantially built square house of two storeys about thirty yards off, and facing the main entrance to the bungalow. This house had five small arched openings on each face of the square on the ground-floor, and an equal number above. These arches the refugees had to brick up as high as the scanty materials derived from inner partition walls would allow, to protect them from the constant fusilade kept up by the sepoys from the flat roof of the bungalow opposite. To procure water, the besieged had to sink a well in the basement-floor of the

*Arrah House, Lower Bengal.*

building—a necessary work that probably saved their lives. Fortunately they had taken the precaution to store some provisions and ammunition in their small citadel, and were enabled to hold out until one of their number, at the risk of his life, reached Dinapore, and soon after a column of British soldiers raised the siege by scattering the black demons and hunting them down. When I saw the house some months afterwards, the billiard-table was in full swing; but the walls still bore sad traces of the siege, and a journal of daily events which, unfortunately, was partially obliterated, as well as most of the names of the beleaguered ones.

The heat increases, 82° in my room, 119° outside, on this 9th of April, and we suffer in proportion. *Khaki*, or mud-coloured drill clothing, is now used as uniform for officers and men, and wicker-work helmets, padded and covered with silk of the same colour, with large *pugris* or turbans wound round them, are worn by day. These fireman-looking head-dresses, with dark goggles, give one rather a peculiar appearance, but they are useful as protections against the heat and glare of the sun.

Detached parties of rebels are endeavouring, with all haste, to reach Nepaul as a place of safety, and several columns of our troops have

been sent in various directions with a view to intercept them; but the natives are very wary, and are rarely seen.

*May* 21, 1859.—The period of Lord Canning's term of government seems fated to afford material for a very remarkable chapter in the history of British India. On the second anniversary of the outbreak of the sepoy revolt, the European troops of the late Honourable East India Company refused to serve the Queen. The alleged reason for this misconduct is, that the men of these regiments entered into an engagement with the East India Company, and they only remained till the sepoy mutiny was quelled. Now that the Company has ceased to exist, and the government has been taken over by Great Britain, they claim their right to a discharge, since the mutiny is at an end. Great excitement prevailed everywhere when the news of this fresh complication arrived; but Lord Clyde speedily put an end to all fears by admitting the justice of the plea set forth, and gave orders for the regiments to be disbanded, and the men sent to the coast for embarkation to England. A number of the men volunteered to remain, and enlisted in Queen's regiments to serve under the new banner.

*June* 8.—The rainy season began on the 3d,

and all the face of nature looks fresh and green. It is cool and pleasant, with certain drawbacks. Our clothes and boots get disagreeably damp, and our houses are invaded by all sorts of creeping things, with and without wings, that are driven from their habitats in the grass and trees to the shelter of a roof. Myriads of flies, winged ants, and flying bugs make indoor life the reverse of pleasant. The last-named pest emits a delicious quintessence of the odour of the original home product, so that when one drops—and they constantly drop—into tea or soup, it gives it quite a flavour—ugh! Rain begins shortly after daylight, and lasts, with short intervals, till sundown, and it is rash to ride far from home, for showers come down so suddenly and heavily that a thorough wetting is the result.

A tiny species of red ant that finds its way through cracks in our plastered floors, and delights in meandering all over us while in bed, is a source of perpetual irritation. A brother officer asked the civil surgeon if he could recommend a preventive; he replied, "Salad oil." Our warrior carefully anointed himself with the remedy, which proved a worse infliction than the original, as it only attracted the ants, and he had to get as

speedily as he could into a plunge bath to rid himself of his tormentors. In this instance the remedy had been wrongfully applied. As was afterwards explained, the oil should have been poured into small tin saucers in which the feet of the bedstead were to rest, and so prevent the insects creeping up. It is comparatively cool since the rains began (90° at noon), but the warmth and moisture combined has brought out a fine crop of "prickly heat," which makes one look like a sufferer from measles, and causes great irritation, even to the deprivation of sleep by night.

September is one of the most unpleasant months in the year—very hot and muggy after the rains; pregnant with fevers and other indigenous complaints. I have a large sick-list that gives me plenty to do, and keeps me up to the mark: no time to get ill.

*October* 3.—From grilling heat we are suddenly launched into a chilly cold: steady rain is falling, and a cold east wind freshens us up after September's languor. Last night I was glad to creep under a blanket: hitherto darkness has sufficed for bed-clothes. But in spite of the heat we have our little reunions. The members of the Civil Service and their wives are very pleasant and

hospitable, and we interchange civilities, which consist of dinners and impromptu dances in the cooler hours of the twenty-four. There are only eight ladies, of whom three are unmarried: they would be called brunettes at home, though here they are known as "half-castes." They are well-featured, but nothing more: an Indian education does not include a course of drawing-room small-talk.

We parted from our Arrah friends with expressions of mutual regret, and left to join the "big drum" at Benares, which we reached after a doleful march of thirteen days' duration. We had looked forward to this march with a certain amount of pleasurable interest, but did not anticipate that nearly half our number would be prostrated with ague by the way. I was heartily glad to reach our destination, and to get the sick into substantial buildings. Fortunately I was in very good condition, and fit for any amount of work. The battalion is now together, and we are all very happy after having been so long divided.

Officers' houses are scarce, so that I am lucky in being allowed to share a large bungalow with two others, inasmuch as it is too cold at night to sleep comfortably under canvas. This morning

(2d December)—and a cold, bleak, drizzly morning it is—the Adjutant rode up and presented me with my Turkish medal for the Crimea—a clumsy specimen of the silversmith's art, having the Sultan's cipher on one side, and a trophy of arms on the reverse. However, it is a decoration!

The year 1860 was inaugurated at Benares by a series of festivities in the form of dinners, balls, and races, with athletic sports for the men. They were very enjoyable in the comparatively cool weather we have lately experienced, and afforded an agreeable variety to crowds of people now emancipated from waving punkahs and insectile pests. So far as we were concerned, the spirit of jollity was suddenly quenched on the receipt of a telegraphic order (20th January) for the battalion to proceed at once, by bullock-train, to Calcutta, for embarkation to China! Most of us had made arrangements for a prolonged stay at Benares, not dreaming that we should be required to join Sir Hope Grant's expedition. There was no help for it: go we must, even at the sacrifice of our horses and household property. On the 22d our first company marched, and early in February the denizens of Benares saw the last of the departing "Rifles."

At Calcutta we found our 1st battalion quartered in Fort William, waiting a passage home after its glorious career throughout the Mutiny, in the suppression of which it took a prominent part from beginning to end. The two battalions had not been together for very many years, and we were, of course, made free of the officers' mess, where we found a hearty welcome.

Ever since the eve of Waterloo, "fair women and brave men" have somehow, whether by accident or design, associated the two accomplishments of fighting and flirting. The European residents of Calcutta, being determined to do honour to the heroes of Delhi and Bareilly, gave them a magnificent farewell ball on the 21st, to which the officers of the 2d battalion were invited. It was a brilliant assemblage of beauty and bravery, all grades (from General to Ensign) and all "arms" being well represented.

We shall soon have to dance to other music, as the battalion embarked this afternoon (28th February) in three sailing-ships, which were severally towed down the muddy Hughli. After two days we cleared the lower lightship, were cast off, and left to float on the broad waters of the Bay of Bengal, in a perfect calm and under a broiling sun. With

light and sometimes baffling winds we crept along over a smooth sea, until, on March the 19th, we sighted Penang island, and soon after entered the Straits of Malacca. The heat has been very great, all untempered as it was by refreshing breezes, and I am a martyr to prickly heat. At times I feel as deficient of epidermis as a newly cut beef-steak: I only wish I were as cool! I am told it is healthy, and tends to ward off fever: all I know is that the irritation and the perpetual scratching that results are so great, that they are enough to drive one into a fever. It is impossible to find a cool place anywhere on board, with the mercury standing at 90° in the shade.

Making very little way through the Straits, with land on either side: Sumatra, the isle of spices, on the right, and the beautifully wooded coast of the Malay peninsula on the left. The steam despatch-boat Reynard came to our assistance, and towed us into the harbour of Singapore, where we dropped anchor at 5 A.M., on the twenty-fourth day from Calcutta.

My wildest dreams of ambition as a boy never carried me within thousands of miles of my present position on this wondrous world of ours. I well remember how I used to look at our cousin from

China, when at home on a visit, with a species of awe akin to reverence, when Singapore was mentioned as a mere matter of course—a household word. Little did I think then that I should be brought into close acquaintance with such a "far awa' toun." The harbour of Singapore is large, and fringed with magnificent masses of luxuriant green foliage of many different shades. But, alas! I can only enjoy a distant view of this lovely spot, as I have some beauty-spots of my own on my forehead, resulting from the *healthy* prickly heat, that prevent me wearing a head-dress of any kind heavier than a bit of muslin.

Large boats, laden with fine pine-apples, cocoanuts, and bananas, have been coming alongside our ship, manned by Malay crews. The fruit is eagerly purchased by the soldiers. Pine-apples are cultivated here in large fields, as turnips are at home. Nutmegs are plentiful, as well as the chocolate fruit: the latter resembles a rough melon, and internally it is divided into segments full of nibs, that emit an odour somewhat like the custard-apple.

Sir R. M'Clure, senior naval officer, came on board to inspect, and told us that we are to sail at noon to-morrow. This rather disturbed us, as

we had just given our clothes to the *dhobi*—native washerman — who, however, promised to have them ready in time; and, true to his word, he brought them on board as we were getting under way.

*March* 25.—H.M.S. frigate Berenice took us in tow this morning, and we left for the north in the face of the north-east monsoon, and with a heavy sea on. After four days' pitching and rolling the steamer signalled us to cast off, and we were left to the mercy of the winds and waves, which were the reverse of merciful. Presently the wind ceased, and we tumbled about on the heaving billows for the next two hours, when the ship was struck by a sudden squall, accompanied by heavy rain, which lasted half an hour. Another squall much more severe quickly followed, and took us "all aback," splitting our jib and foresail: cordage and blocks went flying over the side, and the split canvas was blown into ribbons. These are some of the eccentricities one is liable to encounter in navigating the capricious waters of the China Sea.

Beating against the north-east monsoon, tacking in search of a fair wind, is a slow method of proceeding. There is nothing else for it but to settle down and study the most abstruse books in our

library,—books that would, under happier conditions, probably act as soporifics, or be altogether neglected. How ungrateful for their privileges are some of those who live under happier conditions! They do not realise how much books are prized by their exiled brethren who have no opportunity of acquiring the oft-despised "heavies," or even the lighter literature of the day. Many a time have I longed in vain for a 'Blackwood's Magazine' or other periodical to beguile a weary hour away.

# CHINA.

*April* 6, *Good Friday.*—We have made little progress during the last seven days against the monsoon, having come in sight of Pulo Kondor, an island off the coast of Cambodia, on three successive mornings, each time "going about" and making only a short reach to the north. It is very tantalising to have this visible witness to our slow progress; and as the ship is close hauled to the wind, she careens over very much. The wind veered a little to the west on the 10th, and we had a magnificent run to the north-north-west, amongst the numerous small islands and rocks that are grouped together in these latitudes. With the wind in our favour we sighted the Lema islands, with Hong Kong in the distance, on the 17th. An oblique-eyed Mongolian pilot came on board at 8 A.M., and we passed in through the Lymoom channel with a very light wind. Six of us had a gig

lowered away, and we pulled ahead of the ship, and thus made our entrance into the grand harbour of Hong Kong. The anchor was dropped opposite the town of Victoria at 6 P.M. But we were not allowed to remain, as the Admiral ordered the ship to be taken to Stanley, on the south side of the island, and there disembark the battalion. This short sail of twenty miles occupied three days, as we had to contend with adverse winds and calms, and we did not anchor in Stanley Bay till the afternoon of the 21st. The barracks are rather prettily situated on the face of a steep hill which forms the background, and overlook the bay. The hill has been scarped into terraces wherever the granite was sufficiently decayed and workable, the result being that the various buildings are grouped in picturesque confusion, and are approached by steep pathways and flights of steps.

With the bay in front and Tytan creek in rear of the barracks, we have excellent bathing; while on both sides high granite hills raise aloft their bare uncultivated peaks, and shelter us from the prevailing winds. The bay in front is studded with junks, each with its large family of Chinese, ostensibly devoted to fishing, though they sometimes condescend to a mild stroke of business

in pirating their weaker brethren. These marine families live entirely on board their junks, which carry four or five carronades for defensive or offensive purposes.

The climate is delightfully cool, as compared with Victoria on the other side of the island, and infinitely more healthy. The chief, or rather the only town on Hong Kong, has many handsome buildings and wide streets. The houses are Government offices, barracks, and large mercantile "hongs" or warehouses, where the extensive imports and exports connected with the Anglo-Chinese trade are stored. Extensive wharfs, with landing-places, are built along the water-face of these "hongs" for convenience of unloading or shipping cargoes. A large and busy Chinese population of shopkeepers displays the varied industries of the country, and they seem to prosper, if one may judge by their plump and sleek appearance. "Ah Fat, Europe tailor," will copy and produce a well-made duplicate of any garment given to him, carefully reproducing the holes or patches in the pattern left with him.

But at what a sacrifice of human life this large and populous town was created! The steep declivity of Victoria Peak had to be cut into broad

*Hong Kong Washerwomen.*

terraces, on which the houses were erected. Large working-parties of soldiers and Chinese coolies constructed the terraces, by digging and levelling the decayed granite of which the face of the hill is mainly composed. This decayed granite, when stirred up, emits a poisonous malaria, and many hundreds of men paid a death-penalty from this source at the construction of Victoria town. Their ashes repose in what is locally known as "The Happy Valley," a short way out from the town. Near by this cemetery is the arena where the sports and pastimes, so dear to Britons, are periodically indulged in,—strange combination of the grave and gay!

*May* 3.—The expeditionary force for the north has been told off into divisions and brigades, and now we only await the arrival of hospital and store ships from home, which are daily expected. The battalion forms part of the 1st Division, under the command of Sir John Michel, an old Cape officer. The force consists of two squadrons 6th Dragoon Guards, two regiments of Sikh cavalry, five batteries of artillery, two companies Royal Engineers, and thirteen battalions of infantry. The fleet required to convey this force, with its *impedimenta*, numbers nearly 200 large "East

Indiaman" sailing-ships, formed into six divisions, each under a different flag; and it will be escorted by the large squadron of men-o'-war and gunboats of the Royal Navy now in the China seas.

I imagine that the Tartars will prove themselves to be no despicable foe. They are strong stalwart fellows, and the commonest Chinaman will not brook an insult or receive a blow with impunity. They are very different from the cringing Bengalees, much more intellectual, and free from prejudice, excepting that they are "Conservatives" in the strictest sense of the word, their manner of life, urban and rural, being that of their forefathers of hundreds of years ago. I like them for their independence. They understand a joke, and appreciate anything in the shape of fun: they are wonderfully expert handicraftsmen, and possess great talents for imitation in manufacture.

The *patois*, or "pidgin English," spoken by Chinese shopkeepers has a very absurd sound at first, though it conveys a great deal of expression. The word "pidgin" is universally applied to matters connected with business or occupation: thus cookery, "cook pidgin;" pistol, "shoot pigdin:" the Bishop of Victoria, "No. 1 Heaven pidgin." No. 1 is synonymous with our A1, or first class.

When any one is asked to do what is difficult or impossible, he holds out his hands, palms upwards, shrugs his shoulders, and exclaims, "How can?" A screw-steamer is described as "one piecey big English ship, makee all walkee inside," and a paddle-steamer is said to "makee all walkee outside."

Our re-embarkation on the 17th May was accomplished under the most uncomfortable conditions. Rain fell in torrents, and as there was little chance of its abating at this season for some days, we were obliged to go in all the misery of wet clothes, even to the contents of our portmanteaus. Who wouldn't be a soldier! Ordered to join our squadron, consisting of fifteen other large ships, under convoy of H.M. frigate Sampson, and proceed to the rendezvous at Talien Hwan Bay, the northern limit of the Yellow Sea.

Shortly after leaving Hong Kong harbour (19th May), while we were beating down Lymoon channel, in company with the rest of the squadron, our ship was in collision with a Danish store-ship, which ran into us. Her jib-boom split our main and mizzen sails, carried away two boats with their davits, about twenty feet of our poop railing; and the mizzen standing rigging, chains, and channels,

were destroyed before the two ships were clear of each other. Our damages were of such a serious nature that we had to return to Victoria for repairs, leaving the convoy and squadron to proceed without us.

The Admiral at once sent carpenters and materials on board to make good our damages, and we sailed on the following afternoon, independently of convoy or squadron, and made fair progress till the evening of the 26th, when the wind increased, and before daybreak it was blowing a fierce gale. As none of the usual indications of an approaching storm had been observed, our captain had more canvas spread than he otherwise would. While the crew were trying to shorten sail, the flying jib, foretop-gallant, foretopsail, and main topmast stay-sail were split into ribbons. A huge sea carried away the jib-boom, and shortly afterwards the foretop-gallant mast and yards, with their standing rigging, were also carried away. The foremast-head was sprung, and the sea rose all around in mountainous billows, which were very dangerous at first, as they curled over towards us, and we ran great risk of having one of them break on board. The crest of one wave broke through the glazed port of the stern cabin under the poop-

deck, and flooded the Colonel's apartment. The ship was speedily hove-to under close-reefed main topsail, and she rose like a duck to the tops of the heaving mountains of water that raged about us.

The howling wind, the densely dark clouds, the rage of waters, and the deluge of rain, formed a combination of terrors sufficient to daunt the stoutest heart. None but those on duty ventured to take more than a casual peep at the horrors through which we were moving, apparently, to our rapid destruction. We sat in the saloon, wet, cold, and miserable, with anxious hearts, trying to make each other believe that we were deeply absorbed in reading, occasionally going aft to note the state of the barometer with an *insouciant* air, as much as to indicate that we were not afraid!

The storm reached its worst about 3 P.M., and all of a sudden the wind dropped. We were in the centre of the cyclone, with a comparatively smooth sea, and little wind. It was a curious experience, but did not prove a lasting one, as the onward circular motion of the storm soon involved us in its embrace again. We did not run out of it till 5 P.M., after thirteen hours of painful misery and dread. The mercury began to rise, and our spirits

rose with it, as we felt imbued with a deep sense of thankfulness for our escape from the dangers so recently encountered.

Sea and wind moderated by the twenty-eighth morning, but no observation of the sun could be taken to ascertain our position, because of the dense canopy of cloud. Caught a fine dolphin, 22 lb. in weight; had it cooked for dinner, and very good it proved. The captain made out our position by a meridian altitude of the moon, verified by observations of Venus and Jupiter, to be south-west of the island of Formosa. We then made sail, and steered to skirt the southern end of the island, keeping a sharp look-out for the Velé Reté rocks.

The track of the ship during the cyclone, as it is pricked off on the captain's chart, is like a portrait of an elongated corkscrew, and represents the course of the ship in spiral form, this being due to the fact that storms of this nature have a circular as well as a forward movement.

*June* 1.—With a fair wind we are running due north between the Miaco Sima and Lu Tchu groups of islands, or in other words we are running from a tropical to a moderate heat. After varying changes of weather, and a daily lowering temperature, we arrived on the 10th June 1860 at our rendezvous,

Talien Hwan Bay—a place of no note, as there is no town or trade. It was probably selected as a convenient anchorage for the ships of the expedition to assemble before the land operations began. Although the other transports with the troops of the 1st Division had a clear day's start of us, our ship was the first to arrive, and so far we became the pioneers of the expeditionary force.

There are a few small hamlets on shore, but the people have been threatened by the local authorities with decapitation if they supply us with any kind of provisions, so, to save their own heads, they decline to part with a single head of cattle or wing of poultry. Most of the inhabitants have gone inland, with their women and cattle; those remaining seem to be harmless tillers of the soil, who appear alarmed at the approach of a small body of explorers, with a possible decrease in their own height by a head. It is a curious fact that when a Chinaman loses his head, he parts with his tail under the same blow of the executioner's sword! Where, in all creation, will you find a parallel to this?

It is said that before leaving Hong Kong the fleet received orders to capture any Chinese junks they might fall in with, to be utilised hereafter for the conveyance of commissariat stores for the use

of the expeditionary force. A short distance outside this bay some of our cruisers captured seventeen junks, laden with merchandise for Pekin, and conducted them to our anchorage instead of allowing them to proceed. Our "blue-jackets" are said to have frightened the Chinese sailors to such an extent, by making signs of throat-cutting and decapitation, that they jumped overboard and swam ashore to save their lives, which they fancied were in jeopardy. "Jack," being now master of the situation, made a cursory inspection of the cargoes, and soon afterwards did a brisk trade by selling off the miscellaneous collection of goods at "unprecedentedly low prices"—a simple mercantile transaction, where it was all profit without loss. Many bales of cotton and cases of clocks, watches, and other things were thrown to the fishes, to make room for our stores: one of the accompaniments of war, destruction of property.

*June* 20.—Since our arrival I have been on shore every second day, with a working party of the men, who are engaged in the lively occupation of well-digging, as the water-supply on board ship is not sufficient for the large number of thirsty soldiers which increases daily, as the transports with their living freights are rapidly arriving. Thick fog

and a low temperature do not add to our comfort, but an occasional turn at the pickaxe or spade helps to keep the circulation active. Two days ago the surf ran very high on shore when we landed: it increased during the day, and when the lifeboat came to take our party on board in the afternoon, she was driven on the rocks and "stove in." We were signalled to stay on shore, as communication was cut off, and passed a miserably cold night, without food or shelter for twenty hours, as we did not get on board till the following afternoon.

Most of the ships have exhausted their stock of fresh provisions, and as no cattle are to be had here, the prospect of "salt junk" for the future is not a pleasant one to contemplate. Our only fresh meat at dinner was a dish of preserved tripe, of which only two partook: dissatisfaction was depicted on every face.

*July* 7.—The force landed and encamped on the ploughed fields, close by the sea; but the bell-tents become so hot that we are glad to leave them for the open air during the heat of the day. We did not come ashore to fight, but to dig wells, drill, and grumble at being kept here so long. We mess *al fresco*, shaded from the hot sun by a large sail borrowed from the Alfred, one of Green's ships, and

it forms an excellent protection at breakfast and the mid-day meal. A splendid comet appeared last month, and it seems to be travelling in your direction. It is very brilliant, with a tail that extends over more than half the arc of the sensible horizon. I wonder what the Chinese wiseacres think it portends.

Home papers inform us that the authorities say that they gave no orders for the chiefs here to wait the arrival of the plenipos. before commencing operations against the Chinese. We did wait at Hong Kong for two mails, as the Commander-in-chief expected Lord Elgin to arrive; and now a French gunboat has come here from Shanghai, with the intelligence that the latter and Baron Gros, the French plenipo., had arrived there. Lord Elgin much annoyed at the Taku Forts not having been captured, and declares they must be in our possession before he can take further steps towards the settlement of the present imbroglio.

Our French allies are said to be well supplied at Chi Fuh, where they are concentrated. It is a more civilised place than this, a little to the south of the Gulf of Pi-chi-li, and there they have established a market, to which the Chinese bring provisions for sale. The French began by declaring

that if they were not supplied freely, they would help themselves. The consequence is that they get what they want, while we lack what could easily be had were the "native protection system" less rigidly enforced, or persuasion and the establishment of open markets employed. There are provisions and vegetables in plenty, were a bazaar properly organised, and the natives induced to bring them in. Meanwhile we can get very little beyond our daily ration of "salt junk."

Our allies are busy training Manilla ponies for their artillery, and fitting them with harness. They are also putting together their gunboats, which were brought out in sections, and they are not expected to be ready for a forward move for some weeks. It is said they object, officially, to our having such a large force of artillery as compared with their own numbers—with what truth I cannot say.

An armed party of two officers and forty men, with an interpreter, sent inland to a village, have had a "talkee" with the inhabitants about a hostile demonstration made by them against a party of our officers who went out to shoot game. The party had been mobbed by the villagers, and the occupants of two neighbouring hamlets were summoned to join them by their sounding a gong,

with the evident intention of making an attack on the shooting-party. The Chinese were greatly excited, and carried formidable-looking agricultural implements, a blow from any one of which would have split a skull. The shooting-party beat a retreat, and got safely out of what might have proved to be an awkward scrape.

The expedition returned (after explanatory speeches were made on either side) bearing in triumph the obnoxious gong, which was presented, as our first bit of "loot" on land, to the Major-General commanding the division.

*July* 25.—The expeditionary force re-embarked yesterday, with the exception of the sick, numbering nearly 700; and the 99th Regiment and a battery of artillery have been left for their protection. We shall not take quite 10,000 men into the field, and the French about half that number. Both armies will land at Peitang, about twelve miles to the north of the Taku Forts. There is a small fort on either side of the entrance to the river Peiho which will have to be taken, and then we shall march on the Taku Forts, where we anticipate hard fighting. I hope the Tartar cavalry will not consider it part of their duty to assist at our debarkation, which may occupy three days: landing

under fire is always unpleasant! Our divisional General and his staff are on board. He makes himself agreeable to all.

*July* 30, 1860.—At anchor about five miles off the coast of the province of Pi-chi-li. The Taku Forts, where our fleet met with a reverse two years ago, are visible. They look formidable, and extend along the coast-line for a considerable distance.

Our fleet, now that all the ships are together, makes a splendid show, as it numbers over 250 sail, nearly all of large size. Besides our own, there are five Russian and four American war-vessels. The whole of the French ships have not yet arrived: when they come the combined fleets will number over 300 vessels—a sight that ought to strike terror into the heart of John Chinaman. The 1st of August saw our brigade and a brigade of French floundering across a muddy flat for nearly two miles, on the littoral of the Yellow Sea, towards firmer ground well to the north of the Peiho. This combined movement was made to take the two forts at the mouth of the river, by an attack from the rear.

Before leaving the boats and divining the prospect before us, we took off boots and socks, turned up our trousers, and went ahead, each man for him-

self, but nearly all borne down by the weight of our kits which we had to carry. It is impossible to convey an idea of the discomfort of marching, or rather wading, through alternate mud and pools of water, reaching nearly to the knee. Fortunately we met with no opposition from the enemy, and at length reached the causeway that leads across this flat swamp towards the village of Peitang, seven miles to the south. It was late in the afternoon ere we marched, and we bivouacked about a mile from the village for the night on the cobble-stoned causeway. There we spread our waterproof sheets, munched our salt beef and biscuit, laid our weary heads on our bundles, and, wrapped in our martial cloaks, inhaled the vapour of a fragrant manilla, to counteract the effects of the noxious air we had to breathe, waiting patiently for the development of events, our ears being regaled by the incessant croaking of innumerable frogs. We had not long to wait ere a body of Tartar cavalry came to reconnoitre our position; but they turned tail at the first volley from our rifles, and were seen by us no more that night. Next morning we marched in, and took possession of the village: oh! how it smells! There are, however, some very good houses, exceedingly well furnished, and they con-

tain many magnificent robes of silk and satin, beautifully embroidered in colours, which had been abandoned by their owners in the hurry of departure. The chinaware we use for table service is lovely, and would delight the heart of any old dowager who still cherishes, with pride, her marriage tea-equipage. Unfortunately we can only enjoy their use during the few days we shall probably remain here, and shall leave them as we found them.

The forts had been dismantled and evacuated before our arrival, so our first was a bloodless victory. The guns had been removed inland to Tien Tsin, where a large camp is said to have been formed to intercept our progress.

The Taku Forts have been strengthened, and will probably have to be taken by siege and assault.

A reconnaissance has been made of a position taken up by the enemy about three miles off, and there was some heavy firing at long range, but we had only one man slightly wounded. The French had two killed and several wounded.

Our artillery, including siege-guns and cavalry, have been landed in splendid condition. They will astonish the Tartars by-and-by, as they are now the wonder and admiration of the French.

The enemy is no despicable foe. The men are mostly trained soldiers, the majority of them having fought against the Russians in the valley of the Amoor.

On the 12th of August the whole of our force left Peitang. We were under arms at daybreak; but there was so much delay caused by getting the artillery and cavalry through the mud, that it was past eight o'clock when we left the most odoriferous town I ever knew. We marched on an intrenched position of the enemy, a distance of four miles, at the village of Sinho, which had been protected by a mud wall, recently thrown up, and mud outworks in front. We opened fire at 10.45 A.M. with Armstrong guns and shell-rockets, while the second division and the cavalry brigade attacked the left flank, under cover of another Armstrong battery. In our part of the field the fight was entirely conducted by artillery; the infantry remaining in support of the guns were not required to come into action, as the enemy, after firing a few rounds, evidently deemed "discretion the better part of valour," and retired. Some of our cavalry were engaged with a large body of mounted Tartars, and two of the Armstrong guns were actually in the enemy's hands, when thirty

of Probyn's Indian Horse rushed on them with the force of a whirlwind, and soon asserted their right of possession; the leader in this charge was severely, but not dangerously, wounded. Our loss amounted to one killed and fourteen wounded; but the enemy suffered much more—four were killed in one redoubt—but the grand total is not known, as the fallen are at once removed from the field of action.

We have arrived at the conclusion that the enemy's artillery and infantry are paltry combatants; but the Mongolian cavalry come to the front with some show of spirit and dash, which soon evaporate.

The two succeeding days were passed by us in the open, as we had no tents, being in the lightest possible marching order. The night dews were very heavy, and the rising sun displayed our blankets to view, all bespangled with diamond drops of purest water, though sadly wanting in the intrinsic value of the real gem.

On the evening of the 13th we advanced to the immediate vicinity of a large intrenched position at Tang Ku, where the battlemented walls looked very imposing, and tough work was prophesied for the following morning, as John Chinaman stands

to his guns behind mud walls, though he does not like fighting in the open field.

The 1st Division was detailed for the attack, and our battalion was divided, one-half to act as a covering party for a battery of artillery, while the other moved with the remainder of the division, as skirmishers in front. The enemy's guns opened fire as we advanced, but did us no harm, as the shots went wide of their mark, and the firing was very feeble. A battery of heavy guns and jingalls kept up a steady fire on our right flank, which, however, proved perfectly harmless; and when two of our Armstrong guns were turned upon it, they soon stopped their amusement at this point.

Our Armstrong and nine-pounder guns kept up a well-sustained fire on the fort for about an hour, the infantry being in support, though none of them fired, with the exception of the half of our battalion covering the guns—and they maintained a steady rifle-fire, picking off the enemy's artillerymen as they served their guns. For this attention our men had a few showers of rockets, with darts attached, sent towards them, fortunately without injury to any one.

The artillery had fired an average of twenty-four rounds per gun, when the chief gave the word for

our skirmishers to advance. Away they went, with the major in command, and stormed the rampart at the "double," when they saw the Chinamen scuttling off in all directions. Our men gave chase, but did little beyond driving the fugitives like a flock of sheep through the village to the river-side, where they scrambled into boats and paddled across to the opposite bank. The men were forbidden to fire at the retreating boats, though it is doubtful if the enemy would have exercised the same forbearance had their reverse been ours. The French were equally successful on their portion of the attack. A great many dead were found inside the fort, and we afterwards heard that the proportion of wounded was very large. The commandant of the place committed suicide, in preference to having to undergo the ordeal of a public execution.

Our list of casualties is very small, only three artillerymen wounded, one of whom died.

The Commander-in-chief rode into our camp after the capture of the fort, and thanked the battalion for their gallant behaviour, and the rapidity with which officers and men obeyed his order to advance. Sir Hope was with them when they entered, and thus was an eyewitness of the promptitude displayed. It is a pleasant reflection

to know that the "green jackets" were in their proper place, and did their *devoir*, as riflemen are in the habit of doing what is intrusted to them. The proud motto on our cross-belts is *Celer et audax.*

Thus terminated successfully the actions of Sinho and Tang Ku, at which we inspired the Celestials with such mortal terror, that they have since been constantly sending messengers, under flags of truce, bearing the most humble entreaties to negotiate. One of these took the form of a request that we should delay the attack on the Taku Forts for a few days, pending the expected arrival of an exalted Mandarin, for whom they have sent to Pekin, to endeavour to settle affairs amicably!

Several interesting documents have been found at the headquarters of Sankolinsin, the Tartar chief. One, from the Council of State, denounces Lord Elgin and Baron Gros for being "intractable and rebellious," and further couples them as being "inseparable in dishonesty, bloodthirsty, and treacherous." The number of the allied armies is reckoned at 30,000 men. Another says, "They want to sue for peace, but do not choose to be the first to speak of it; this is perfectly plain. Besides, as to the violence of their language, these barbarians, for the

last twenty years, have been feeding up their pride; and it is not to be expected that in one day they will bring down their heads, and lay back their ears, and wag their tails, and ask for mercy." Our language is said, by the Pekin authorities, to be "extravagant and rebellious."

Another of these precious documents sets a price of 1000 *taels*[1] for the "barbarian chiefs," alive or dead, and especially for Lord Elgin; one hundred for an inferior, and five for each common soldier.

The Chinese diplomatists are imbued with falsehood in all their dealings with the outer barbarians, by which term the people of all nations beyond the limits of the Celestial empire are designated. They consider it not wise or prudent to speak the truth, and that we shall not take the Taku Forts because we had told them we should do so. It was only another lie told by the *rebels* to their *rulers!* Their idea of warlike operations is well described in one of the state papers as follows: "The cunning of war is this: when one is going to surprise an enemy 10,000 *le* distant, the mouth should be gagged and the drums muffled; the sally should be made when he is not expecting it; the attack when he is off his guard. Who would give him notice beforehand,

[1] A *tael* is worth about 6s. 6d.

so as to enable him to be in readiness?" They appear to combine falsehood and treachery in their diplomacy; and with their childlike unreasoning ignorance of other nations, and their powers, they regard them all as *tributaries* to the Emperor of China, who is, in their estimation, Emperor of the world!

*August* 24, 1860.—To convince the Celestial diplomatic mind that our "lie" was no lie, the famous Taku Forts are no longer in the possession of Chinese troops. The Peiho river, the high-water-way to Pekin, is now open to the barbarians, notwithstanding the vaunted strength of the defences, duly set forth in the reply to our ultimatum, with an almost childlike confidence in their strength and invulnerability.

As a preliminary step, Sir R. Napier, who had charge of the assault, marched out of Tang Ku at daylight on the 19th with one infantry regiment, a battery of Armstrong guns, some Royal Engineers and Madras Sappers, to make roads over the soft mud, bridge the numerous intersecting ravines, and throw up earthworks for the protection of artillery and the infantry supports. Two batteries were made, about 600 yards from the fort highest up the river, on the north bank; one was armed

with two 8-ineh howitzers, and two 9-pounders; the seeond had three 8-ineh mortars. Some distanee on the left rear were 24-pounder howitzers and five Armstrong guns.

We were in a high state of exeitement for the advent of the 21st, when the remainder of the 2d Division, with Marines, Royal Engineers, Madras Sappers, and guns, went to the front at the boom of the opening gun. Our gunboats, five in number, were to engage the lower north fort by way of diverting their attention from our attaek on the upper fort.

The "Armstrongs" opened the fire at 5 A.M., and soon after all our guns and mortars were in aetion, delivering a frightful storm of shot and shell on the fort. The enemy's guns were served rapidly, but with the usual want of precision as regards aim; seareely one shot fell near, and none of them injured our men. The mistake they make is that they give too much elevation to their guns, and apparently with a view to make their serviee more destruetive, they use enormous eharges of powder; hence the foree of the explosion, combined with the great elevation given to the guns, send the shot far beyond its mark. About six o'eloek a dreadful explosion oeeurred inside the fort, caused by one of

our shells having penetrated a magazine and blown it up. The violence of the explosion made the earth vibrate as if from the shock of an earthquake, and the noise and trembling were distinctly heard and felt by our people at Peitang, a good six miles away. Shortly afterwards another magazine exploded in the lower fort; the noise on each occasion being almost sufficient to drown the roar of the artillery-fire. Nothing daunted, the Tartar gunners plied their heavy guns with wonderful steadiness.

Our field-guns now moved to within five hundred yards of the gate, which had been protected on the outer side by earth and beams of timber, on which they opened a heavy and continuous fire. Pontoons were brought up to bridge the ditches; they were very neat and pretty to look at, but not very serviceable, and planks had to be brought into requisition instead of the unwieldy, portable bridges. The 44th and 67th Regiments advanced close to the first ditch, nearly twenty feet wide; and most of the men, discarding the use of the proffered planks, crossed the ditch by swimming or wading nearly up to their shoulders—arms and ammunition being held aloft.

The storming-party was received by a continued hail of matchlock and jingall balls, poured on them

from the walls of the fort; arrows, spears, round shot, stinkpots, and baskets of lime, were also freely used by the enemy, but our men never flinched or faltered for a moment. A young officer of the 44th swam the ditch in front of his men, carrying his drawn sword between his teeth. When scaling-ladders were at length planted, they were either thrown back on the attacking party or dragged inside the fort; officers and men were thrust back from the embrasures, many of them being badly wounded; at length, by sheer bull-dog tenacity, our people gained a footing inside, nearly all wounded on entering, at the same time as the French entered the angle next the river. A young ensign (Mr Chaplin, 67th Regiment) was the first to plant the Queen's colour on the top of the wall, though he was wounded in both arm and leg while carrying the colour; for this daring act he has been recommended for the Victoria Cross.

The Tartars fought desperately; many were cut down at the guns, and large numbers were shot as they at length turned and fled. Those who fell outside the fort were transfixed on the strong, sharply pointed bamboo stakes, which had been thickly set in the ground for a distance of about twenty feet, to harass and retard our advance. Inside the walls

the scene was terrible: dead and dying lay in all directions; guns and their carriages overturned amid heaps of the late defenders; large beams and planks riven asunder by our fire,—so that it became a source of wonder to us how the enemy held out so long, and stuck to their guns so staunchly as they did.

Above forty guns were found in this fort, many of them of immense size and valuable, being entirely made of brass. Amongst them were some of our own 32-pounders that had been removed from the gunboats which were sunk in the naval attack last year.

A rapid advance was made on the lower fort, where a flag of truce was displayed; not a shot was fired, and 2000 of the enemy's troops surrendered, as it would have been useless for them to have done otherwise, being under the fire of the guns of the upper fort, which, together with our own artillery, would soon have made the place untenable, and with a further inevitable sacrifice of many lives. The prisoners were released and sent across the river to the south forts. Our consul, Mr Parkes, and Colonel Anson, A.D.C., were sent to demand their evacuation and unconditional surrender. After a long delay, the Governor-General of

the province was found, but he declared that as he was not in possession of the forts he had no power to give them up, and that he must refer the demand to the Commander-in-chief, *who had been, unfortunately, killed in the recent action.* But where the reference was to be made, and *how*, he omitted to say; but was distinctly told, in reply to his shuffling attempt at diplomacy, that the forts and town would be blown up next morning. He then signed the surrender, and that night the south forts were occupied by the allied soldiers: the enemy quietly left, as our troops entered and took possession without firing a shot. These are much stronger than the forts on the north side of the river, and would have cost us much more labour and sacrifice of life had they been defended as obstinately. Our attack from the rear took the enemy by surprise. They were completely hemmed in and had to fight for their lives, a condition of things that makes even cowards desperate; and they now say that we do not fight fair, as they had intended to make the back gate of the fort a loophole for escape, in the event of our storming in front. Despite the learned aphorisms of Confucius and Mencius, transmitted through the ages, the reasoning of this people is sometimes very childlike, according to our stand-

ard; and yet they consider themselves vastly superior to outward barbarians, as they style the inhabitants of all other nations.

The total number of our killed and wounded at the capture of the upper north fort was 201, of whom twenty-one were killed, and eight died of their wounds; the French loss was over 100. The force engaged numbered 1500 British and 1000 French troops. The enemy's loss must have been very great; the estimate is not far short of 1500, including two generals, whose bodies were afterwards sent for and handed over to the Chinese.

Our wounded were transported in doolies to Tang Ku, where excellent hospital accommodation had been prepared for their reception.

The day after the forts became ours, the booms across the mouth of the river were destroyed, and the Admiral passed up the Peiho at the head of his flotilla of gunboats: they go to Tien Tsin, a large walled town on the river's bank, to spy the land and prepare for Lord Elgin's mission.

*August* 26.—We hear from Tien Tsin that the gunboats arrived safely, without having seen anything of the enemy.

The Mandarins and Government officials have left the town; some of the people came down to

the gunboats, "chin-chinned," and said "Those dogs of Mandarins have run away; we are your majesty's subjects; enter and take possession."

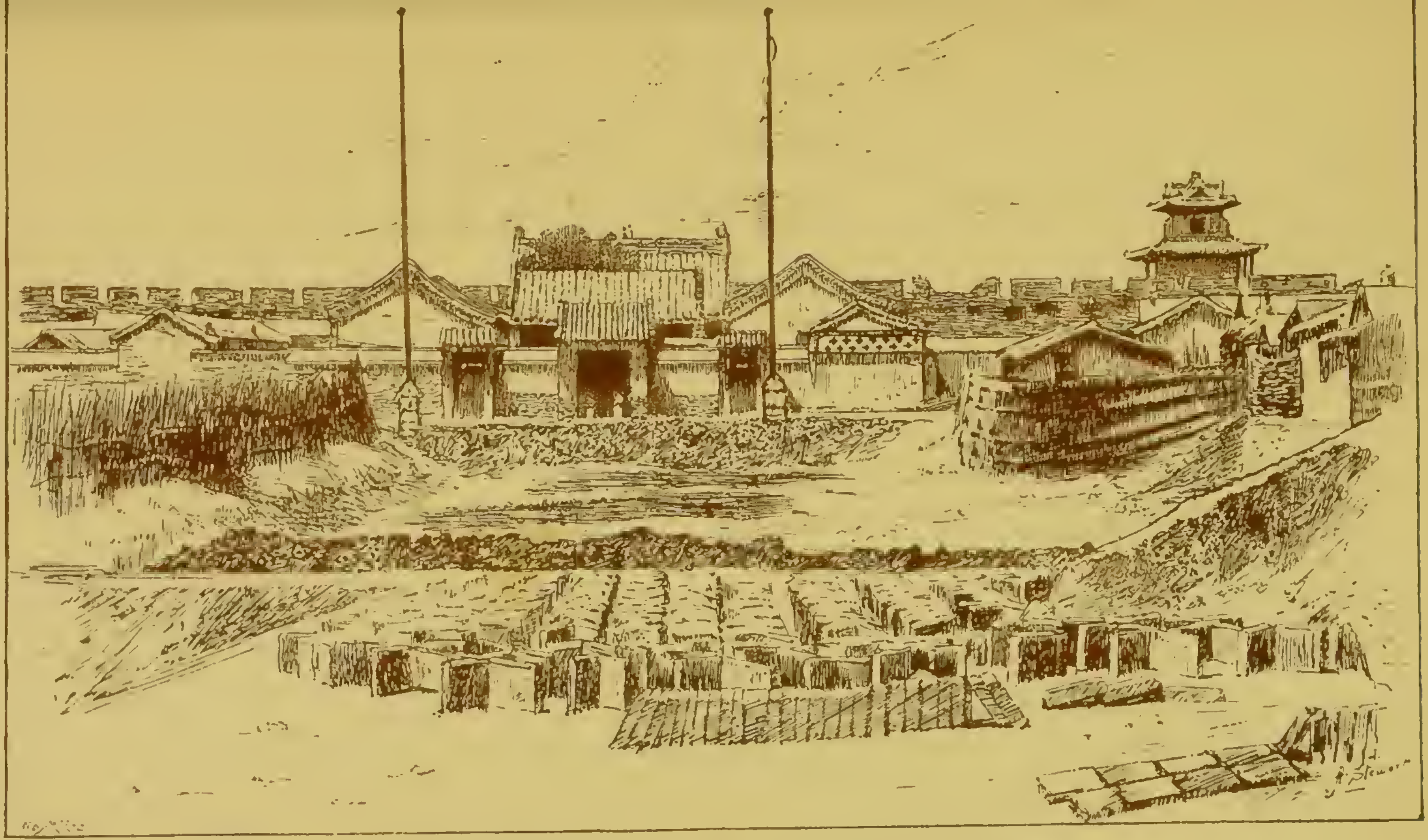
On receipt of this intelligence, Sir H. Grant and part of his staff steamed up the river to the rendezvous, and we shall shortly follow by road, if there be one.

*Tien Tsin, September* 8, 1860.—We gladly broke up our camp at Tang Ku on the 30th of August, and commenced our march at 4.30 A.M. along a wretchedly rough causeway, slightly raised above the level of the bare muddy flats which are frequently flooded at high tide, and reached our first halting-place about 9.30, where our camp was pitched outside the village of Kho-kao. Our interpreter sent for the headman of the village, and told him we wanted provisions, which we should pay for, whereupon an open-air market was speedily established and plentifully supplied with eggs, ducks, fowls, fruit, and vegetables, which were purchased at nominal prices. The Mexican dollar is a powerful factor in dealing with these simple villagers, who rarely see one, the principal current coin being of copper, circular in shape, with a square hole in the centre, by means of which the "cash" are strung together by the hundred.

The country through which we passed for several miles ere we reached this village was richly cultivated. Waving stalks of maize and millet, magnificent grapes, peaches, melons, and vegetables were all here in abundance, and we *did* luxuriate in them.

In order to avoid a possible scarcity, I gave my servant instructions to prepare a spatchcock every evening; this I carried with me in my haversack, together with a small tin of cocoa and milk paste, biscuit, and hard-boiled eggs, for breakfast on arrival at the next halt.

The greatest luxury awaited us at Tien Tsin, in the form of beautiful blocks of pure ice, which is of great service with the mercury rising to 95° or 100°. The ice is taken from the river and stored in large well-constructed ice-houses, where are also preserved huge quantities of lovely grapes of last year's vintage. The town is of considerable size, surrounded by a high and very strong battlemented wall with tortuous gateways, surmounted by large pagoda-shaped towers at the centre of each of the four faces of the square. The top is broad enough for a carriage and pair, but there are no guns mounted on it. Outside one face of this wall an extensive intrenched position, capable of containing



*Outside the Wall of Tien Tsin. Bricks drying in the sun.*

several thousands of fighting men, has been formed by throwing up an enormous mud embankment along the entire extent of the city wall, and the position was further strengthened by a deep and broad ditch on its outer side. Here a large force of the enemy had been assembled to oppose our advance; but a panic had been created by the hasty retreat of the Tartar cavalry after their reverse at Sinho, and further increased by the news of the capture of the Taku Forts. The position had been abandoned before we arrived; a wise resolution, as it could not have been held. We are told that the Tartar cavalry were the pick of the army, and formed the Emperor's guard. After their defeat they never drew rein till they reached Tien Tsin; and having given some details of their discomfiture, away they went as quickly as their horses could carry them.

Fighting has ceased, and diplomacy has begun its task of trying to arrive at a final settlement. Some big Mandarins came from Pekin for the purpose; on arrival they said they were "glad to see us as visitors, and bade us welcome to Tien Tsin," whereupon one of our interpreters replied, "Oh! not at all; we consider you our guests; the city is in our possession, and we make you welcome

to remain in it as long as you please"—a snub for the high Chinese officials.

The Chinese are a curious race, for although we are at war with the Government of the country, the people are very civil, and keep our camp bazaars well supplied with provisions and fruits at wonderfully moderate prices.

Diplomacy begins to flag. At first the Mandarins gave their assent to all proposals; but as the final arrangements were about to be completed, they suddenly discovered that they had no authority to ratify a treaty at Tien Tsin, and that the proper place to do so is Yamin, about thirteen miles from Pekin. This change of tactics has caused great annoyance to our envoys, and now the whole army is to move at once to Pekin, where the terms will be dictated to our wily foe. They want us to leave our artillery here, as the sight of such powerful weapons "will disturb the minds of the inhabitants!"

While negotiations were progressing smoothly, our chiefs were making arrangements for breaking up the expeditionary force, several regiments being actually under orders for home; but now, thanks to those procrastinating pigtailed gentry, all these orders have been cancelled, and we hope soon to

see what few Britons have seen—the capital of China. Judging by the towns we have passed through, the pleasure of anticipation is likely to be greater than the realisation of this visit to the metropolis of the "Flowery Land."

The cavalry, three batteries of artillery, and three regiments of infantry, marched from Tien Tsin to-day (8th); the remainder will follow day by day. The large siege-guns are also ordered up from Tang Ku, which would indicate the probability of more fighting to come.

Lord Elgin accompanies the advance, and it is just possible that the prompt movement of our army will have the effect of bringing the Chinese to reason. Their Generalissimo, Sankolinsin, has been degraded, but not banished, as he still holds a command, and is reported to have said that he will either regain his button—the round crystal ball fastened to the top of a mandarin's hat to denote his rank—or die in the attempt.

A large Tartar force is reported to be encamped on this side of Pekin to oppose our advance.

*Hoosee Woo, September* 21, 1860.—Made slow progress, at an average rate of twelve miles a-day, through a flat, grain-producing country up to this

point, where our transport broke down, and the battalion has been halted for three days. The march was a prolonged picnic; markets were established at the different villages, outside of which we bivouacked, and our material wants were freely supplied, though we sadly missed the delicious fruit we were wont to revel in on the march to Tien Tsin. The French had passed through most of the villages before us, and, like a flight of locusts, had devastated the gardens, destroying what they could not remove, according to their custom in an enemy's country. It is a barbarous and a short-sighted policy, in this instance at least, as we shall have to retrace our steps over the same ground—those of us who survive.

This is a picturesque town, with many good and handsome houses; but the streets are mean, narrow, and oh, so dirty and malodoriferous! The neighbouring country is more undulating than that we have passed through, and better planted. Here we again enjoyed the fruits of the orchard and vineyard, with vegetables of excellent quality, which were greatly appreciated by all.

More negotiations have taken place between our envoy and the Chinese representative, while the former also awaits the arrival of our troops in rear,

previous to our moving to the encampment marked out for us by the Chinese.

The camping-ground is about fifteen miles distant from Pekin, whence our ambassador is to proceed with an escort.

While marching to occupy this permanent camp, an officer of the French staff, who were in front of us, rode back to inform us that the enemy was in position about two miles off, a distinct contradiction to the peaceful assurances of the Prince of Ai, given to Mr Parkes, our consul-general. The latter had gone on to Tungchow, six miles off, accompanied by Mr Loch, secretary to Lord Elgin, and Mr Bowlby, the 'Times' correspondent. They had a small cavalry escort under the command of the adjutant of Fane's Horse. After being entertained by the Chinese authorities for two days, they rode out of Tungchow, as they supposed, to join our new camp. On arriving at the village of Changkiawan, they were surprised to find a large Tartar army with a number of guns in position behind a raised causeway. Mr Loch rode through to report the state of affairs, while Mr Parkes went back to Tungchow to demand an explanation from the Prince of Ai, while the rest of the party waited his return, closely watched and followed by the

treacherous enemy. It was a position of great peril, as, if they moved in the direction of our troops, they were liable to be seized.

With so many of our people inside the Tartar lines, Sir Hope Grant could take no decided step, until, without a moment's warning, a heavy fire was opened from the right of the enemy's position, in front of which was a large body of their own cavalry. At first every one was amazed at their firing on their own troops, as two riderless horses were seen galloping towards our lines. They were closely followed by two officers and a few men of the King's Dragoon Guards, who had thus made their escape from the Tartars, running the gauntlet of a heavy fire and missiles of many kinds. One officer was slightly wounded by a spear, one man of the escort and one horse wounded by shot.

Immediately after a very severe fire was opened, from heavy guns on both flanks of the Tartar position, all converging on the ground *so carefully chosen by the Chinese authorities for our camp!* But for their attempt to detain our people, we might have formed camp, and afterwards been massacred. There would have been few left to tell the tale of the treachery prepared for us, and so suavely tendered.

Orders were at once given for our artillery to open fire on the strong position occupied by the enemy. They had an immense number of cavalry, and the Tartar horses are fleet and strong. There being some danger of their outflanking us on the left, and a possibility of their reaching our baggage in the rear of our line, Sir John Michel took some field-guns, along with Probyn's Horse and the "Queen's" regiment to prevent this. The fire from these guns created great commotion amongst the Tartar horsemen, as could be seen by the cloud of dust they raised, high above the tall millet which partially concealed them, as they marched off briskly. Some few rounds were fired when Probyn's Horse were ordered to charge, and away they went with the force of a whirlwind. A mere handful against thousands charged the enemy's cavalry with an irresistible shock, through and back, and through them again; and they wheeled right and left in pursuit of the demoralised Tartars, of whom we saw no more on that day—except in the distance—after the return of Probyn and his gallant sowars.

The Tartar cavalry are well trained, well mounted, and stretch along either side of their horses as well as an Indian trooper, to deliver a lance-thrust or

to avoid one. All their skill was put to the test that day, and all in vain by many, for the ground was covered with the dying and the dead. Some of those who had been unhorsed feigned death, and it was not safe to go near them, as they have an uncomfortable propensity to deliver a thrust, or a shot in one's back, after passing them. Many of our men were wounded in this way.

Our artillery having nearly silenced the enemy's guns in the centre, Sir Hope Grant advanced on their right flank with two regiments of infantry, and turned their position with little loss. The light guns and cavalry were sent in pursuit of the flying foe, though they saw little more than the dust raised by the Tartar cavalry. The enemy's infantry could not make a stand before our Armstrong shells, and they decamped before our people could catch them.

The afternoon was passed by our troops in burning and destroying four large camps on the further side of the town of Changkiawan, after a vain attempt at pursuit of the vanquished Tartar horde, which Sir Hope Grant computed at 30,000 strong, and that number was subsequently admitted by the Chinese.

The French, supported by a squadron of Fane's Horse, which did gallant service, seem to have relied

more on their small-arms than on their artillery, and gave a good account of the enemy, as was afterwards proved by the large number of dead Tartars in front of their attack.

Changkiawan was given up to "loot" or plunder, at which our Indian troops and coolies proved themselves adepts; for while the British soldier was looking about where to begin, they were all over the place, seizing whatever valuables they fancied, and they seemed to know where to find them.

Nothing is known of the fate of our unfortunate captives in the enemy's power; but Lord Elgin has sent to say that if they are not set free the allies will advance and burn Pekin, which we hope will have the desired effect.

This town is a scene of devastation: great quantities of furs were found stored for winter use by the inhabitants in large warehouses, and the extensive pawnbrokers' establishments were full of valuables, including trinkets and *sycee* silver. What could not be carried away was ruthlessly destroyed. The owners of all this property have decamped; here and there an old couple might be found in a court-yard, who would prostrate themselves on knees and elbows, trembling with fear of immediate death,

instead of a "chin-chin" and a pat on the back, which they received with evident relief.

The position from which the enemy had been driven was found to be a very strong one, armed with about sixty large guns, besides a great many smaller, mounted on light wheeled carriages to render them moveable from place to place along the front, as occasion might arise.

The front extended over a mile, and on their left, where the French outflanked them, there were several villages which strengthened that part, and it was here that the Tartars made the best stand. Many of the courtyards of the village houses were strewn with their dead, shot down or bayoneted by our allies. All round the large guns the mutilated bodies of the artillerymen were found in great numbers, and the frightful effects of the Armstrong shell-fire were further demonstrated by the shattered state of the breastworks of large trees, which were torn to shreds. It was not a pleasant sight to look upon, or one to desire to have repeated.

All around are many really pretty villages, nestling under the grateful shade of rich foliage, and with well-cultivated gardens. The water-supply is abundant, and the deliciously cool contents of the deep wells are very grateful after a long day in the

saddle, and also to the weary footmen after a hot march.

*Pekin, October* 9, 1860.—On the evening of the 5th I got my first glimpse of the capital of China, but it was a distant and not very satisfactory one, —of the roofs of some of the principal pagodas and gateway towers, as they showed above the tops of the intervening trees; however, it was so far comforting to know that we had reached our Ultima Thule, and that those who are fortunate enough will, ere long, move *en retraite.* Our course will no longer be towards the blue mountains of Tartary, which have been looming in the distance for many days, but downwards to the blue, blue sea, over which we must hope for gentle breezes to waft us to our far-off homes. We had been marching the last fifteen miles across country, on what proved to be a wild-goose chase, to look up and bring to bay the Tartar army of Sankolinsin. They were nowhere to be seen, though their immediate presence was occasionally betrayed by a dropping fire of jingall-balls from the neighbouring thick clumps of trees, whizzing over our heads without harm.

After halting a couple of hours for rest and refreshment, we marched on the Celestial city, the

Armstrong guns and our riflemen leading the column. Near the suburbs we saw about 700 or 800 cavalry moving off amongst the trees. Our rifles were thrown out in skirmishing order, and soon sent them off at an increased speed.

We took possession of a large suburb without the city wall, and were soon quartered in comfortable houses, to the exclusion, however, of their rightful owners. How I pitied these unfortunates as our troops entered each block of buildings! The people at first did not understand what we wanted; they received us with great civility, a policy dictated by fear, as indicated by their blanched cheeks and repeated prostrations; the suppliant air of the poor women and children was peculiarly touching.

The fact soon dawned upon them that we wanted to take possession, and they quietly walked away; mothers with their young children, youth supporting old age in all its varied forms of decrepitude,—out to the fields with nothing but the clothes they wore. I have seen sad incidents of war, but not such sad scenes of desolation as those we have witnessed almost daily in this campaign. Thousands of inoffensive villagers have not only been deprived of the fruits of their industry, but their household goods have been smashed beyond repair;

their *lares* and *penates* have been desecrated, and all their little trifles, which the owners alone know how to value, have been trodden under foot or scattered to the winds.

Our last march took us through a most lovely bit of country, richly cultivated up to the gates of Pekin, and well wooded, though the trees of rich and varied foliage are grown in groups of restricted size—no large tracts of forest exist. One long plain of fine alluvial soil extends from the sea-coast upwards, from the surface of which every stone has been removed, either to facilitate cultivation, or possibly to aid in the construction of the causeway, which takes a sinuous course throughout its entire extent. In several places I fancied I saw geological formations cropping up, but on closer examination these proved to be broken sun-dried bricks, which are used for buildings.

As we were nearing Pekin the French behaved in a very deceitful way. Their place was on our left, and the two columns were to have advanced together; instead of doing so, Johnny Crapaud lost his touch, deliberately crossed our rear, and marched off direct to the Emperor's Summer Palace, Yuen-ming-yuen,[1] about five miles beyond our extreme

[1] Enclosed and beautiful garden.

right, and ten further than they ought to have gone. It would almost appear as if our allied "braves" are fonder of loot than of fighting. They afterwards pleaded that they lost their way; but their propensities for plunder and for breaking faith are now understood. Our people are very angry, and nothing would please them more than to have a good go-in at our faith(less)ful allies.

Sir Hope Grant ordered twenty-one guns to be fired next morning to attract their attention and bring them to their proper bearings; but there was no response, and we were afterwards given to understand that they had considered our signal was intended as a royal salute for the fall of Pekin!

Some of us were allowed to visit the palace yesterday, and we were utterly astonished at the appearance presented by the French camp outside the walls. The tents were literally ablaze with streamers and festoons of silk and satin of the most brilliant colours, while the soldiers were offering for sale valuable clocks, musical boxes of beautiful design, gold enamelled watches of great price, and many other articles of *vertu*. They have evidently annexed the cream of the loot.

The Summer Palace of the Emperor of China is charmingly situated at the foot of the Tartary

mountains, and consists of large numbers of isolated buildings, each within its own courtyard, and nestling amongst groups of rocks, many of which are artificially arranged in quaintly picturesque fashion. In addition to these dwelling-houses, there are many pagodas and temples occupying prominent and elevated positions, and nearly all surrounded by particoloured shrubberies. Artificial lakes, spanned by light and graceful bridges of white marble, are found at short intervals apart, and lend a fairy-like charm to the extensive scene, reminding one forcibly of those depicted on the old willow-pattern plate of childhood's days. There are a number of large warehouses in which the various products of the empire, received as tribute, are stored. One contained silks, satins, and embroideries sufficient to clothe a large family of womankind for more than one generation. These costly stuffs were carefully arranged on shelves in thick rolls, according to pattern and colour. But the French had been before us, and the floor was literally bedded with unrolled webs of many colours, which gave it the semblance of a parterre of gaudy tulips. Another was relegated to a huge collection of enamelled ware (*cloisonné*), of great age and value. Some of the vases were of immense size

and of grotesque shape, and most of them displayed the imperial five-clawed dragon in gold. Only the members of the imperial family may use this emblem with five claws; nobles and high officials wear it with four or three claws, according to rank. Articles of all shapes, animal, marine, and still life, filled a separate hall. These are minutely and artistically carved from *jade*, an opaque white mineral found in the mountains, and so close in texture that it requires a lifetime—and that not a short one—to finish one of the larger pieces. The value of a well-carved bit of jade is said to be reckoned by the Chinese at its equivalent weight in gold.

The Hall of Audience is a short distance from the wall of enclosure; it is a large hall with a floor of polished marble, and the groined roof is supported by magnificent pillars thirty feet high, and each pillar is formed from one block of marble. There is a raised dais in the centre of the hall, on which stands a throne of richly carved ebony, and beautiful lamps and ornamental vases of bronze and enamel, with cases of books and pictures by native artists, complete the furnishings of this splendid example of Chinese architecture. The rooms of the detached buildings, that are planted

in all sorts of odd nooks and corners, are gay with large mirrors, paintings on glass, costly effigies of birds and animals, wrought in rich enamel of brilliant colours, large and small timepieces of rare workmanship, and many other costly luxuries. Many of these valuable and useful ornaments lay scattered and broken on the floors, having been wantonly destroyed by the French—a species of vandalism for which there is no justification.

One episode of my first visit to Yuen-ming-yuen was rather amusing. I had picked up more *curios* than I could conveniently carry, and I wanted more. There being no means of transport, as my pony was picketed without the palace walls, I was glad to see a Chinaman with a long pigtail coming towards me. He was annexed at once as a beast of burden, though, for aught I knew, he might have been a Mandarin of high degree. My burden was laid on his shoulders, and, to prevent the possibility of an escape, I fastened the thong of my hunting-crop to his pigtail, and proceeded in search of more plunder. Presently we arrived at the large room stored with lovely bits of carved jade; I entered to make a selection, carefully holding on to the handle of my crop. Having got as much as I could carry, I returned, and found that my beast of bur-

den had unfastened the knot that bound him to me and bolted, leaving my loot on the steps of the doorway. I was in a quandary, until our Quartermaster appeared on the scene, driving a light mule-cart, in which I was only too glad to deposit my treasure for transfer to camp, after having carefully wrapped each fragile piece up in long webs of grass-cloth for safety.[1]

The imperial apartments of the palace are arranged on the universal plan of dwelling-houses that prevails throughout China; a series of courtyards opening on each other, and each containing one or more rooms devoted to special purposes. Here the entrance is by a passage and one or two doors opening into one of the state-rooms. It is furnished with all the richness of oriental magnificence; the tables and seats of ebony were superbly carved to represent landscapes with figures, which stood out in bold relief in the most perfect way.

[1] For this care I received little thanks after my arrival at home (months after). My sisters were wild when they saw the beautiful maize-coloured, flimsy material which I had rolled and twisted and tucked in round and about my precious loot. However, the grass-cloth was carefully removed, damped, and smoothed out with a flat-iron, and speedily converted into some smart gowns for evening wear. The indignation subsided when the gowns were fitted, and an opportunity arrived to properly astonish lady friends—the heart's delight of womankind.

Screens and fixed wainscoting adorned the walls, and the couches were covered with rich, imperial yellow satin, embroidered with golden dragons. Another large room, furnished in a somewhat similar style, occupied the opposite side of the square, which is covered with polished marble. From this large room there extended two suites of rooms, those on the left being reserved for the ladies, and they were supplied with all the luxury and comfort that native taste and talent could devise. Above was a second suite of apartments, which contained a most elaborate collection of the rarest specimens of Eastern art, interspersed with paltry pieces of French work, in bad taste, and faulty in design.

A large sheet of water lay in front of these apartments, and along its margin were some enormous rockeries covered with shrubs and flowers. But it is impossible to convey a correct notion of all the wonders, natural and artificial, to be found in this palace of perpetual delight. The grounds extend some six miles in front, and much further in the direction of the mountains, which form a grand background to this fairy-like spot, decked out as it is in nature's gayest garments, with the choicest accessories of man's devising.

All this time negotiations were going on with the

cunning procrastination and treacherous duplicity of the Chinese; but Lord Elgin was not to be deceived again, and vigorous preparations were being made for the bombardment of the city. We occupied the northern suburb immediately opposite the Anting Gate, the possession of which was one of our demands. About three hundred yards from this gate stood the magnificent "Temple of the Earth," with its numerous subsidiary buildings, all protected by a brick wall fifteen feet in height, which enclosed a space measuring a quarter of a mile square. Our siege-train was brought to this enclosure, and in a few days the guns were in position behind the temple wall, ready to blow the Anting Gate to pieces, and open the way for our troops to enter the Celestial capital. Sir R. Napier and the second division were detailed as the assaulting party, the 1st Division forming the reserve; and a proclamation was issued on the 12th October by the allied envoys, stating that the city would be bombarded if the Anting Gate was not surrendered within a given time. As we have seen before, John Chinaman, when "cornered," soon gives in; the gate was handed over to our troops, and the banner of Great Britain floated in the breeze from the top of the high walls of Hien

Fung's capital. Thus the main objects of our military expedition were attained in the short space of six weeks. The Peitang and Taku Forts were captured; the Chinese army completely dispersed, after several hard-fought engagements; and the northern (Anting) gate of Pekin occupied on 12th October 1860, by a strong guard of British soldiers.

No one was allowed to enter the city, or even to cross the threshold of the outer portal, for several days; the old game of diplomacy was being re-enacted, and terms of a treaty considered.

Meanwhile great anxiety had been felt regarding the fate of our people and their escort, who had been captured on the 21st September. Some of the officers were personal friends, well known as gallant and representative men; while those of the civilian element, including Messrs Parkes, Loch, and Bowlby, had gained the goodwill of all who knew them. At our church services, prayers for their safety were offered up, and these must have had a reverent response in the hearts of all who were present.

On the 8th of October, a thrill of joyful relief seemed to throb through our lines when it became known that Parkes and Loch had arrived at head-quarters. They were released after we had made

such a formidable appearance before the walls of Pekin. A very hearty reception was accorded them—none more so than that from Lord Elgin, who was delighted to see that the consul and his own private secretary were still amongst the living. The fate of Lieuts. Anderson, Brabazon, Messrs De Norman and Bowlby, with the escort, is still unknown; they are supposed to have been taken up country.

Our doubts and anxieties on their account were painfully set at rest on 12th October, by the arrival of the nine surviving members of the cavalry escort; they could scarcely walk, and their hands and wrists, crossed in front of their chests, bore terrible evidence of the tortures they had undergone during their captivity.

Statements of their individual experiences at the hands of their cruel captors were written down and translated into English. The story, as it was given by one of the party, and corroborated in all its painful details in those told by the others, is here copied.

Bughel Sing, trooper in Fane's Horse, said:—

"The first day we stopped at a joss-house (small temple) on the side of the road to Pekin. We tied up our horses and went inside. The Chinese then

took them away, but brought them back in the morning, and we again mounted. Captain Brabazon, R.A., and a French officer, then left our party. We went through Pekin to the other side, about half a *koss* (equal to one mile), and pulled up at a *serāi* (large house): from here one of the Chinamen went to ask if we should dismount; on his return we were taken to some tents. This place had barracks inside, and we went through a large doorway.

"We had been there an hour and a half, when we were ordered out, one by one, to wash our hands and faces. They took the gentlemen out first, threw them down, and fastened their hands behind them. Afterwards we were taken out. They made us kneel down in the yard, tied our hands and feet behind, and threw us over on our hands on the ground. From this position, if we attempted to rest on our sides, they kicked and beat us. We remained in this position all night, during which time they poured water on our bonds to tighten them. Mr De Norman spoke to one of the Chinese officers, and told him that we came to treat and not to fight, and they then gave us a little water and rice. The Hindoos would not eat it until Mr Anderson persuaded them, when some of us ate.

"The next day a white[1] button Mandarin came to see us. He had many orderlies with him, and took down in writing some answers to questions put by him to Mr De Norman. About two hours after he was gone we were loaded with irons. We got nothing more to eat or drink, and remained in this position for three days. Lieutenant Anderson's hands were swollen to three times their proper size, and turned as black as ink. The whole weight of his body, chains and all, were thrown on his hands. They looked ready to burst. As long as he was sensible he encouraged us, and rebuked us for calling out. When he became insensible, he constantly called out on Fane, and many others. He became delirious when the chains were put on. On the afternoon of the third day they took four of us (Bughel Sing, War Sing, Sonah Sing, and Mr Bowlby) away in carts, travelled all that night, gave us no food or water, and beat us when we asked for any. Mr Bowlby's hands were not so much swollen. He spoke no Hindustani, so we could not understand him.

"About 10 A.M. the next day, we arrived at a

[1] The sixth grade of nobility, under Imperial princes, who wear the yellow button. The first three grades wear ruby, red, and blue buttons respectively, on the top of their hats.

fort with a few buildings near it. There was no town. Another cart was with us. There were in it Duffadar Mahomed Khan, a French officer, very tall and stout, with a brown beard, and a dragoon, whose name was Phipps. We were taken into the forts, and for three days were out in the open air, in the cold. They then pulled us into a kitchen, and kept us there eight days. They never allowed us to stir for three or four days. Mr Bowlby died on the second day after we arrived; maggots had formed in his wrists. He was dressed in a kind of grey check. His body remained beside us for nearly three days, and was then tied to an iron beam and thrown over the wall.

"Next day the Frenchman died; he was wounded slightly on the head and shoulder, apparently by a sword. He had on a black coat, and red trousers with black stripes. Two days after this, Sowahir Sing, 1st Sikh Irregular Cavalry, died; his hands burst from the rope-wounds; maggots got into the wounds, and he died. Four days after, Phipps died. For ten days he encouraged us in every way he could, till one day his hands became swollen, and maggots were generated the next. One maggot increased a thousand-fold in a day. Mahomed Rux Duffadar died ten days ago. He remained very

well till the time of his death, and abused the Chinese for bringing him pig to eat. His hands were completely eaten away. I should have died had not my irons been taken off. The Chinaman who brought us here was very kind. When he was present, he dressed our wounds and gave us to eat; when he was absent, we got nothing."

(Certified) "W. FANE, Captain,
Com. Fane's Horse."

Epitome of Mr Parkes's narrative of his imprisonment in Pekin :—

"It was about half-past two o'clock when we were put into a cart, and the sun was setting as we reached the Chaou-yang, or eastern gate of the city. The streets were crowded with people, and our captors made the best use of us they could, to give their return the character of a triumph. We continued to be driven through street after street, passing through the eastern and southern, and into the western quarter of the city, until we entered, about 8 P.M., a large court, and I saw, with a shudder, that we were in the hands of the 'Board of Punishments.'

"After we had been kept waiting in a dense crowd for half an hour longer, I was taken from

*Vedette of "Fane's Horse."*

the cart and carried before a tribunal composed of examiners of small rank, who made me kneel, and after treating me in a very tyrannical manner, and questioning me on a few unimportant points, they loaded me with chains, and gave me over to a number of ruffianly-looking jailers. These men conducted me through several long courts, till we stood before a building which I could see was a common prison, and as the massive door opened and closed on me, I found myself in a throng of seventy or eighty wild-looking prisoners, most of them offensive in the extreme, as is usual in Chinese jails, from disease and dirt, and who were naturally anxious to gaze on the new-comer.

"I was carefully examined and searched by the jailers, who also saw that my chains were properly secured, and bound my arms with fresh cords, not so tightly, however, as to impede circulation, or occasion serious inconvenience. At the same time they removed, to my intense relief, the cords from my wrists, which, being very tightly tied, had caused my hands to swell to twice their size, and were now giving me great pain. They then laid me on the raised boarding on which the prisoners slept, and made me fast by another large chain to a beam overhead. The chains consisted of one, long and

heavy, stretching from the neck to the feet, to which the hands were fastened by two cross chains and handcuffs, and the feet in like manner.

"Exhausted with fatigue and want of food, which I had not tasted for upwards of twenty-four hours, I fell asleep, but was soon called up and again carried before the same board of inquisitors. The Mandarins, as I was placed kneeling in my chains before them, warned me that they would force the truth from me if I did not give it willingly, and, in proof of their earnestness, they ordered four torturers to seize me, even before they began to put their questions, by the ears and the hair of the head and face. They questioned me as to age, length of residence in China, how and where employed, the numbers of our cavalry and artillery, ships, steamers, horses, &c. They were much displeased with my statements about the national resources of England and India. But the remark which probably gave them most displeasure, and caused me some pain at the hands of the torturers, was the use, on my part, of a term for her Majesty denoting equality of rank with the Emperor. They had inquired after our 'Prince,' to which I had replied that we had many princes, both in England and India, but that they were all under

one sovereign, as in the case of the empire of China.

"'What do you mean by using such language?' they said; 'you have yourself shown that you have been long in China, that you can speak our language and read our books, and you must know, therefore, that there is but one Emperor who rules over all lands. It is your duty to communicate your superior knowledge on this subject to your countrymen, instead of encouraging them in their extravagant ideas.'

"The examination ended, I was ordered back to prison, but it was only from the prisoners that I obtained sympathy or a hearing. Many of these unfortunate men were glad, when so permitted, to come round me to listen to my story, or any description that I could give them of foreign countries and usages. Most of them were men of the lowest class, and the gravest order of offenders, as murderers, burglars, &c. In the prison-roll which was hung on the wall, I found myself returned as 'a rebel,' and that I was one out of five, of a total of seventy-three, who were ordered to wear the heaviest chains.

"My meals consisted of boiled rice or maccaroni, with a very sparing allowance of meat or vegetables,

twice a-day; also cakes, or bread of the country, and a little tea and tobacco.

"On the 22d September I was removed from the common prison to a separate ward about eight feet square on the opposite side of the court; the four jailers appointed to watch me crossing at the same time, and occupying the same little room. On the 26th Mr Loch and I were conveyed in separate vehicles, in charge of Hangki and a strong escort, to the Kaowmean temple, where we were placed in a room about twenty feet by ten, which was entered from another room of the same dimensions, in which eight of the jailers were stationed. Hangki explained the presence of the jailers by saying they had been brought here to act as our servants. We were now supplied with good food, beds, and also writing materials, soap, towels, &c.

"At daybreak on 7th October we heard the sound of a cannonade, which only lasted a few minutes. Hangki came about eight to learn the meaning of the firing. He could no longer conceal from us that our army was before Pekin, and admitted that the Summer Palace had been taken by the allies yesterday afternoon. The Prince of Kung, who had been staying there, had managed

to escape. We did not again hear the sound of attack, but detected some stir, as might be caused by the movement of troops, and could observe looks of concern on the faces of our guards. We sent to Hangki's house, only to learn from his servants that after leaving us he had been lowered in a basket over the city wall, and had gone, as they supposed, in quest of Prince Kung.

"We felt some relief next morning when no firing was heard as daylight broke. On sending to Hangki's house we learned that he had returned at 3 A.M., and would be with us shortly. He came at nine, and the first glimpse of his countenance, before he had put on the look he wished to assume, showed considerable dejection and anxiety. 'I left you full of concern,' he said, 'as I knew that the city and your lives were both in danger. Had the city been assaulted, the first cry raised by the soldiers would have been, "Away with the foreign prisoners!" When I inquired for Prince Kung, I found he was too far off for me to hope to reach him. I therefore despatched a note, proposing that you should be given up at once, on condition that the foreign troops should retire from Yuen-ming-yuen, which they had begun to plunder.' At this moment the prospect before us seemed darker than

ever; but Hangki, after some hesitation, relieved our suspense by promising that we should be sent out at four this afternoon. He gave us some information about the prisoners—upwards of twenty had been taken—but with a view to their safe custody they had been divided into small parties and sent to different district cities in the interior. Those in Pekin numbered eight in all, and we were all to be sent out together.

"At last—at two o'clock—he told us that the prisoners had been assembled, and that we could take our departure. We were placed in covered carts, without being allowed to see each other, and were escorted by a large party of soldiers and Mandarins, through streets which wore a deserted appearance, to the Se-che, or north-western gate of the city. We soon saw, with grateful hearts, those great portals opened, and then immediately closed behind us, that we were already free men; for our guard, not daring to follow us out of the city, had left to ourselves the pleasant task of finding our way to the allied camp.

(Signed) "HARRY S. PARKES."

The other survivors made statements to the same effect as the above, and all agreed in describing the

intense torture they were made to endure, and the cruel indignities and privations heaped on them by their captors. Many of those who were taken to the interior "for safe custody" suffered great agony for many days, before a merciful delirium, the harbinger of death, deprived them of all sensation.

Yet these tortures were inflicted by a race of men who pride themselves on being not only the most civilised people extant, but also hold the firm belief that the entire universe, and the inhabitants thereof, are subject to the supreme sway of the "Sacred Son of Heaven, and Emperor of the world."

It is a marvellous fact that the teaching of the great "master" Confucius, which dates from 600 years B.C., and is based on the almost Christian doctrine "reciprocity," and was accepted as the standard of morality by 300,000,000 of people, should have been so grossly violated in the present nineteenth century of our own era; and that, too, by men in high office who have been proved by critical examinations to be thoroughly acquainted with the strict rules laid down by the "master," and of which rules it has been said that they have "crystallised China into a changeless solidity which has endured for twenty-five centuries."

I incline to the belief that the "changeless solidity" has no existence apart from themselves. They may maintain the principles of the clean doctrine of "reciprocity" as a nation—I am told they do—as well as other social rules, such as filial reverence, and deference to age and authority, which are strictly enforced throughout the empire.

The remains of Messrs Anderson, Bowlby, De Norman, and of private Phipps, King's Dragoon Guards, all of whom died in captivity, have been sent in by the Chinese. They were in a dreadful condition, and could only be identified by some distinctive part of their clothing. The funeral took place on the 17th October, in the Russian cemetery outside the north wall of the city, with the kind permission of the Embassy. The cemetery is walled in, and trees are planted round the enclosure.

The funeral was a sadly impressive sight, and all the officers off duty attended, to pay a last tribute of respect, and to show sympathy with the fate which has so cruelly cut short careers of usefulness and honour. The chief mourners were Lord Elgin and Sir Hope Grant; but all mourned, alike for the private soldier and for his superiors.

Our senior chaplain read the service, while the Russian pope (priest), who had asked permission, held aloft the cross at the graves while the service was being read. Thus our unfortunate comrades were laid to rest beneath the overshadowing emblem of Christian faith. Even the heavens appeared to participate in the general sorrow: they were almost black, and a bitter icy wind from the north swept over the plain—our first experience of approaching winter. On the next day, however, the sun beamed brightly on the preparations that were being made for a just work of retribution. The General ordered the 1st Division, under the command of Sir John Michel, to march out and destroy by fire the Summer Palace of Yuen-ming-yuen, and all imperial property within a radius of several miles. Our men went gaily on to this work of destruction of the palace, where the horses and equipments of the prisoners were found, and where their tortures had begun. A large quantity of valuable "loot" was taken before the buildings were set on fire; and as wood enters largely into their construction, they were soon reduced to ashes, together with much of their priceless contents, which we had not the means to remove. It was a widespread scene of conflagra-

tion, and must have struck with dismay the many thousands of Chinese who saw it.

Many important state-papers, memorials, and petitions addressed to the Emperor, were found in the principal apartments. When translated, they were found to be curious, and not without weight of argument and cogent reasoning. Having had an opportunity of copying some of the translations, I transcribe the following specimens of the official style as it obtains when addressed by high officers of state to his Imperial Majesty of the Vermilion Pencil, Son of Heaven, and Lord of the Universe.

I.—Memorial by Sankolinsin, Commander-in-Chief of the Chinese Army. 7th month, 10th day (26th August).

"Your slave Sankolinsin, kneeling, presents a memorial, judging that the changeable disposition of the barbarians will make it impossible to carry into effect the pacific policy—he, in the name of the princes and dukes of the six leagues, prays your Majesty to proceed on a hunting tour, in order that measures for attacking and destroying the barbarians may be facilitated.

"Your slave lately lost the position at Taku, where he commanded, in consequence of the unforeseen explosion of the powder-magazines at two of the north forts simultaneously, and not from any slackness in the defence or insufficiency of means; therefore he appre-

hends that now it will be difficult to make the barbarians submit, yet that their demands can hardly be granted.

"Your slave has made the necessary dispositions along the road between Tien Tsin and Tungchow. If fighting should take place near Tungchow, it is to be feared that the minds of the inhabitants of Pekin would be greatly agitated. Victory or defeat may depend on the circumstances of a moment. Should a reverse possibly occur, the trading people who congregate in the capital would desert in multitudes, and if, perchance, the hearts of the soldiers should fail, the consequences might be momentous (*i.e.*, the Emperor might be taken prisoner).

"Your slave has received the greatest favours from your Majesty, and has shown no return for them. After the most anxious reflection on this present critical state of affairs, the best course which has suggested itself to him, and which he has adopted, appeared to be to write to the princes and others of the six leagues, desiring them to repair to the capital with the *élite* of their troops, so that they might attend your Majesty on your route with the proper honours, and then join the rest of the forces. He humbly begs your Majesty to follow the precedent of making a hunting tour in the autumn, and accordingly to leave the capital for a time; and further, that the princes and state officers left at the head of affairs may be commanded to see that the army keep the city in the most perfect state of defence, until they are joined by the troops of the six leagues, when, all together, they may attack and exterminate the enemy. If at that time your Majesty should be

in the capital, not only might the execution of needful plans be impeded, but also alarm might unfortunately be excited in your own mind. Your slave does not shrink from thus, in the names of the princes and others of the leagues, rashly expressing his and their obscure views, and which he yet urgently solicits your Majesty to permit to be carried into effect. He would then be set at liberty to choose his own time and mode of attack, and might advance or retire as events should make necessary. Without any doubt, he would exterminate the vile brood from off the earth, and redeem his previous shortcomings. He addresses this secret memorial to your Majesty for your decision thereupon. He does not venture to forward this by the regular express, but reverently sealing it, he intrusts it to Kun Sing to deliver it in person."

II. — Memorial by Kia Ching, and signed by twenty-five others. 7th month, 24th day (9th September).

"Your minister, Kia Ching, and others, kneeling, present a memorial, plainly expressing, in obedience to the imperial command, their opinions on the present critical conjuncture. On this 24th day of the month they have received a vermilion decree, together with a secret memorial by Sankolinsin, which they were directed to peruse. In the decree they reverently read that their Emperor proposed to command in person the battalions of the empire, and to proceed to Tungchow to exterminate the vile brood of barbarians, and in this they observed the firm resolution of the sacred

Son of Heaven, who governs and tranquillises the universe.

"But they remember that the place in question is not Tanquen, and at this time Kan Chun has not come forward. (Alluding to an episode in Chinese history, when the reigning Emperor took the field against the Mongol Tartars, and defeated them, A.D. 1000.) The mist of the sea should be dissipated by the celestial wrath, but still they consider that the course proposed is not that which would best conduce to the interests of the state, and they deem that it ought not on any account to be lightly adopted. And Sankolinsin's propositions regarding a hunting tour your ministers hold to be even more objectionable. If the capital, which is encompassed with a strong and uninterrupted line of fortifications, is not secure, what shelter is to be looked for in open and unfenced hunting-grounds? But further, your Majesty's departure would excite the wildest agitation in the people's minds.

"Since the barbarians have been able to reach the post of Tien Tsin, what is to prevent them from likewise penetrating to the Loon river (at Jehol)? Your ministers cannot endure to dwell on the ideas which these reflections awaken in their minds. To their dull perceptions it seems that men must act in reference to calculable contingencies, while they await in submission the inscrutable decrees of Heaven. They cannot but think that Providence has guarded their humane and beneficent Government during the two hundred of years of its time, of the empire, and they would take courage to exert themselves strenuously in the emergency which has occurred. They purpose that your

Majesty should issue an edict, to reassure the people and incite them to courageous action; that high rewards should be promised to all who distinguish themselves, and special attention should be given to placing the army in a perfect state of efficiency. They request that your Majesty will charge the princes, and others charged therewith, speedily to carry out the arrangements for the war of defence and extermination. They humbly beg your Majesty's decision as to whether their proposals are right or wrong."

III.—Memorial of Tsinen Yung and forty others. 7th month, 27th day (12th September).

"Your ministers consider that the project of a hunting tour is likely to endanger the stability of the Government, and therefore pray that your Majesty will remain in the capital. Your ministers have heard with the greatest surprise and alarm, that, in consequence of the failure of the attempt to bring the barbarians to terms, your Majesty has resolved on making a tour to Jehol, and that orders had been sent to the various corps of the banners to make the necessary preparations. As the safety of the empire might be compromised by such a proceeding, your ministers, under a deep sense of responsibility, desire to submit various reasons which they conceive to weigh against its adoption.

"More than two hundred years have elapsed since the establishment of the empire by Shunche, and the foundation of the ancestral temples. A time of general distress and difficulty having now arrived, it is of the

utmost consequence that the minds of the people should be kept tranquil; but for your Majesty to undertake so universal a journey at the very moment when the approach of the outside barbarians is imminent, would be a thing that must cause extreme alarm and confusion. So great a disturbance of the ancestral and tutelary spirits, this voluntary provocation of dangers, must surely hereafter produce bitter but unavailing regret in your Majesty's mind; and these considerations constitute the first ground which your ministers have to adduce against the project of the hunting excursion. The autumnal hunting tour has hitherto been undertaken when the occasion seemed expedient,—only at periods of tranquillity; and in this manner it has been an institution in our august dynasty. But now, when the barbarians are raising commotions, when the rebels are spreading over the country, all people, both in the capital and in the country, look to your Majesty, present at the seat of Government, as the centre from which the plans of Government must emanate, and the support of authority and order. This sudden departure without any apparent reason (although called a hunting tour), will bear the aspect of a flight. Not only will it tend to shake the resolution of the troops and their officers near the capital, but the commanders of the various armies at a distance will also be filled with doubts and alarms; nor can it be asserted that the intelligence will not greatly raise the courage of the rebels. Thus all the great interests of the empire will be endangered, and perhaps beyond a chance of remedy. Herein is the second ground of your ministers' objections to the tour.

"The imperial residence is securely guarded, and it is the honourable seat of Majesty. At such a moment as this, when it is the sovereign's only proper place of residence, is not the time suddenly to propose a travelling tour. Moreover, when turmoil everywhere prevails, the police of the roads cannot be expected to be perfect. A journey to Jehol has not been made since that of the late Emperor Tao Yunang, forty years ago; and the crowd of carriages and horses will greatly surprise the inhabitants of the places through which they pass. It is said that the people about Jehol are far from being as orderly as they formerly were. Robberies on the highway have become very numerous. The people, who are distressed through the falling off in the yield of the mines, herd together in tens and hundreds, and go about creating disturbance. Should some unlooked-for mischief befall your Majesty, or should spies carry the information of your absence, the barbarians might be emboldened to attempt some fresh enterprise. If the discussions respecting the exchange of treaties should be brought to a successful conclusion, it would cause great inconvenience to be long delayed in waiting for your Majesty's commands. Thereupon the above are a third reason against the tour."

An embarrassed treasury, and the large expenditure required for presents, are urged as further reasons.

On a subsequent date, the same ministers again state their opinions to show that—

"The departure of your Majesty to a place to the northward of Pekin must create great agitation in the metropolis; and that the best means of restoring tranquillity, and confirming the spirit of the army, would be for your Majesty to remain at Pekin. At a period of public distress, the man of heroic character is prepared to die at his post, and at such a time the most perfect sincerity and truthfulness only befit the conduct of either high or low. Your ministers have to-day (13th September) respectfully read the vermilion decree, stating that the arrangements for your Majesty's proposed hunting expedition are to serve as preparations for taking the field in person, and that if the enemy is met in the vicinity of Matow or Tungchow, your Majesty will proceed with a strong force, as originally intended, to a place to the northward of Pekin, and there take up a position. They admire the inspiring demeanour and the strategic ability thus displayed. But the common people are extremely slow of comprehension; they easily suspect, and with difficulty appreciate, and they will say that as the barbarians are to the south of the capital, the change of plan from a hunting tour to taking the field in person should induce your Majesty to remain at Tungchow for the support of Sankolinsin; that the taking up a post to the northward of the capital would be a departure from the seat of war, and accordingly, that what in name was campaigning, was in reality a hunting tour. The people's mind would be disturbed, and the spirits of the troops would fail. If defence and holding out in words are to mean flight and desertion in fact, your ministers will not urge on your Majesty. Thus the temples of your ancestors and

the altars of the tutelary gods will be abandoned (*i.e.*, the empire lost). But they ask, where else could your Majesty's safety be better assured than at the capital? Beyond the Hoopee-kow pass (in the Great Wall) is the haunt of Russian barbarians, and these have been constantly pretending to deliver communications to the Government at Pekin for the furtherance of some treacherous designs. That region is also frequented by bands of mounted robbers, who suddenly collect in hundreds and thousands, and attack traders and officials, respecting whom, however, all reports have been suppressed by local Mandarins. Although the barbarians may be near the capital, yet its fortifications being strong and its garrison large, in it no danger need be feared: wherefore, then, should your Majesty go into the dens of tigers and robbers? If it be said that your Majesty's departure would balk the barbarians' scheme, and contribute to facilitate either peace or warfare as might be expedient, it should not be forgotten, on the other hand, that if commotions were to arise within the capital, the authors of our calamities would not be the barbarians, but ourselves.

"There may be some about your Majesty's person who will say that the repeated attempts of so many of your ministers to dissuade your Majesty from the hunting tour proceed from personal motives, and a desire to lessen their own danger. To this they would reply that such a tour has never been known to occasion inconvenience to the whole body of officials; but, on the contrary, that did they desire their own advantage, they would favour the project, for it would give themselves the means of escaping danger. These three questions

present themselves—What if your Majesty should find yourself in a place without any retreat? What if your Majesty's departure should lead to commotions within the capital? What if your Majesty should be in the midst of more serious dangers than when at Pekin? Your Majesty is well familiar with the maxim, that the prince is bound to sacrifice himself for his country. But far be it from your ministers, at such a time as this, to desire to wound your Majesty's feelings by adverting to such thoughts; and, indeed, the crisis is in no degree so serious as to make it necessary to dwell on them.

"The great danger now to be avoided is that of disturbance arising from within. At all risks your ministers make the above reverent exposition of their sentiments, and they await your Majesty's commands."

Vermilion edict of 13th September 1860, issued by Hien Fung, Emperor of China:—

"Considering that the approach of the barbarians, and the various circumstances of the present crisis, demand from us a course of action calculated to fortify the resolution of our people, we have directed that the arrangements for our proposed hunting tour shall serve as preparations for our taking the field in person against the enemy. Let the Emperor's uncle (Huns Tsin Wang) give orders for the proper distribution of the garrison of Pekin. If the enemy is met between Tungchow and Matow, we shall proceed, as originally intended, to the northward of the capital, and take up a position with a strong force. The spirit of our army leaves us no reason to fear that the handful of bar-

barians, not amounting to 10,000, shall not be completely destroyed. Let this decree be read by the princes and other officers of state."

Tsao Tang Yung, a censor, writes thus:—

"From the above it appears that your Majesty's northern tour is positively decided upon. Does our Emperor, then, think nothing of his people, of the temples of his ancestors, and of the altars of the tutelary gods? If he really means to command in person, why does he speak of proceeding to the northward to take up a position with a strong force? Such language will not meet with any faith on the part of the people. But the grand army under Sankolinsin is quite sufficient to conclude the war with success; and why, therefore, should your Majesty expose yourself to the fatigues and danger of a campaign? The gravity of the crisis does not allow of much speech. Your minister only entreats that you will consent to the advice and desire of all, and return to your Court to superintend the affairs of Government, regretting doubtful counsels."

There were many more of these state-papers found, but the above examples are given to show the marvellous combination of ingenuous, almost child-like reasoning, cajolery, and statecraft which pervade the memorials. But the most wonderful feature of all is the tone of lofty independence, which was scarcely to be expected from men whose

lives are dependent on a single stroke of the "vermilion pencil," which indicates death by decapitation, or by the "happy despatch"—self-destruction—to the recipient of the red line. They also reveal the pusillanimity of a weak-kneed Emperor, whose throne is described as "that in which all things centre, and to which the eyes of all men turn; one step of the Emperor's foot shakes the earth."

But to return to the destruction of the Summer Palace.

The troops told off for this just act of retribution were sent by companies to different parts of the grounds, for besides Yuen-ming-yuen, "the enclosed and beautiful garden," three more "gardens," with their palatial buildings, temples, pagodas, and groups of houses used as barracks for the imperial troops, were found to extend from eight to nine miles to the westward.

All along these extensive enclosures the scenery was of wonderful beauty: hills planted with magnificent trees; artificial lakes, and the villages nestling in cosy nooks; while the ever-present temple, with its graceful roof resplendent in glazed tiles of imperial yellow, glistened in the sunshine like burnished gold. Turning the corner of a high

wall, we suddenly saw before us one of these large temples ablaze, under a dense canopy of smoke, and the trees overshadowing and surrounding it had been caught in the fierce embrace of the fire-fiend, which speedily reduced their noble proportions to ashes. It appeared almost like sacrilege this destruction of buildings which for hundreds of years had been the hallowed shrines of many generations of Buddhist votaries. Not only so, but every building, each temple, and all the edifices surrounding the shrine like so many satellites, contained priceless treasures of ancient art which were thus devoted to destruction, together with majestic trees which can never be restored. The varied and unique contents of only a few of these buildings, collected under one roof, would have made one of the most wonderful as well as one of the most valuable museums in the world. These marvels comprised large bronzes inlaid with gold; enamelled vases, both elegant and quaint of design, and beautifully decorated with vitreous representations of flowers in all the graduated tints and graceful forms of the originals,—all in perfect preservation, though most of them were evolved in the remote past, ages before the present dynasty came into existence. Then there were, in addition to that

of the huge central deity, in each temple row upon row of small figures of the countless host of Buddhist mythology arranged on shelves, and all coated with a thick layer of gold—votive gifts of hope or memory. Books and sketches illustrative of events in Chinese history and social life were in countless numbers; many embroidered hangings and altar-cloths with rich gold furnishings—all of value from their great age and the quaint conceptions displayed in the designs.

Save a very few articles, which were secured by officers, all the priceless contents of palaces, temples, and pagodas were destroyed in the fires that consumed the buildings. On retracing our steps we saw many a noble pile enveloped in flame and smoke, and as wood is largely used in the elaborate, if grotesque, ornamentation of wall and roof-tree, each building made a splendid bonfire. The Hall of Audience at Yuen-ming-yuen had been left to the last, as it commanded the gateway by which we had to retire. A few active riflemen applied the torch of destruction to various nooks and angles, tongues of flame lengthened and spread, the profusely decorated roof shrivelled up, crumbled, and fell with a mighty crash, and soon nothing remained of the stately hall save the

black embers on the marble floor, and the marble columns that reared their lofty heads heavenward, as if in haughty appeal against such vandalism! With the firing of some stables and outhouses to the east, the burnt-offering to the memory of our poor martyred comrades was completed, and the treachery of the Chinese Government severely, albeit inadequately, punished; for we may not balance the work of human hands against the chief source of thought and vitality in men who were capable of deeds that might have lived in story, for the good of future generations and the glory of their country. Now they are gone from us; this holocaust to their manes is over; and turning our backs on the ruins we leave behind us, we proceed, without indulging in moral reflections on the day's doings, to our temporary homes outside the walls of Pekin, in search of dinner, for we are hungry as hunters after a hard day across country.

The outer wall of Pekin is between thirty and forty feet high, strongly built in the form of a square; it has a circuit of over twenty miles, and is sufficiently wide at the top to allow of three large carriages being driven abreast.

There are three distinct cities within its gates.

The first, or "Tartar City," was originally tenanted by a garrison of Tartar soldiers, who have been succeeded by Chinese traders.

The second enclosure, some six miles square, contains the palaces of the nobles, ministerial residences, offices of the Government, arsenals and stores. It is named "Hwang Ching," the August City.

The third is consecrated to the sole use of the members of the imperial family, and is known as "The Forbidden City." Herein are the palaces of the Emperor and of the princes of the empire, with accommodation for their numerous attendants. The wall is sufficiently high to prevent any intrusive prying into the grounds from the outside, but it does not hide the old towering trees which rear aloft their rich and variegated crowns of foliage far above the tops of the tallest turrets, and give an air of cosy completeness to this imperial park. But these glories (?) were not revealed unto us until the 24th of October, when we were permitted to join the strong escort that accompanied Lord Elgin on his way to the "Hall of Ceremonies," to sign the convention with Prince Kung, as representing the Governments of Great Britain and China respectively.

Prince Kung is a near relative of the Emperor; he is well built, and possesses an unmistakably Mongolian cast of countenance.

He wore a suspicious expression in his oblique eyes, which kept moving slowly from side to side as he scanned the crowd of barbarians drawn up behind our envoy. His escort consisted of a large body of Mandarins and their followers, all in their state robes. Many of them looked dirty, and as if unaccustomed to the use of soap and water, so that their malodour was more perceptible than grateful to our olfactories.

The treaty papers having been carefully examined by our interpreters and by the Chinese secretaries—a very tedious process for the onlookers—they were presented to receive the signatures of Lord Elgin and Prince Kung, after which the latter "chin-chinned" with an air of evident relief, and took his departure. Lord Elgin returned to head-quarters; and we, the self-attached atoms of the escort, were free to roam through the streets of the Celestial city at our own sweet wills.

The main thoroughfares were kept in fair order. Broad streets ran at right angles from either side of that by which we had reached the treaty palace, or Hall of Ceremonies, and which projected its

sinuous course through the centre of the city. But as the gates are closed at dusk, and the shadows were already getting long, we had to retrace our steps, and wait for another opportunity of exploring.

In this, the Tartar division of the city, the houses are one-storeyed edifices, and many of them have open fronts where merchandise is displayed for sale. Here butchers, bakers, hatters, and other handicraftsmen ply their several callings for the convenience of the crowds of men, old women (the young ones are kept indoors), and boys. The moving throng takes no notice of the barbarian visitors, as, unlike the Mandarins, they are unattended by servants who accompany and clear the way for the great men. Individuals scarcely deign to move aside, until reminded by a push from the pony's head or shoulder that they are not alone. The boys, as boys everywhere will, laughed and made remarks on our appearance to one another, much to their own evident enjoyment, but no attempt at rudeness was made.

Arrived at the Anting Gate, we could not resist the temptation of viewing the city from the top of the outer wall. This gate is double—*i.e.*, it has one massive portal on the inside, as well as an

equally strong outside gate. Between the two is a paved courtyard about 150 feet square; on one side is the guard-room, on the opposite side an inclined pathway leads to the top of the outer wall. Up the incline we rode, five abreast, but with plenty of room to spare, and we were bountifully rewarded; for there at our feet was spread the most lovely panorama conceivable. There she lay, Pei King, or northern capital of the universe, according to native belief, stretching far away into the distant vista of faint perspective; her palaces and her temples all aglow with the bright effulgence of the westering sun, tempered and toned down by the masses of dark foliage so freely interspersed among them, with here and there a few tall weeping-ash trees to add their meed of reverential regret at the departure of their lord of life. To our right and behind us uprose the blue billows of the far-off mountains of Tartary, in magnificent contrast to the level plain on our left, which extends to the distant shore of the Gulf of Pi-chi-li. But even the level plain has its beauties; many a group of temple buildings and village roof-trees, with their quaintly pretty curvatures and broadly spreading eaves, are to be seen dotted all around, under the fostering shade of umbrageous trees.

At our second visit we penetrated as far as the old Chinese city, between four and five miles distant from the Anting Gate, through a series of wide streets. The wall and gate are similar to those of the Tartar city, and the same may be said of the town and its inhabitants, with the exception of the shops, which are of a better class, and contain a greater variety of wares. In one of the principal streets, which is about twice the width of Regent Street, there are many large shops where silk, tea, and ready-made clothes are sold; and some display beautiful furs, sables, sea-otter, ermine, and the skin of the unborn lamb, the latter a very beautiful skin of a soft silver-grey colour, with a small, short, curly wool. The last named is one of the most highly prized furs in China. But perhaps the most attractive street to visitors is that which has been dubbed "Curiosity Street"—a narrow lane opening on the wider street, with shops containing ancient enamels, bronzes, and carved jadestone. Every one crowded here in search of some rare bit of Chinese art, for which a *rare* price was always demanded. You enter a shop and find that the same practice prevails which obtains in India—the least valuable articles are first exposed for sale. If you resist the owner's importunities to purchase any of these

"howdie," or tall valuables, he will conduct you to a second, or even to a third apartment, where everything he shows is declared to be "ting gow-gowdie," or very, very tall, as he sticks up his thumb by way of emphasising his statement. These shopkeepers are very quick to pick up your meaning, and keenly watch the direction of your eyes; should you happen to look long or admiringly at something you fancy, he immediately detects it, and his mental arithmetic doubles or quadruples its original price. If you show him a dollar, he at once understands you wish to know the price of the selected curio. He immediately fronts you, holding up both hands with outspread fingers: he closes both, which means ten; opens them again for twenty, and goes on repeating the movement until he reaches the sum-total of his demand. Now the intending purchaser begins by offering one-fourth of the price asked, advancing by small additions until he arrives at the amount he means to spend, when he puts his thumb and forefinger to his mouth and makes a rapid movement, as if drawing a tooth, to indicate that he has offered all he means to give, and that it is like losing a tooth to offer so much.

But after two or three visits, we found that

riding through the streets of Pekin was rather monotonous work, as they are all alike as regards their general arrangement of houses. The chief places of interest were the temples, some of which are well worth a visit, such as the Temple of Heaven, with its extensive park-like grounds, well-kept grass, and noble elms. Towering above its surrounding palm-trees, the great dome of the temple is visible, distant about a mile from the entrance, and we turn our ponies in that direction. A long flight of broad steps leads to a large marble platform nearly on a level with the tree-tops, and measuring some hundreds of yards across. Another flight of steps takes us to the principal entrance of the immense dome-like structure we saw from a distance. The yellow porcelain tiles and the gaudily painted eaves give it a most brilliant appearance, though an air of neglect and partial decay hangs over it all. The entrance to the altar is reached by a flight of steps on the right, and inside there are not wanting signs of sacrificed victims. Besides the altar, there is a furnace where we may suppose the victim is burned; but these sacred mysteries and their attendant rites may not be revealed to "outer barbarians." There are many other buildings in this great park, which

is so home-like; and once within its walls, it is difficult to realise that it actually exists within the circumvallations of two huge cities.

The third walled enclosure, "The Forbidden City," was not open to inspection. Although Prince Kung had said that permission to view the grounds might be given to a few selected officers, they never got beyond the gates; so, for aught we know, the "Sleeping Beauty" of this enchanted palace may be sleeping still.

Well, we have seen Pekin, and have arrived at the conclusion that there is not much to see, excepting the bird's-eye view from the top of the outer wall and the principal temples.

The knotty question of a winter's occupation having been much debated, it was finally settled that a part of the army should winter at Tien Tsin; and Lord Elgin resolved that he would take up his abode in the city during the remainder of his stay. A suitable house was provided, and he occupied it from the 27th of September until the 9th of November, when he finally took his departure from the scene of his latest diplomatic triumph. Although he had only a small guard of infantry with him in the city, he was not in the least molested.

Preparatory to the arrival of the Honourable F. Bruce, the new Ambassador to the Chinese Court, our forces were concentrated in the suburb near the Anting Gate, the cavalry being quartered in the spacious grounds of the Great Lama Temple, which is close by. As usual, a high wall surrounded the enclosure, which is over a mile long and half a mile wide, planted with majestic trees of great age, which afforded a grateful shade to the walks and lawns beneath. There were also numerous shrines, temples, and priests' houses; but the chief attraction here was the monument raised to the Delai-Lama of Thibet. It is of pure-white marble, beautifully proportioned, and stands on a broad pedestal of the same material, furnished with flights of steps. The column, which is richly sculptured with figures of animals and mythical Chinese monsters, terminates in a richly gilt capital rising far above the surrounding trees like a beacon, which can be seen for miles around reflecting the glory of the noonday sun. Though clear and brightly shining in a sky of azure blue, that same sun has already donned his burnished cuirass of steely cold; he glides along his declining celestial orbit with the chill glacial appearance of a silver disc of unradiating heat. It is cold and often dreary when the thick fleecy

clouds roll up from the north, threatening winter from the cold regions of Tartary; and we were all delighted at the arrival of Mr Bruce (Lord Elgin's brother) on 5th November, as a certain signal for our early departure. Jubilate!—on the 7th November half of the force left for Paleehow, *en route* to Tien Tsin, and the remainder on the 9th, with the Commander-in-chief, Sir Hope Grant. Lord Elgin took his departure on the same day.

The return march was uneventful; our happiness was not increased with the knowledge that the battalion was to form part of the army of occupation at Tien Tsin throughout the winter, or until the balance of the war indemnity has been paid. The remainder of this force consisted of two batteries of artillery, Fane's Horse, military train, a company of Royal Engineers, commanded by Captain Charles Gordon,[1] the 31st and 67th Regiments.

In addition to the above, the French had two regiments of infantry and some artillery quartered in a suburb on the opposite bank of the river Peiho, which is here crossed by a bridge of boats.

The town proper is about a mile square; but outside the wall the suburbs are much more extensive, as they stretch for miles along both banks

[1] Afterwards known as "Chinese Gordon."

of the river. It is an important place, as most of the imports for Pekin and the interior of the north are conveyed by river, and pass through Tien Tsin, which is also a great depot for the salt that is brought from the pans at the river's mouth.

Winter commenced with great severity at the end of November; the river was soon completely frozen over, and the sea was covered with ice for many miles beyond the river's mouth, cutting off all communication with the outer world. No mails could be landed, as gunboats could not approach the shore on account of the drift ice; and so it continued all through the severe winter—though the French had theirs regularly sent overland from their depot at Chefoo.

Under ordinary conditions the waters of the Pei-ho are quite brown from the large quantity of suspended mud that they carry along its rapid and tortuous course. But the thick layer of ice, nearly three feet deep, is as clear as crystal; the muddy particles having been separated by the process of congelation. The scene on the ice was a busy and exciting one. The country people use small sledges, about five feet long and three in width, which have two iron-shod runners. These they propel from behind by stout poles, fitted with sharp iron

spikes. The driver stands on the end of the sledge, passes the pole backwards between his legs, and with a series of strong pushes sends it gliding rapidly over the ice. In this manner also they convey country produce to market, and return to their villages with the purchases they may make in town. It requires a little practice to drive a machine like this, as one or two vigorous punts with the pole are apt to throw the driver off his balance,—a backfall is the result, and not a soft fall, while the sledge glides away minus the punter.

One of the officers had taken the precaution to bring with him a pair of skates, which were soon multiplied by the hundred, when a Chinese workman got them to copy, and he turned them out quite as good as the original. We felt more at home with *them* on than when standing on the end of a native sledge, and the effort of propulsion was not so fatiguing.

H.M. gunboat Slaney got aground as she was leaving the river, which was immediately afterwards closed by the ice, and now she is snugly housed in for the winter. Her upper deck is like a large purveyor's establishment. Underneath the temporary roofing carcasses of mutton, sides of beef, pheasants, grouse, wild ducks, and hares innumer-

able form no mean garnish for Jack's larder; he has not at present to munch salt junk and ship's biscuit. The officers have their ponies, and there is always a crowd of donkey-boys and their attendant steeds at Jack's service, when he is at liberty to indulge in a spell of steering on dry land.

The large market at "Charing Cross," Tien Tsin, teems with abundant supplies of excellent beef and mutton. Game is very plentiful and cheap: fancy, six pheasants for a dollar! Hares, grouse, and ortolans are brought in from the immediate neighbourhood in great numbers. The extensive plain around us seems to be alive with them; and here the native sportsman spreads his long net on the hard frozen ground, baited with a row of small lumps of ice; a long string is attached to the net, and with this in his hand he removes himself to a short distance, and watches the flight of the grouse. The birds are soon attracted by the glistening ice, which they may possibly mistake for water, and alight. With a sudden twitch of the string and a turn of the wrist, over goes the net, and a dozen or more birds are hopelessly entrapped. The soldiers revel in all these good things, to the utter neglect of commissariat beef, which they give away to the Chinese poor, who are only too glad to get it, and

some of them already begin to look sleeker and fatter for the daily dole.

Our mess-sergeant, who, in addition to his duties as butler, also caters for the mess, made a grand purchase one day in the market: he bought what is known in Caffraria as a "pauw"—*Scottice*, pow—a large bustard or wild turkey, of excellent flavour. The good man intended to give us an agreeable surprise, and with his own hands placed the large silver dish before the president at our mess dinner; he removed the cover with a flourish, and disclosed a finely roasted and burly bird, from which the head and neck had been removed, as being too unwieldy even for so big a dish. The bill of fare had already told us what to expect, and we sat enjoying the pleasures of anticipation with something like impatience. With an apparently profound sense of his important duty, our president plunged his sword—no, carving-knife—into the breast of the unoffending but far from inoffensive one. "Cut number one" released a fine odour of stale fish and fishy oil, which speedily diffused itself all over the room, and the dark-coloured material of which the bird was built *was not* that of a bustard. That part of the bird which had been removed as being "too unwieldy" was sent for; and there, on a lordly

dish, lay the head and long neck, pouch and all, of a pelican! We had no more Chinese bustards at table after that; but the disappointed sergeant was sorely distressed.

We had anticipated that the cold of winter would benefit us much after the relaxing heat we had experienced, but this was not so. The sick and invalids had been sent down the river and put on board hospital-ships before the rigours of winter set in; but it did not take long ere the general hospital became full again. This establishment was the headquarters of the medical department, and contained about twenty-five wards, with from six to twelve beds in each, and all comfortably fitted up. In addition to these, there were rooms for the accommodation of the medical staff, and for subordinate purposes. Comforts for the sick, such as milk, beef essence, beer, port, champagne, &c., had been liberally supplied from home. The milk, which is not procurable in this country, was specially appreciated and dispensed freely, and the patients were grateful for the care and comfort so plentifully bestowed.

The poor and disease-stricken Chinese—and their name is legion—were not slow to discover the use to which the "Yamun" (large house) was devoted.

From an early hour each morning a large gathering of men, women, and children assembled at the gate of the outer courtyard, and a more pitiable spectacle could not well be seen. There they were, holding up their sightless eyeballs, the result of smallpox, which is very common, or displaying various forms of almost incurable maladies. It was too much for weak humanity to behold without making an endeavour to relieve. Dr Lamprey of the 67th, and I, with the approval of the General, made an appeal to the officers of the garrison, which was most liberally responded to. A suitable house was hired, and proclamation made to the blind, the halt, and the maimed that they would receive treatment for curable diseases. What an eager expectant throng awaited us on the opening day, and how the faces of the blind beamed with hope as they were placed in the chair for examination! Large numbers had double cataract, which was curable, and most of those had their eyes opened, to their great joy. Others suffered from incurable blindness; but still they would come, day after day, with the unvarying gleam of hope to have some remedy applied. We had not sufficient knowledge of the language to explain their hopeless cases, but *they* had faith, and we had not the heart to turn

them away. Very soon the success of the "Tin-niena," or eye-openers, got noised abroad, and we had sightless visitors from far-distant towns and villages, some of whom had travelled, they informed us, more than a hundred *le* (miles) in search of light. Many of these poor people were doomed to disappointment, but what was possible to do was done, and the moral effect ought to have been wholesome; certainly the show of individual gratitude was not wanting, and satisfactory results of operations were viewed by us with pleasure, which was more than half the battle. The claims on our attention were very varied, and often complex; but as I am not writing a medical treatise, it would not be proper to introduce details of operative surgery, which occupied many hours of each day, to these pages.

*Tien Tsin, January* 6, 1861.—The Gulf of Pi-chi-li is frozen for about twelve miles out from the mouth of the Peiho, and we can neither send off letters nor get those that have been awaiting delivery for the last ten days. The naval authorities have been exerting themselves to the utmost trying to effect a landing, but only a few letters for the Legation have come thus far. The ice is very treacherous, and breaks with little pressure. Un-

fortunately this tantalising state of affairs is likely to last for at least two more months.

We have had very little snow, but the frost bites viciously in these high latitudes; and the sun's bright disc, shining in a cloudless sky of sapphire blue, is all bereft of power to mitigate our sufferings. A curious proof of the intensity of the cold was given a few days ago. Amongst other good things, our men have each a pint of porter served out twice a-week. The large casks are stored in a shed within the commissariat enclosure; on the occasion referred to, the porter when tapped did not flow, and the head of the cask was broken open. To our surprise, there was nothing to be seen at first but a mass of clear colourless ice. Hatchets were produced, the ice was chipped away carefully, and the pieces gathered into zinc pails, but they had no flavour of London stout. Near the centre of the cask, when the ice had been sufficiently broken, there appeared a dark shadow, which, on being carefully approached, proved to be the quintessence of porter: the colouring matter of the entire contents of the cask had been compressed into about two quarts of viscid material resembling molasses. Great care had now to be taken in scooping out the precious fluid, which, together

with its icy compress, was carefully thawed, and distributed as veritable porter. This occurred on many other occasions, though I saw it only once, when on duty to see that the men's rations were good.

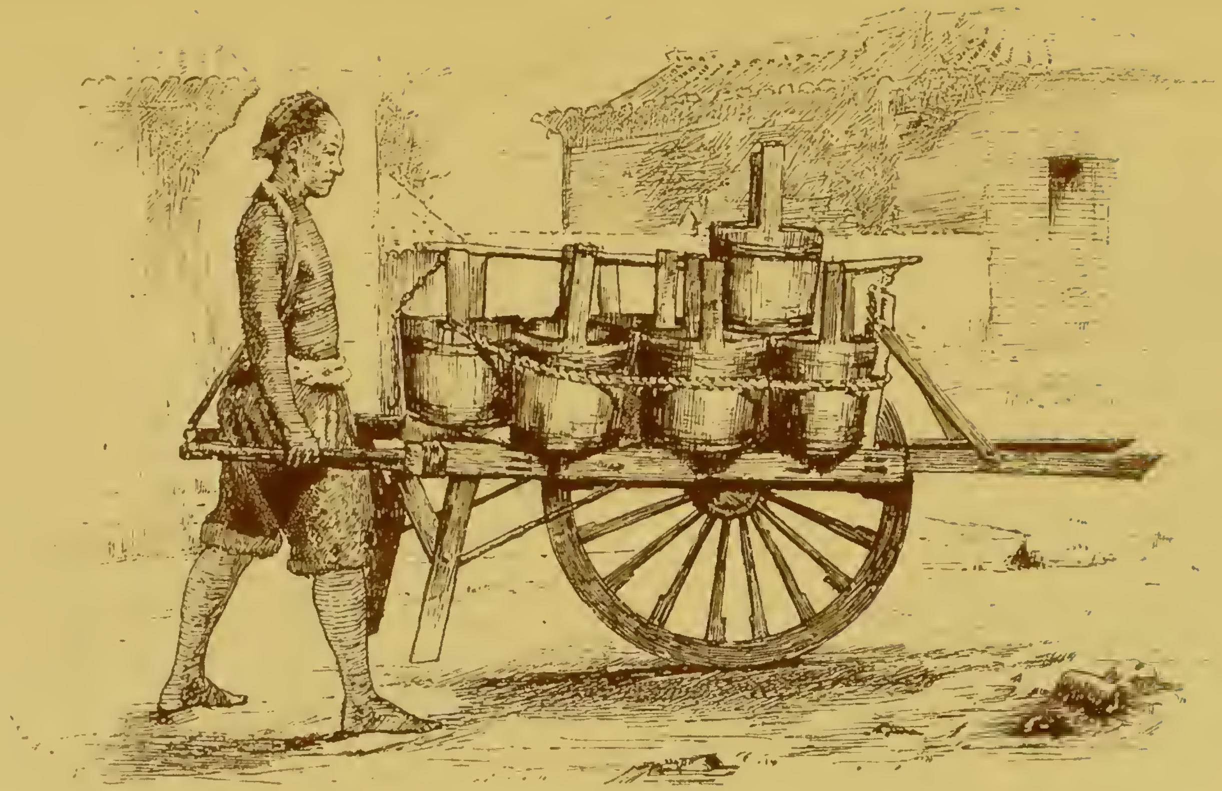
An instalment of our long-delayed mails arrived on the 6th of March from Chefoo; the boxes were brought overland, and the letters bore dates in September, October, and November. There are more to come, but we are thankful for what we have.

How rapidly the seasons change here! Three days ago (9th March) land and water were frost-bound; the sun's bright rays emitted light without heat; and fur clothing, even to nose and ear coverings (furry side inwards), were indispensable. Now, winter is over; there is mud, *soft* mud on the ground; the barrier of ice is fast leaving the river; and the genial rays of the 'resplendent orb of day' no longer refuse to perform their double function.

We now learn (24th April) on pretty good authority that our stay here is likely to be a prolonged one, which is a sad blow to our hopes of an early departure. I wish the "House" would take the matter up, on the ground of expense entailed by keeping so large a force at such a distance from

home. To give an idea of what it costs the country, one item—the water consumed by the garrison—costs £600 per month; and it is quite unadulterated by the addition of spirits or other expensive ingredients when delivered—the suspended mud does not count. A simple way of depositing the latter, and rendering the water clear, is to stir a large crystal of common alum a few times round the surface of a full cask of newly drawn water. The source of supply is the river; there are none of the deep wells of cool limpidity such as we had in the north. The water-carriers are Chinese coolies, and a hard-working class they are. They distribute the contents of their pails all over the city, and these pails are conveyed on wheelbarrows, having one wheel in the middle and three pails resting on a strong grating at either side. Sometimes a coolie may be seen with two pails suspended from the shoulder at the ends of a strong pliant bamboo. I must mention one peculiarity. The water-pails are full to the brim, and to prevent the contents from being spilt in transit, the coolies throw a handful of green leaves on the surface of the water in each of them, and they rarely lose more than a few drops.

The Admiral has returned from a visit to the



*Water-carrier.*

British and French Ambassadors who are now resident at Pekin. The latter is married, and report hath it that Madame de Bourbillon has great influence over our representative, and has declared her belief that it would not be safe to remain at the Chinese Court without the army of occupation. Mr Bruce, it would seem, has determined in her favour—*hinc nostræ lacrymæ.*

My present position is no sinecure: in addition to my battalion work, I am in sole charge of the Chinese hospital, my fellow-worker having been obliged to go on the sick-list. This institution has now been in operation for three months, entirely supported by European charity, as the Chinese better classes look askance at our efforts to relieve their poorer brethren, and decidedly object to our being dubbed "Tien-ana," or the heaven-born, and to a more characteristic term, "the eye-openers," which is in common use. At the daily *levée*, some three or four hundred men, women, and children now attend, seeking relief from all kinds of ailments, many of which are quite incurable; yet still they come. Having managed to surmount some of the five-barred gates of their vernacular, I succeed better in making them understand what I wish, or what I try to explain, and they are quick to com-

prehend. It was on account of this colloquial accomplishment (?) that the greater part of my days were passed during the last five weeks, and my physical strength was sometimes wellnigh spent in ministering to the necessities of these poor sufferers. After all, I ought not to be ungrateful, as I had hundreds of opportunities for performing various surgical operations, especially on the eye, and for treating forms of disease, such as I could never have had in the ordinary routine of army service.

The town inside the walls is divided into quarters by broad streets which follow the direction of the cardinal points; and it is in these that the principal shops and public buildings are to be found. These quarters are subdivided by numerous narrow lanes, where the entrances to private houses (jealously guarded by high walls) are to be found, and where many of the petty manufactures and industries are carried on. It was in one of these by-streets that a treasure of a working gold- and silver-smith was discovered. This man worked in the pure unalloyed metals, and produced duplicates of any pattern which he was intrusted with to copy; so that many of our number became possessors of silver cigar-cases, snuff-boxes, gold sleeve-

links, and watch-chains, all beautifully chased, or modelled after the original designs submitted to him; and for these he charged their equivalent in weight of sovereigns or silver dollars, with only a small additional amount for workmanship.

One genial old Chinaman kept a fur shop, and he had a very large stock of valuable skins; his establishment was a favourite resting-place in the course of our walks abroad. He was a comical old boy, with a quizzical expression of countenance, which gave him the appearance of a living joke. On entering, we were always received with courteous bows, and conducted to an inner chamber where seats were provided, and the ever-ready cup of tea, minus milk and sugar, was presented before business transactions commenced. Tempting-looking furs were then spread out, and the usual calculations with the fingers, including the tooth-drawing gesture, were made. We usually succeeded in getting what we fancied for a third of the original price demanded. On our shopping expeditions we had a tail of small boys carrying empty baskets, ready to take our purchases home for a few "cash."

The temples have no special features of interest, with the single exception of what we have named the "Temple of Horrors." Here are to be seen

groups of figures nearly life-size—grotesque-looking demons administering the punishments of the nether world to Chinese sinners, the majority of whom are women. Caldrons of boiling oil, with limbs of weak humanity floating on the surface, sawing asunder, and every variety of conceivable torture, and many which are inconceivable to the Western mind, are represented with a startling and horrible realism. The human figures are well modelled in clay, and coloured after nature; the demons, including their barbed tails, are painted a sickly green, with bright vermilion lips and ferocious eyes: they look truly diabolical. If this immense show is meant as a deterrent to crime in view of future punishment, it ought to have the desired effect on all who see it. A large painting covers the wall at one end of this extensive room; it represents the combined ideas of the Buddhist doctrine of the transmutation of souls, and of the bridge across the valley and river of "The Vision of Mirza"—"the vale of misery" and "part of the great tide of eternity"—as described by Joseph Addison. In this Chinese version, human beings of both sexes and all ages are represented as walking along a huge bridge until they reach the centre, whence they drop into the swift current underneath, and

their souls are transmuted to the bodies of insects, birds, or animals, according to their living natures and temperaments. These rise upwards against a bright blue background, with the outward semblance of beasts and birds of prey, bees and butterflies. It is a wonderful conception, and, for a native artist, a marvel of good drawing and careful colouring: it is, possibly, the work of one of the early Jesuit priests, who have long been resident in this country.

In addition to the shops in the main streets, there are numerous stalls on the roadway for the sale of Chinese dainties, such as sweets, fried fish, cakes, &c. One man had a large iron caldron resting over a bright charcoal-fire, and filled with locusts, which he kept stirring with a long ladle until they were thoroughly browned and fit to eat. They are not at all bad, the flavour being somewhat nutty, and I should imagine them to be nutritious as food.

Instead of making a direct purchase at market rates, the Chinese coolie often prefers to appeal to fortune for the chance of a higher prize, through the medium of a dice-box, which is provided by the vendor of the delicacies displayed on the stall. The dice-box is a small joint of hollow bamboo, and the

dice thin slips of the same wood, some left blank, and others stamped with figures of different value. A passing coolie deposits a few "cash," shakes the box, and draws a slip, when he receives the equivalent in kind of the value marked upon it. Should he draw a blank, he walks quietly away, though he may have spent his last copper in gambling for a dinner.

All classes are addicted to games of chance; even the women are said to pass much of their time in card-playing and smoking, in the seclusion of their well-secured houses, where they are shut up.

A favourite game is a duel between two locusts, and we often encountered a group of natives squatting in a circle in a quiet corner of a by-street, eagerly intent on the fortunes of the fight. The locusts are carried in small cages of split bamboo, arranged to open completely at one end. The open ends of two cages, each with its champion inside, are placed together, and soon the fight begins. The powerful mandibles play sad havoc with wings and limbs, until one of the poor insects turns over on his side, perhaps because he has not a leg left to stand upon. During the progress of this cruel combat, the Chinamen bet freely on the result, and many strings of "cash" change hands. For cruelty,

this sort of gambling is on a par with that of fighting quails—another practice they indulge in freely.

But a truce to horrors!

In the early spring the British subalterns became happy owners of two or more of the Arab horses which were left behind for sale by auction when Probyn's Horse and some batteries of artillery re-embarked for India, as it was not deemed expedient to incur the expense of taking up shipping for their transport back. The market being glutted, prices were small, ranging from ten to fifteen shillings per horse—figures well within the modest capabilities of a subaltern's purse.

Many a Sikh sowar must have groaned in anguish on parting with the four-footed friend that had borne him triumphantly throughout the campaign, as these nascent warriors and horsemen love their steeds as they do their children—sometimes more so.

However, our subs. were in their glory; foxes there were in plenty; a pack of Chinese dogs was got together; and many a good gallop across country, and many a handsome "spill" we had, in running the wily ones down.

The month of May has brought us heat that is almost tropical, but we sadly miss the amenities

that made life in India tolerable. It becomes more than monotonous to listen and talk to men only. We have not heard a lady's voice, or seen a lady's smile, for nearly a year, and we have still to wait. A draft of men for the battalion has been detained at Hong Kong by the General, who is under the impression that we leave this month. But Mr Bruce has decided otherwise, and we must "possess our souls in patience" for some time longer.

The entire front of a block in a Chinese house looking towards the courtyard is filled in with wooden lattice-work of quaint design, and this is covered on the inside with thin white paper instead of being glazed. Indeed, glass is rarely used for any purpose; porcelain and earthenware are substituted for domestic utensils of all kinds. Our windows, therefore, admit light, and protect the inmates from heat and cold, though, like the proverbial millstone, they cannot be seen through. One other peculiarity in these dwelling-places is the accommodation provided for passing the watches of the night. Bedsteads are unknown, but what is called a "kang" is used instead. A brick platform about two feet high and six feet wide occupies the entire side or end of the room, and is used as a sitting-place by day and to sleep on at night. This

erection is honeycombed throughout by a series of flues, and burning wood is introduced through an opening in front, to heat it in cold weather. My only experience of this Chinese bedplace was not a pleasant one. Even with a thick layer of blankets spread on the top, the heat soon became intolerable. I had to jump up, swathe myself in all the furs I could lay hands on, and choose the softest part of the floor on which to dream the unhappy hours away. I did not experiment in this way any more.

Big blocks of ice are more appreciated in July than heated "kangs" would be, with the mercury at 108° in the shade by day, and falling as *low* as 80° in the night. It is difficult to sleep in such a temperature. A three-feet cube of ice, supported over the morning's tub by two bars of wood, makes a good refreshing bath; but on stepping over the threshold the air outside is like that from the mouth of a furnace. Fortunately there is an abundance of ice, stored by the natives and sold at a moderate price,—thus we have our compensations even in exile.

It is marvellous to see the Chinese going about under a burning sun without any covering on their shaven heads. At the beginning of winter each man indued himself with a thick jacket over the ordinary

blouse; as the cold became more severe, a thickly wadded coat was superadded; when further necessity arose, these were encased in a long garment of white sheepskin, woolly side outwards, and he rolled along like a polar bear on its hind-legs. When the sun began to attain power, a process of peeling in the inverse ratio went on, until John Chinaman stood declared in a loose flowing garment of white and a fan! It is generally believed that the thick coats were worn by night as well as by day throughout the cold weather; if so, this must have been done with a view to economise firewood for heating the "kang," certainly not for comfort.

At last, 8*th August*, the warning note of preparation for our homeward voyage has been sounded. Before he left on his return to Hong Kong, General Sir John Michel reviewed our little army, and we had several sham-fights, to the delight of the old warrior. He afterwards issued a general order full of praise to all, and on taking leave of our battalion he remarked that he hoped to see us at Hong Kong about the middle of October, a hope we heartily though silently endorsed. Discipline compelled silence until our guest departed, and then the fun of universal congratulation and jubilation began.

What a joyous dinner at mess we had that night! The chaplain's anthem, as we call the melody known as "The old folks at home," was demanded from the band, and our vocal accompaniment was, I fear, more stentorious than tuneful.

It has often struck me with a strange feeling of wonder, almost of awe, that the sense of surrounding dangers when in an enemy's country never seems to disturb the equanimity of the British soldier. He calmly steps on to the shore of a comparatively unknown land in blind obedience to, and trust in, the guidance of others. His love of change and innate spirit of adventure lure him on, while he intrusts the thinking and planning to his chiefs. The time for action finds him a transformed being, and now he plays his part in the programme of war like the hero that he is. After a hard day's march—perchance with some fighting thrown in—he eats an unsatisfactory meal and retires to his lair underneath a thin canvas tent, or it may be in an open bivouac, with a knapsack for his pillow and the open vault of the starry heavens his only covering.

In tropical climates he is liable to the assaults of noxious reptiles and venomous insects, including snakes, centipedes, scorpions, and the musically

vicious mosquito; as well as exposure to the impalpable miasma of moist or swampy ground, which engenders ague and other ailments. But he pins his faith to Providence, to double sentries, and patrols; thus he sleeps the sleep of the weary, in the knowledge that—

> "Something attempted, something done,
> Has earned a night's repose."

He is no mere machine, but a thinking and often an intelligent being, capable of criticising the day's doings as well as his betters, and delighting to "fight his battles o'er again"; nor is he unmindful of fallen comrades, less fortunate than himself, who are numbered amongst the killed and wounded.

The admiration and regard displayed by all ranks towards our chief and the members of the "headquarters" staff were well merited. No British force more compact or more ably handled ever landed on a foreign shore, and successfully completed the work given it to do in so short a time. The mere mention of the names of Sir Hope Grant; Sir John Michel, and Sir Robert Napier, who commanded divisions; Colonels Ross and M'Kenzie[1]; Captains Garnet Wolseley and Charles Gordon,—is sufficient to indicate that our little

[1] Adjutant-General and Quartermaster-General respectively.

army was under the control of "leaders of men." That they were well supported by the junior officers on the staff needs no saying; they all worked in unison, not only with officers commanding batteries and corps, but also with the naval officers, who went "hand and glove" with the sister service throughout the operations on shore and afloat. We sometimes had a hearty chuckle when a naval officer would ride up and inquire whereabouts a given regiment or officer was "anchored," and if we would kindly give him the "bearings" of the indicated anchorage.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY,
OF NEW YORK.

# HOMEWARD BOUND.

Early in October we said "good-bye" to Tien Tsin and to our friends in the 31st and 67th Regiments, who remain to pass another dreary winter there. A short time ago, and before our mess was closed, the large house occupied as quarters and mess-house by the officers of the latter regiment was completely destroyed by fire. The contents of the officers' mess, including silver plate, enamels from the Summer Palace, and table services of china and glass, were lost. Homeless and dinnerless, the officers gladly accepted the hospitality of the other corps in garrison until they could rehabilitate themselves in an establishment of their own. This, happily, was soon accomplished. Our battalion being on the point of departure, the china and glass of our mess were offered to and accepted by them to replace what they had lost,—a mutual accommodation, as it would have taken some time

for the bereaved ones to refurnish a mess-table; our servants were spared the trouble of packing, and the officers the risk of loss from breakage on the homeward journey. An order was sent by post to our china merchant in London to have a complete table equipment prepared against the arrival of the battalion at home.

We re-embarked 888 officers and men in H.M. frigate Simoom, which was anchored a short way out from the mouth of the Peiho. The Admiral had given discretionary powers to our captain to cross over to Japan, should he deem it necessary, to fill up with coal.

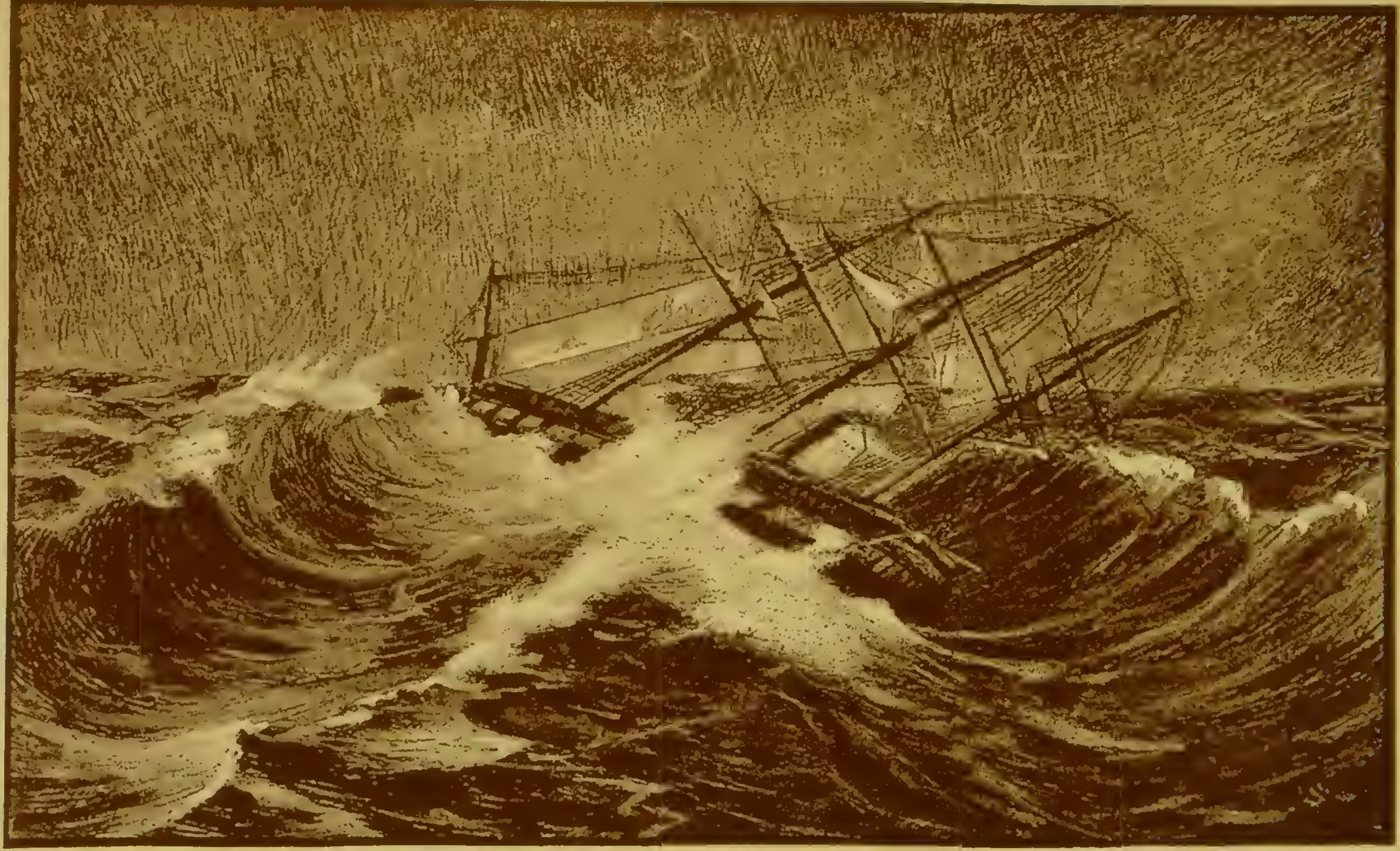
But either the captain was as anxious to get home as most of us, or, as Jack-tar says, the girls there had got hold of the long "homeward-bound pendant" flying gaily from the mainmast-head, and were hauling us down south. We were disappointed, but soon ceased to regret the beauties of Japan in more pleasant anticipations.

When we were off the north end of the island of Formosa, we encountered a terrific cyclone, worse by many degrees than that we had passed through on our voyage north. The sky was black, and, except where the white foam showed itself on the crests of the enormous waves, the sea reflected the

same Cimmerian darkness. The shrieking and howling of the wind were appalling, and to make matters worse, a huge "green sea" broke over the bulwarks amidships, and drowned out the engine-fires. The tiller-ropes were carried away, and the frigate, with its burden of human souls, was left to the scant mercy of the elements, until the "relieving tackles" were rigged to control the rudder, and help to keep the ship in her course. The only canvas spread was a close-reefed main-topsail, and that was blown from the bolt-ropes at one end of the yard, dashed, knotted, and twisted about by the fury of the wind, until it became as hard as oak (as we afterwards found), and reduced to the size of a 68-pounder shot.[1] The fore-topmast was sprung and the mast in danger of being carried away, when the carpenter gallantly went aloft and cut it adrift, at the imminent risk of his life.

With the island of Formosa on our port side, the mainland of China on our starboard, and the Pescadoré islands mid-channel right ahead, we were in a perilous position. If the ship had struck the rock-bound coast of the Pescadorés, this letter would never have been written, and her Majesty

[1] Deposited on our arrival in the dockyard museum at Portsmouth.



*H.M. Frigate Simoom in a Cyclone, October 1861.*

would have been deprived of the services of the war-frigate Simoom and the 2d battalion of the 60th Royal Rifles at one fell swoop. Meanwhile, the engineers had been hard at work; the damage done to the engines was repaired; we steered clear of the islands, and on the morning of the third day of the storm steamed into bright sunshine, with thankful hearts for a merciful deliverance from impending destruction.

Two days before arriving at Hong Kong, while we sat at dinner in fine clear weather, Captain F. Farquharson (Invercauld), who was sitting opposite an open port, saw what appeared to be a cocoanut-tree bobbing about upright on the surface of the still troubled waters, some distance off. After drawing our attention to this peculiar-looking object, he rushed on deck and pointed it out to the naval officer of the watch. The latter, with the aid of a glass, made it out to be an oar with a blue jersey fastened to the blade, and blowing out like a signal-flag to attract the attention of passing ships. The matter was reported to the captain, who at once ordered the ship to be hove to and the engines stopped.

Great was the excitement on board when two large boats full of Europeans were seen approach-

ing us. They proved to be the crew of a barque which had gone down two days before, in the cyclone we had met with. They had just time and no more to take to their boats and pull clear of the sinking vessel, as in a few minutes the barque foundered and took all their worldly possessions with her to the bottom of the sea. When the boats came alongside, the crews were in a very exhausted state; they had been pulling in the direction of Hong Kong for about thirty-six hours after their ship had been lost. With only a little biscuit to eat, and nothing but the clothes they wore, they presented a miserable aspect. The most miserable of them all was the captain's wife, who had been exposed to the hot sun in an open boat with no other protection than her night-dress; she was far spent, and her feet were so swollen from heat and exposure that she could not stand. After being carefully hoisted on board, she was carried to the colonel's cabin, where his wife ministered to her necessities. The others were well cared for, and safely landed at Hong Kong, where we arrived on the 16th of October.

Our detention at the headquarters of the tea trade for three weeks was rather stupid. It was too hot to do much on shore, and the ship was all

in disorder, refitting, and repairing damages received in the recent storm.

In the second week of November we took a fresh departure, steering a direct southward course, down the China Sea, to Java (passing many lovely islands covered with luxuriant vegetation), and between Borneo and Sumatra. When off the coast of Borneo, we saw a Dutch sailing-vessel at anchor in-shore, with reversed ensign, the usual signal of distress as made at sea. Our engines were stopped, a boat was lowered, and the crew had a long pull before Mynheer's ship in distress (!) was reached. The officer in command of the boat asked what assistance was required, pointing to the reversed colours. Mynheer looked, and when he saw the proud flag of the Netherlands floating in the breeze upside down, he nearly had a fit! With profuse apologies, he explained that it must have been a mistake on the part of the man who had hoisted the emblem of Dutch nationality, which was at once hauled down and righted.

Shortly afterwards we passed one of the most beautiful gems of the sea I ever beheld; this was "Billiton," or "Button Island," as it is commonly called. It is a small round island, elevated in the centre like a raised button, and is covered with

beautifully variegated shrubs which grow to the water's edge. Seen in the full flood of Eastern sunshine, it looked, with its changing tints, like an opal set in a translucent sea. Across the Java Sea, we dropped anchor off Batavia, to take on board fresh supplies of fruit, vegetables, poultry, &c. During our short stay here we were attracted by the appearance of a huge mangrove-tree, which spread its countless limbs nearly to the edge of the seaboard. High above its topmost branchlets the Dutch ensign floated in the breeze. On making a closer inspection of this colossal tree, we found that it covered an immense area of swampy ground with its suckers, which droop perpendicularly from the horizontal branches till they reach the ground, where they take root, and in course of time develop into thick tree-stems. Unfortunately we had no time to take measurements, but it apparently covered nearly a quarter of an acre. An extensive wooden platform has been constructed high up amongst the larger branches,—this is reached by a series of flights of steps,—and here the Dutch settlers assemble to enjoy the cool breezes from the sea, drink their "schnapps," and gossip. This is probably the largest and most perfect bower in the world. I have seen many mangroves, but none

equal to it for height and circumference. The air underneath this pleasant leafy retreat becomes mephitic after sundown, on account of the emanations from the swampy soil on which it loves to grow, which is not a serious grievance, as the people retire early.

Off once more (21st November), through Sunda Strait, which separates Sumatra from Java, sailing down the Indian Ocean with the trade-wind, which, however, soon dropped; the engine-fires had to be trimmed, and we steamed direct for the Mauritius, the reputed land of 'Paul and Virginia.' We came to our moorings in the harbour of Port Louis on the 14th of December. The island from seaward looks pretty; immense fields of green sugar-cane cover the flat ground near the shore; and the celebrated "Peter Botte" mountain appears, as we approach, to rise immediately behind the crowd of low-roofed houses that constitute the capital of the island, known as Port Louis Town. In reality the mountain is some distance inland. It is very difficult of ascent, on account of its peculiar top formation, which takes the form of a sharp cone, with an upward rounded base, which rests on the lower part of the mountain. It reminds one of a tall candle in the socket of an old-

fashioned candlestick, with the lips of the socket upwards. Its height is 2847 feet, and I understand that it has only been conquered on two occasions, by enthusiastic mountaineers.

An acquaintance on shore, of whose identity I was ignorant, sent his servant with a note of invitation to dine, and make his house my home during our stay. My duties on board prevented me accepting, but I called on my would-be host next day, and he was very kind. He proposed to drive me round part of the island, and having been granted leave, we started after an early breakfast next day, in a dogcart, for our first halting-place. Up the gentle slopes to the right of Port Louis Town, past Government House, set in well-cultivated and lovely garden grounds, we bowled along between the cane-brakes for several miles, and arrived at the first planter's house in time for lunch. We were received with the utmost hospitality by the owner of a pretty cottage bungalow, which literally nestled amongst rare and beautiful plants and flowers. Here, among others, was the vanilla plant growing in the open air, a "climber" with delicate mauve-coloured flowers, somewhat like our sweet-pea in size and shape. Many other marvels of the floral world were seen and admired;

but we could not indulge in a prolonged view, as we had to leave for another plantation in time to reach it before sundown. The drive was most enjoyable, the weather perfect, and vegetation of all kinds luxuriant and beautiful.

Hospitality is a recognised virtue amongst the European settlers in the island, and another hearty welcome awaited our arrival. Shortly afterwards, we sat down to a comfortable dinner, with the prospect of a "rubber" to follow; and we passed a very pleasant evening before retiring, preparatory to an early start on the following morning.

Houses here are built of sufficient height for comfort, and no more; this is necessary on account of the hurricanes that sweep over and frequently devastate the island. They are, of necessity, constructed of heavy materials, and are one storey in height, so that a many-roomed bungalow covers a considerable area of ground.

After an early breakfast next morning, we started to complete our projected tour in this earthly paradise, taking on our way the canton of Pamplemousses, where we drove for several miles along a good road, bordered on either hand by magnificent fruit-trees laden with their luscious burdens of figs, oranges, apples, pomoloes or shaddocks, and

many other varieties of nature's bounties, which have been improved by the careful cultivation of the originals by the hands and the genius of man.

We arrived at the capital (Port Louis) in good time for me to get on board for the evening's duty, so I said "good-bye" to my kind host till the morrow. He came on board to lunch, not forgetting to bring with him a stem of ebony, and one of sandal-wood, he had promised me for wood-carving purposes.

The labouring part of the population consists chiefly of coolies, imported for a term of years from India and China. The Indian coolie is not very active in his movements, and our coal-bunkers were not filled up until the third day. This system of employing coolie labour is not, as might be supposed by some, a species of slavery. The coolies are free to come or to go as they please. They get good wages, and are comfortably housed and fed. While many of them return to their homes after having accumulated modest capitals from their pay, others elect to remain, and become permanent residents.

At length we got away on the afternoon of the 17th, and as we steamed along the western side of the island, the bright evening sun lit up an ever-

changing panorama of great beauty. Large tracts of the vivid green sugar-cane, broken into patches by rugged hills and many a winding river, numbers of tall round-headed trees and stately palms, furnished some of the details for the picture spread out before us. The higher mountains were mostly in the interior, though we got a good view of one nearer the coast with a peculiarly shaped mass of rock on one shoulder. This hill is known as the *corps de garde*, and the mass of rock presents the distinct figure of a man reclining on the greensward, and resting on his right elbow, as he seems to gaze seaward. The outlines of the figure are wonderfully clear and well defined when seen from a distance, and give the impression of being those of a Titan of old on watch for the approach of a possible foe. But all these beauties of nature were soon left behind, as we shaped a south-westerly course for the Cape of Good Hope.

We arrived at Simon's Bay, which is about twenty-three miles to the south of Cape Town. As it rises gently upwards from the seaboard, on the face of a spur jutting out from the base of Table Mountain, the neat and compact Simon's Town with its fort and arsenal has a pretty appearance from the water. This is the head-

quarters of the Admiral commanding the South African squadron, as well as a coaling and refitting station for the ships of the Royal Navy. While our supply of coal was being replenished, our band was landed to furnish music for a ball given by the Admiral, who, with his wife and two daughters, occupies a house on shore—after which we left for St Helena.

We rounded the Cape, and were soon steaming over the waters of the South Atlantic, though still some 5000 miles from Portsmouth. At some distance off we saw the island of Tristan d'Acunha, with its sharply pointed cone of rock rising 8264 feet above sea-level. There is a weird look about this singular freak of nature, which sets one speculating as to its origin, and what has become of its earthly connections, if ever it had any. This silent sentinel of the ocean is the principal of a group of small islands, but how they became detached from their parent continent is a cosmical mystery which we had no time to solve, if even that were possible.

In a few days the rugged coast-line of St Helena hove in sight; it is almost entirely surrounded by inaccessible cliffs, of a dark coppery colour, rising perpendicularly from the sea. The island is of

volcanic origin, and still bears signs of the tumultuous upheaval that resulted in its formation in the shape of mountains, plains, and deep valleys, which are to be seen within its rocky girdle. Came to anchor in James Bay, opposite a cleft in the coppery-looking cliffs, through which we had a view of James Town, the capital of the island. A good road leads by a stiff ascent to the town, situated at the upper end of a wide valley, and dominated by "Bunker's Hill," whence flows a stream of limpid water to the bay. The soil of the island is fertile, and is well watered by the numerous inland springs that form a perennial source of living water for the rivulets flowing through the pasture-lands and valleys over its entire extent. There is a shorter way to the top of the cliff at one side of the entrance gorge than that by the road, and that is by a very long and strongly built ladder, which rises by zigzag flights to the summit. It is a giddy ascent, and trying to the knee-joints. I tried it once, but preferred to return by the road—a safer, if a more circuitous route. Like other pilgrims, we visited Longwood and Napoleon's tomb. The house is a low structure of wood strongly put together, and has many apartments. It looks perfectly comfortable, but

there are few relics of the great Emperor remaining, beyond the furniture of the rooms he had occupied. The tomb is overshadowed by weeping-willows, that seem to mourn over the ashes of the living dead—living in the world's history, but dead to all besides.

A signal on the flagstaff ashore announces the approach of the mail-steamer from England, and for the time being we leave off discussing the fate of emperors, in eager expectation of receiving news from home. We were not disappointed, as an Admiralty mail-bag for the Simoom was soon brought on board, and it contained letters for the battalion. It so happened that one of mine, dated 20th December 1861, was the only one received on board that made mention of the deplorable event of the 14th of that month. The sad intelligence of the Prince Consort's death was universally received with dismay and doubt as to the truth of the report,—more especially by Captain F. Farquharson, who had been a Queen's page before he received his commission in the Royal Rifles. He was impatiently angry and altogether incredulous, until I showed him the letter which gave some of the painful details, and an account of the deep feeling that prevailed at home and canopied

the country with a dense cloud of gloom and sorrow unspeakable.

How much her Majesty will miss him who was the choice of her youth, the sage counsellor and beloved associate, the chief centre of her earthly happiness for more than twenty years of her life! No one can fathom the depths of the grief which this ever-to-be-lamented bereavement has brought upon our sovereign lady the Queen.

With saddened hearts and conflicting opinions as to the authenticity of the report, we left St Helena for the isle of Ascension, 800 miles nearer home. This island is also of volcanic origin, and on nearing it in bright sunshine, we had a remarkable display of prismatic colouring on the sides of the sharply defined peaks, and on the slopes within range of vision. The primary colours are well represented, subdued here and there by groups of varying depth of shade. Green is in the minority, restricted as it is to a small patch of grass on a plateau of scanty dimensions half-way up one of the smaller hills. "Green Mountain," as it has been rather euphuistically named, is regarded by the residents as *the* attraction of this otherwise barren spot. Yet this small island in the Atlantic does right royal service to the men of our African

fleet; the climate is healthy, and H.M.'s eruisers frequently call to land invalids, and take away those men who had rccovered from coast fever to rejoin their ships. The excellent hospital accommodation on shore, and the health-giving air, eombine to restore those who had been strieken with the malarious fevers prevalent on the west eoast of Afriea. One of the prineipal exports is turtle, some of whieh grow to an immense size, and are used as fresh food for the sailors of the fleet in lieu of beef. These erustaeeans are kept in large tanks of sea-water, near the shore, until they are "wanted." One monster was put on board our ship, of sueh size and strength that it walked along the deek with three full-grown men standing on its back, apparently with the greatest ease. When broken up, it was found to eontain over one hundred eggs, eaeh about the size of a turkey's egg, and furnished with a tough parehment-like membrane instead of a shell. These eggs, when eooked, are very insipid, and all but flavourless; they have the appearance of a stiff yellowish eustard, but they were not appreciated as delicacies, though the "ealipash and calipee" were.

Our next halt was at Santiago, the prineipal of the Cape Verd group of islands, which are ten in

number, and about 320 miles west of Cape Verd on the African coast. We dropped anchor in Porto Praya, and had the report of the Prince Consort's untimely demise confirmed at the post-office on shore.

These islands are mountainous and devoid of natural beauty; the native inhabitants are likewise as ugly a branch of the human race as it has been my lot to see. They are neither pure African, Spanish, nor Portuguese, but appear to have been evolved from the lowest forms of all three nationalities, even to the inclusion of their languages, which has resulted in a *patois* of very peculiar construction. Tropical fruits are abundant; and coffee, tobacco, and cotton are successfully cultivated. Asses and mules are the means of transport throughout the different islands; whales are plentiful in the neighbouring seas; and amber is thrown up on all the coasts.

After a stay of a few hours we left Santiago and steered a course for Madeira, which, however, we were not fated to see. We fell in with a fair wind when clear of the islands; the auxiliary screw-propeller was disconnected, and hoisted up into its well between the rudder and stern-post of the ship; sail was made, and the fair wind

held till it carried us right up the English Channel to our anchorage at Spithead.

In home waters once more! We feel deeply thankful for our preservation from perils by land and the dangers of the sea. I know it is all but impossible for stay-at-home people to realise the horrors of land warfare, or the terrors inspired by storms at sea, with only the proverbial plank between us and effacement from this bright world of ours. Happily the world is not all tempestuous sea, or land charged with explosives and big bullets—though both have to be encountered occasionally by those whose duty it is to do so.

Steamed into Portsmouth harbour in the morning, and with elate and happy hearts we renewed acquaintance with the shores of Old England.

The Cambridge barracks in the town proved an agreeable resting-place, and there we soon made ourselves comfortable, freed for the time being from the cares of constant vigilance against the attacks of unseen foes, and the daily recurring *désagréments* of campaigning.

It is a wonderful relief to return to Western civilisation after even a moderately brief experience of the manners, customs, and creeds of so many varieties of the human race who inhabit

the south equatorial and eastern regions of our globe.

Our voyage from the north of China had more the character of a protracted yachting cruise than that of an ordinary voyage from port to port. The usual monotony of a prolonged ocean-trip was diversified by the frequent calls we made at many places of interest, rarely visited by ships except in cases similar to ours, or "traders" directly bound for them. Thus, I cannot add it to my category of ordinary ocean-voyages, each of which I have hitherto regarded as a "doubled down" page of my life. On this occasion, the page that appeared about to be doubled down had at one time the grim look of that which is usually subscribed "finis."

"Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."

# A SECOND TOUR OF INDIAN SERVICE.

In June 1865 I was promoted to the rank of staff-surgeon, and had to say "good-bye" to my regimental home—where I had passed some of my happiest years—and drift wherever the exigencies of the service might require my individual presence, —no longer a regimental officer, but one of a distinct class, the members of which are liable to be called upon to fill appointments in the medical department of the army at any station in her Majesty's possessions where vacancies may occur. Thus it was that I left Southampton in the following August, by the s.s. Ceylon, *en route* to India for the second time.

I have had some experience of the Bay of Biscay, but the latest has been the pleasantest. It fell on an afternoon and evening of brilliant sunshine, with a smooth sea; and as the sun went gradually

down, some of his glory was reflected on the crests of the rippling wavelets, that caused them to glow like burnished copper, while each had its cup-shaped hollow lined with deepening green at the lower part of its liquid curve. It was grand to watch the gradation of colour, from the dappled light and shade near the ship, to the gradual effacement of the deeper tints in the middle, and far distances where the shadows became faint by degrees, until they were absorbed in a pale gold light, that shed its radiance over the more distant sea. It is rare to encounter such an evening display on the wide-spread and generally turbulent waters of this famous bay, and we were not less gratified than fortunate to witness it on this occasion.

On the following morning (24th) we steamed into the harbour of Gibraltar, but were not allowed to communicate with the shore, on account of cholera being epidemic in the town. A party of ladies came off in a boat to see one of our lady passengers, but they were not allowed to come on board, or even to shake hands with their friend. They had to remain in their boat, while she stood on the companion-ladder and talked with them; and some letters she had written to friends on shore were carefully seized with tongs and deposited in a tin

box till the boat returned, when they would probably be fumigated. A messenger from shore brought off a telegram for a gentleman on board. He would not part with it, but asked the addressee to come to the foot of the ladder, when he opened and read the telegram, tore it up, and threw the fragments into the sea. These precautions may appear frivolous and over-strained, but the slightest infringement of them would entail the refusal of a "clean bill of health" for the ship by the sanitary authorities of the port, and a subsequent detention of fourteen days' quarantine at Alexandria — a serious delay for her Majesty's mails to India, China, and Australasia.

We had a delightful run to Malta, but for the heat, which increases as we meet the sun on our eastward course; and we had an added discomfort in the sirocco—the hot wind from the African desert—which sent its fiery breath over us on the 27th and 28th August.

At Malta there was no going ashore, and we had to endure the miseries of a day's coaling on the 29th—that means, remaining on board under a hot sun, in an atmosphere laden with fine coal-dust that penetrates everywhere, and gazing at the cool-looking houses on shore, where, but for the pres-

ence of cholera on the island, we might be comfortable.

After leaving Malta, we saw little beyond an occasional glimpse of the low sandy shores of Egypt, until we arrived on the 2d September at Alexandria, which, from the flat position it occupies, does not present a commanding appearance from the sea. On declaring a clean bill of health, we were allowed to disembark, and at once proceeded by rail to Cairo, there to await the arrival of the passengers by the Marseilles route, who join the other steamer at Suez, which will take us to our several destinations.

The railway journey to Cairo was a hot and dusty experience, and we were glad to arrive at the cool shades of Shepheard's Hotel, where we speedily refreshed the inner as well as the outer man. A halt of two days afforded us an opportunity of reviving the memories of the wonderful tales of the 'Arabian Nights,' and actually to see the localities as they existed in Aladdin's time. The bazaars of Cairo present the most perfect series of pictures of oriental outdoor life conceivable: they bear the impress of great antiquity; and at every step we were reminded of the vivid descriptions embodied in the pages of the thousand and one

nights' entertainments which, for truthfulness and aeeuracy, might have been written yesterday.

A donkey is not usually regarded amongst Western nations as a knightly steed; but a sleek well-groomed Egyptian ass, with his donkey-boy hanging on to his tail, is not to be despised as a means of loeomotion while exploring the narrow arteries of Caireen eommeree. In the open shops there was the usual display of oriental trumpery and of the neeessaries of life in curious conjunction. At one point we came rather suddenly upon a shop presided over by a venerable white-bearded Arab, which was full of new lamps and old. We nearly rolled from our saddles in uneontrollable mirth, much to the surprise of the stolid proprietor, who did not move a facial muscle, but gazed in blank amazement at the erazy "Giaours"—perhaps he did not even know the story of Aladdin and the African magieian, as related in the 'Arabian Nights.' Our rencontre was so ludierous—our re-colleetions being weighted for the moment with that youth's experiences—that the mirthful explosion eould not be restrained.

An oecasional jeweller paraded his stoek-in-trade. Some large and very beautiful opals were denuded of their swaddling-elothes, and offered to

us at what seemed to be low prices, though they proved to be too high for the contents of our limited bazaar-visiting purses.

A visit to the Grand Mosque, where we had to encase our infidel boots in felt slippers before entering, revealed nothing of special interest, save the magnificent proportions of the huge dome, and the graceful minarets. The view from its elevated position embraces a great part of the city and surrounding sandy desert, with the Pyramids in the distance.

But we must say "good-bye" to the palaces, domes, minarets, and graceful arches of old Cairo, which is probably the most perfect specimen of ancient Eastern civilisation in existence. The passengers by the Marseilles route having arrived, we proceed to join our steamer at Suez, over another hot and dusty section of the desert railway. Our new contingent were inclined to assume grand airs at first, from the fact of their having travelled "overland"; but they found their proper level on the hot waters of the Red Sea.

Much to our discomfort, the north wind prevailed, and as we steamed to the southward, the hot air accumulated below to such an extent that the ship had frequently to be put about and steam against

the wind to cool the atmosphere. To sleep in the cabins below was an impossibility; so it happened that as the shades of night began to deepen, ghostly figures in light raiment, each armed with pillow and mattress, made their appearance on the poop-deck, and spread themselves out on the softest planks they could find, for the benefit of breathing fresh air. Ladies on one side of the poop-deck, men on the other, enjoyed a troubled repose until the faint flush of sunrise touched the drooping eye-lids, when a general flight of the fair sex took place, and the deck was left clear for the others to enjoy their early cheroots and coffee.

After enduring a week of this misery, we passed through the "Gate of Tears"—the narrow straits of Bab-el-Mandeb—into the Arabian Sea, where we felt as if emancipated from a narrow prison-house, and that we had room to expand and stretch ourselves with freedom on the wide expanse of the northern extremity of the Indian Ocean.

On the 20th September we arrived at Point de Galle, where the ship was detained a sufficient time to allow of the transfer of passengers and mails for India and Australia to their respective steamers. That operation having been accomplished, we steered a course round the thick end of the pear-

shaped island of Ceylon, and were soon gliding over the surface of the Bay of Bengal on the way to Madras. Here more passengers and mails were landed, having to cross on the way the triple line of high surf that beats continuously on this particular portion of "India's coral strand."

The coast-line here is low, and as there is a great depth of water close up to the beach, the surf-waves always run high, and in rough weather often break right over the roadway which runs parallel to the shore, though at a considerable distance from it. Along the inland border of this road a number of stately flat-roofed buildings, of several storeys high, display their whitewashed fronts, and impart an air of imposing grandeur to the view from the sea. They extend in line for over a mile, from the northern border of the large plain that separates Fort George (renowned in the annals of early Indian warfare) from "Black Town," as the native part of the city is called, and consist of mission-houses and their schools, banks, and merchants' offices. No trees can exist near the sea, on account of the high winds that blow during the monsoon seasons, laden as they are with saline spray, which is fatal to vegetation. Further inland, groups of fine tall trees may be seen rising above the houses,

which afford them a partial shelter from these adverse influences.

Left for Calcutta on the afternoon of the 23d, and anchored in Garden Reach on the 28th, when the remainder of our party was speedily dispersed,—some to reap a portion of success—others, alas! to find rest from mundane cares in Eastern graves.

Of our fellow-passengers there is not much to tell. As on all similar occasions, we formed a motley crew, and were soon divided on board into groups of threes or fours, who sat together at table, and formed friendships that lasted beyond the voyage, though they had hitherto been utter strangers to one another. As a matter of course, there was the inevitable couple who discovered that they were made for each other, but, alas for "the course of true love"! *she* was booked for Australia, *he* for Bengal—so the golden chain that bound them was rudely snapped at Ceylon, it might be temporarily, or once for all. Two married ladies, going to join their husbands, constituted themselves my guardian angels; and when one of them left us at Ceylon for the China steamer, a bride-elect on her way to Calcutta took the vacant place, and remained constant till she left me for another who

appeared, behind a pair of spectacles, on our arrival. Imagine Cupidon in spectacles!

An unusually hot season has created a greater demand on the ice-supply than was anticipated, and a notice has been issued to the effect that after to-day (1st November) no ice will be issued from the ice-house, excepting to sick people and hospitals. As ice is one of the necessaries of life (at least we think so) in this country, you may imagine what a deprivation it is to be without it. It is neither pleasant nor refreshing to drink tepid water or beer. The ice-ships from America are expected to arrive daily with a fresh supply. The heat is intense while the sun is above the horizon, but the early mornings and the evenings are delightfully cool.

The prolonged heat and drought have made the crops a very general failure; throughout lower Bengal a grain famine is expected with all its attendant miseries. These are starvation, disease, and death to countless multitudes of her Majesty's swarthy subjects—the poorer classes in Bengal.

My present charge is that of the regiment stationed in Fort William, but I occupy a bungalow near the hospital, on the other side of the great

"maidān," which commands a fine view of the Fort and the Mall, the latter of which is thronged with carriages and riding-parties during the cool hours of the twenty-four.

The regiment is commanded by an ex-fifer—that is to say, the colonel began his career as a boy who played on a wind instrument amongst the "fifes and drums," and gradually rose through the several grades, until he attained the command. He plays beautifully on the flute, and is not above confessing how he acquired his skill. He once told me that the step in promotion that pleased him most was that to the rank of hospital-sergeant, as it led to the superior position of sergeant-major of the regiment, and a subsequent commission.

The officers' mess is the only one I have seen where the entire dinner service is of silver. This may appear a piece of extravagance, but it is an unwritten law in the corps that each officer presents a silver dinner-plate of the standard pattern, on receiving his first step of promotion; so that in the course of years plates sufficient for a large party have been accumulated.

This regiment is under orders for home, after a prolonged term of Indian service, and as my appointment to it is only a temporary one, I hail

with all the more pleasure the news I have just received, that I am to return to my old corps. A vacancy having occurred in the 3d battalion King's Royal Rifles, I have been selected to fill it, thanks to the good offices of my old colonel in the 2d battalion, and other influential friends at home. My new battalion is in Burmah, under orders for Madras, where I hope to join it ere long.

I often sigh for a good sniff of the cool breezes you are now (5th December) enjoying, as we have lately had a return of hot weather, though not quite so hot as it was a month ago.

Last night I went to a public dinner in the large Town Hall, given in honour of Captain Grant—Speke's companion in exploring the sources of the Nile. One hundred and seventy representative men met to do honour to the guest of the evening, who has recently returned to resume his duties in the Indian army, to which he belongs. It was the pleasantest public entertainment I have assisted at. There were several good speeches, and Captain Grant read a long account of his experiences in Africa, which was listened to with great interest. The European part of the population in Calcutta, and indeed all over India, have so many social interests in common, that they throw aside all stiff-

ness of manner, and meet together in public as old friends, even though personally unknown to each other, with all the buoyancy of schoolboys, and more than all their geniality. But as early hours are the rule here, our pleasant party broke up at 10 P.M., after hearty cheers, with Highland honours, had been given for Captain Grant.

The New Year (1866) was inaugurated by a fancy fair, held in the Botanic Gardens here, in aid of the funds of the general hospital. Being a general holiday many thousands of people crossed the river Hughli to see the show. These large gardens are beautifully laid out, and contain a rich and rare collection of the varied vegetable productions of our Eastern possessions. They are under the ægis of Government, and are maintained for the use of the University and the general public. On this occasion the scene was enlivened by covered stalls, gay with bunting, dotted about in secluded nooks, where ladies lay in wait, like so many spiders in their webs, ready to pounce upon the unwary male with money in his pockets, who might chance to come within range of the glamour of bright eyes. Gentlemen presided over Aunt Sally, skittle-alleys, Grecian statues, and a variety of other absurd spectacles; but at these the "penny a throw,

or peep," as the case might be, was converted into a rupee for either.

The last part of the regiment embarked to-day. Three sailing-ships were engaged to transport it to England, and as they have to go by the Cape route, my late friends are likely to have a tedious voyage. However, our inspection committee saw that all the ships were well found in provisions before the troops embarked.

For the last fortnight I have been living in a boarding-house where there were several married people. It is a common practice amongst temporary residents to utilise these establishments, instead of taking houses or going to hotels. The arrangement of *table-d'hôte* meals soon leads to friendly courtesies, and we became a merry party in a very short time.

My orders for Madras having arrived, I arranged to go on board the steamer in the evening, previous to an early morning start, but some of my lady friends would not hear of my going till after dinner. After dinner! We must have music; one song followed another—"just one more before you go,"—and so on till the clock struck ten, when I had to bid a long and last farewell to the sirens who had made my last visit to Calcutta so pleasant.

My ancient Hindoo servant wept crocodile's tears as I paid him off, saying he had served many officers, but would never have another like "master," as I had never abused him! I was sorry to part with the old man, as he was an excellent servant; but age and patriarchal ties bound him to Calcutta. I succeeded in finding him a new employer, in the person of a young clergyman, before I left. When I engaged the old man, one of his first duties was to have my washing given out, and I asked him in Hindustani if he spoke English. He shook his head mournfully, and said, "Nahin, sahib,"—no, sir. To test him I began to count in English so many pieces of clothing, and told him to give them to the *dhobi* to wash; he at once said, "Han, sahib,"—yes, sir. I laughed outright, and told him he knew my language nearly as well as his own, and that I should never address him in any other: he smiled!

It is a habit of Indian servants to profess ignorance of English; they prefer to stand, with blank expressions, behind their masters' chairs at table and listen to the conversation, which is afterwards retailed to their friends in the bazaars over a social pipe. It is said that before the Mutiny of 1857 broke out, many of the officers' servants con-

veyed information, gleaned from the officers' conversations at mess-tables, to the numerous agencies of rebellion that existed throughout Bengal; and that their garbled reports, strongly spiced with abuse of themselves and their fellow-countrymen, are supposed to have fanned the flame of mutiny.

My "good-bye" to Calcutta was said under pleasanter circumstances than I had anticipated, though I was not sorry when I got safely on board the mail-steamer Mooltan. One of my late assistants in the hospital came on board next morning at 7 o'clock to say good-bye, and he remained till the last warning bell for visitors to leave the ship rang out, half an hour later. Now (13th February 1866) we are steaming over smooth water and under an intensely hot sun down the Bay of Bengal towards Madras.

In the early months of the year a large exodus of sickly Europeans takes place, and the ship is crowded with ladies and children homeward-bound for change of climate. A single glance at the pale faces and limp figures of those on board gives assurance that they have done well to escape from further exposure to the enervating influences of an Eastern climate. Our voyage, therefore, was

rather dull, as the ladies could do nothing, and the enfeebled children were relegated to the care of their native nurses; but they will get more lively in a temperate climate on the way to England.

Several passengers are returning to Madras, and, as a matter of course, they laud the land of dry curries and mulligatawny to any extent. Madras residents are known in the other Presidencies by the generic term "mulls," a contraction of mulligatawny. I have made the acquaintance of some of the so-called "mulls," and find them very much like other nice hospitably inclined people whom I have met elsewhere.

Our steamer dropped anchor off Madras early on the morning of the 14th of February, and I went ashore soon afterwards. The Colonel had kindly sent his butler on board to meet me and look after my baggage, so there was no difficulty about landing.

The "masoolah" boats, used for crossing the surf, are large and wide, but without decks; each has a crew of eight or ten powerful oarsmen, whose full dress consists of a waistcloth of scanty dimensions. In order to allow the sides of these boats to yield to the rough buffeting they receive from the surf-waves that break on the beach, they are

built without nails, the planks being closely fitted to each other and stoutly sewn together. This mode of construction partly accounts for the wet condition of the interior, as the joinings of the planks open, and the boats become leaky from constant straining.

St Valentine on this particular anniversary was pleased to be propitious; we had a smooth sea, the surf was light, and we got ashore without being drenched by the curl of a wave coming on board. While passing through the surf the boatmen shrieked and screamed like howling dervishes, in order to inspire the passengers with a due sense of the dangers they were encountering, and thereby enhance the amount of possible "backsheesh" they hoped to receive for their arduous labours.

After landing I drove to the Colonel's house in the fort, where he had ordered rooms to be prepared for me until I had quarters assigned to me. My reception was most cordial, as both my host and I had previously served together in the 2d battalion. It felt almost like a return to an old home to be with the Green Jackets once more. Several of the officers went home on leave before the battalion returned from Burmah, but I have renewed some old friendships with others who have been trans-

ferred on promotion from my first love—the 2d battalion.

The climate is hotter than that of Calcutta, but as the fort is built near to the beach, we get the benefit of the sea-breeze for a great part of the day. Somewhat like Washington, the city of Madras may be described as "a city of magnificent distances." The houses of the European residents are separated by wide expanses of park; each house stands in a large enclosed space of grassy ground, planted with mango, tamarind, and palm trees of great age, with widely sweeping approaches to the main entrance. In addition to the house, these enclosed parks, or "compounds" as they are locally termed, have long rows of buildings at some distance from the main building, for the use of the large retinue of servants necessary to an Indian establishment, and for stables and coach-houses. Fruit and vegetable gardens form additional appendages to these large residences, the occupants of which have the reputation of being much more sociable than the denizens of the city of palaces, where society is more broken up into cliques. This may be accounted for by the comparative size and importance of the two, as well as by the circumstance that Calcutta is the seat of government for the

whole of India, of which Madras is one of the three divisions—Bombay being the other—under the supreme sway of the Governor-General, who, with the aid of his Council, rules the destinies of this mighty dependency of the British Crown.

There is a beautiful drive along the beach, where the exhausted Europeans come at eventide in their landaus to "eat the air" and listen to the music discoursed by the band on "Cupid's bow," as the crescentic piece of turf for the band-stand has been named, it may be from its being the scene of many flirtations and proposals.

Many young ladies are here, and drive out with their parents, who would gladly link their fates with some of our bachelors. Some of the ladies make a dead set at the Colonel, but he tells them he is not matrimonially inclined, and does not like to have married officers in the battalion. Of course he is dubbed "a nasty selfish creature, who won't marry himself or allow any of his officers to do so." But he only laughs at them.

The heat has increased so much (26th March) that it is difficult to settle down to steady work of any kind. The south-west monsoon has set in, and the wind blows along-shore laden with moisture from the sea, which induces lassitude of mind

and body. Glazed windows and louvre shutters are closed from early morning till evening, and we live like owls in the semi-darkness, clothed in the lightest raiment, and rest recumbent on long-armed cane chairs under a punkah waving overhead, which creates a certain amount of skin coolness by evaporation of moisture from our too generous pores. All duty has to be done in the early—very early—morning, and late in the evening; but the recognised visiting hours are still between noon and 2 P.M.,—a great tax on one's ideas of social duty and comfort.

The Governor, Sir William Denison, a brother of the Speaker in the House of Commons, has a more comfortable way of receiving visitors officially. There is a public breakfast at Government House every Tuesday, to attend at which you send your card on the previous day to the A.D.C. in waiting. I performed this arduous duty, and next morning drove to Government House at 9.30, where I found the A.D.C. waiting to receive the guests and introduce them to his Excellency when he appeared in the anteroom, where upwards of a hundred gentlemen had assembled. The introductions over, the Governor led the way to the banqueting-hall, whither the guests followed him.

*My Quarters, and Officers' Mess-house, Fort George, Madras.*

Here an excellent breakfast was served, and when the last cover was removed, his Excellency rose from the table, bowed, and retired. A general rush was made by the guests for their respective carriages, which conveyed them to the scenes of their daily duty or occupation.

Sir William Denison's term of office as Governor of the Madras Presidency being about to expire, we arranged to give a farewell dinner in his honour at our mess, to which the Commander-in-Chief and other members of Council were also invited. The Governor made himself very agreeable, and kept the conversational ball rolling with tact and energy, indulging in an occasional quiet joke levelled at one or other of his recent councillors, with the glee of a schoolboy at the near prospect of approaching holidays.

The new Governor, Lord Napier of Merchiston, is due to-morrow (27th March), when all officers not on duty have to receive him on landing. Full dress, with the thermometer at 110° in the shade, will not conduce to the pleasure of the participants in this function, which is meant to do honour to her Majesty's vicegerent of this Presidency.

His lordship was received by the senior member of Council, and after a few introductions were

made, the guard of honour presented arms, and the band played the National Anthem as he was being escorted to the carriage that presently conveyed him to the Council Chamber in Fort George, to be sworn in as Governor. The completion of this ceremony was duly announced to his new subjects by a salute of nineteen guns, fired from one of the batteries.

All who possessed them, sought the shade of their covered carriages, and were soon revelling in the enjoyment of cool baths and iced sherbet: the latter is an innocuous fluid—composed of soda-water flavoured with pomegranate-juice—albeit very refreshing.

Lord Napier possesses a stately appearance, though he has a slight stoop, and being now somewhat past the meridian of life, his locks are of an iron-grey hue. He has had a large experience in the diplomatic service, and ought to make a good Governor.

The heat increases daily, and our indoor relations have consequently become closer, while visiting, during the canonical hours, is almost impossible. From our proximity to the sea we get the benefit of any breeze that springs up, though that is not much to boast of. Madras is a healthy station,

there being no dense jungle near to engender fevers; but exposure to the sun has to be carefully avoided, as we are now well into May, with a temperature of 112° in the shade, and a cloudless sky.

How pleasant it is to watch the slowly advancing ripple on the smooth water of the bay, as the evening breeze comes towards us with refreshing coolness on its wings, and on mail-days to scan the long line of the horizon through a good glass, for the first glimpse of the mail-steamer's smoke, which we usually get long before the ship appears, and then to wait patiently (?) for news from home.

This being now the month of July, "the oldest inhabitant" says that our summer hitherto has been the coolest that has been experienced for many years. We naturally, but not regretfully, try to imagine what the others in the past must have been, and endeavour to feel thankful.

The reputed good sanitary conditions of Madras, and the established fact that cases of severe tropical diseases do better here than at most Indian stations, have entailed a considerable addition to my hospital *clientèle*. Men, women, and children are constantly arriving from up-country stations for the benefit of change and treatment near the coast. Fortunately my staff is large, as, in addi-

tion to my own two assistants, my "chief" has attached four new arrivals from home, to acquire some knowledge of the treatment of diseases peculiar to the country, before they are sent to other stations. It is a wise and proper arrangement, and I have quite a long "tail" to follow me through the hospital wards at my morning visits, and am relieved to a great extent of evening duty.

August and September are the two most disagreeable months of the year; the sea-breeze almost entirely ceases to blow, and a still, moist condition of the atmosphere prevails.

This is the season of exodus to the hills for all who can get away from their routine duties; and here I am, on the 26th of August, luxuriating in the cool air of Ootacamund, the principal town in the Nilgherries, at an elevation of over 7000 feet above the level of the sea.

What a marvellous change it is! and so quickly accomplished by rail to Coimbatoor, a town at the foot of the hills, thence in a two-horse carriage up the steep gradients of the road that has been cut along the winding sides of these mighty mountains. This road in many places is carried along the edge of a sheer precipice, over which the bottom of the gorge may be seen, hundreds of feet below. At in-

tervals an ugly angular rock juts out, like an elbow, from the hill on the side opposite the precipice, and to get round these in safety is a service of danger. But the Indian drivers are skilful, and having a regard for their own lives, they surmount all obstacles, and round the ugly corners at a good pace—rather too good for a sickly or nervous traveller.

The views in this "ghāt" are magnificent. Both sides of the gorge are well wooded, and, in favourable spots, coffee is cultivated with great care. A large mountain-stream pours its limpid waters over huge masses of rock at the bottom, breaking into lovely cascades of white foam, gathering in volume as it receives its tributaries from the hills, and in its turn pays tribute to the great Cauvery river in the plains below.

On reaching the top of the "ghāt," we come to the pretty village of Coonoor, with its neat church, bungalows, and gardens. Beyond the village a wide expanse of brilliantly green undulating ground is disclosed to view, with intervals of trees and jungle shrubs shooting up from the sides of intersecting ravines.

After a short rest at the "dāk," or posthouse, we had fresh carriages, and a drive of a few miles

along an excellent road brought us to the principal hotel in Ootacamund,—the journey from Madras having occupied a little more than eighteen hours.

This extensive plateau, of which Ooty is the social centre, bears a strong resemblance to English downs in its general characteristics. There are none of the rugged features we see in the hills of "Caledonia stern and wild," but the broad expanse of undulating green is overshadowed by Doda Betta, the highest peak in the Nilgherry range, and which aspires to a height of more than 1000 feet above us. I negotiated this peak, and felt considerably taller when I attained an altitude of 8640 feet above sea-level. The view of the hill-range and the plains below was splendid—too splendid for prose. Near the top there was a crop of wild strawberries, which had quite a home flavour, and proved very grateful to the palate after the long ascent.

It is quite a pleasant experience to walk about all day in "Europe" clothes, after the thin "American drill" garments which alone can be endured in the low country.

There are few birds or wild animals to be seen: parrots and parroquets abound, as they do everywhere in India; and an occasional tiger or leopard

makes a raid on an unfortunate bullock, but he rarely finds his way back to his native haunts.

Flowers and flowering shrubs flourish in profusion, and with a luxuriance never seen at home. Hedges of roses and geraniums intermixed, border many of the roads. In the garden fronting my room there is a bush of heliotrope large enough to fill a moderate-sized dining-room. Masses of stephanotis grow plentifully, and good orchids are found in the wooded ravines. In the mornings and evenings, when the sun has little power, the air is laden with the perfume of flowers to an almost oppressive degree; but our surroundings are very beautiful, and very pleasant after the plains.

The cultivation of tea, coffee, and cinchona—Jesuit's bark, from which quinine is procured—is successfully carried on in suitable positions among these hills.

In the Government gardens there is a rich collection of indigenous and exotic flora and cryptogamia; amongst the latter are gold and silver ferns, and tree-ferns that grow to a great height. Here also the cinchona-tree is cultivated, and a practical chemist, employed by Government, has established his laboratory, in which he extracts the

valuable active principles from the cinchona-bark, that are so much desiderated in a fever-ridden country like India. This local production of a hitherto expensive remedy like quinine is an inestimable boon to the natives, who can now procure it from Government dispensaries at little comparative cost, frequently without charge.

It was in these gardens that I got a practical lesson in arboriculture, which might be usefully employed in other instances. The stems of the cinchona-trees are not entirely denuded of their bark, as that would destroy the life of each individual. A long strip of bark is carefully removed from about one-third of the circumference of each tree, and a covering of fresh green moss is applied to the wound. The moss is kept constantly moist by a small jet of water conveyed through an india-rubber tube from one of the irrigating channels that permeate the gardens, the nozzle of the tube being attached to the upper part of the mossy bandage. New bark soon begins to form, and completely covers the bared part of the stem. When, in due time, this fresh bark comes to be removed, it is said to be richer in alkaloids—quinine, &c.—than the original.

Some of the tea grown in these hills is excellent,

far surpassing in flavour that which is known as China tea at home; but the best is only grown in certain localities of limited area, and to get any quantity of it a personal visit with an introduction to the planter is necessary.

Coffee is also grown in perfection, and it is scarcely possible for nature to surpass the beauty of a coffee plantation when it is in full bloom. The plants are about the size of large gooseberry-bushes, at least those that I saw were, with horizontal branches, and glistening dark-green leaves, over which the pure white blossom rests like a mantle of virgin snow. A brother officer hailing from the Emerald Isle once remarked to me that he thought the most beautiful sight in nature was a potato-field in full blossom; but then he had never seen a coffee plantation in like circumstances, and I cannot subscribe to his Hibernian idea of beauty, after my experience of coffee in bloom.

## Aboriginal Hill Tribes.

There are two distinct tribes of aborigines scattered over these broad downs, living separately in their own villages or "munds."

The Todas consider themselves the lords of

the soil, as they are said to have lived here for ages before the tribe of Buddagas invaded their lands, and established themselves in villages of their own far apart from the other tribal settlements.

The population of the Toda villages has dwindled in numbers, and the whole tribe may now be reckoned at only a few hundreds. They are a purely pastoral race, devoted to the care of their herds of water-buffaloes, from which they obtain their chief sustenance in the form of milk and butter. They do not till the ground, but at the end of the harvest they visit the villages of the Buddagas, from whom they exact a tribute of one-sixth of their crops, and thus acquire a sufficiency of grain to last them throughout the year.

The men are fine specimens of humanity, tall and well built, with coppery complexions, aquiline features, and shaggy black hair and beards. The women are comely when young, fairer in complexion than the men, and wear their long tresses *au naturel*, quite innocent of contact with comb or brush. Nature provides them with mirrors in the smooth pools of their rivulets, and the limpid element is their only hair-wash. Both sexes wear large blankets for their sole covering; the men wear

them in toga fashion, leaving the right arm free, while the ladies modestly cover both shoulders.

Their language has never been reduced to writing or grammatical expression, and natives from the plains describe it as "the language of the buffalo."

The villages consist of a few large oval huts, with walls of dry stones about three feet high, and surrounded by lofty thatched roofs. The doorways are of meagre dimensions—about a yard square—and closed by doors made from slabs of deal-wood packing-cases, so that the inmates have to stoop very low to effect a passage through.

As these people live in patriarchal style, and several generations of both sexes occupy the same hut, the latter requires to be of proportionate size; but the atmosphere must be stifling inside after the occupants retire for the night. Not being in the habit of creeping into a family mansion on all-fours, I contented myself with a peep through an open doorway, and was rewarded by witnessing "darkness visible." One large enclosure is reserved for folding the cattle by night, and though the animals are regarded with reverence and tended with care, the folds are very untidy, being apparently left to the sanitary efforts of nature's laws.

Like most races of primitive habits, the Todas

are inveterate beggars, and when either men or women are encountered on any of the paths, they invariably extend a hand and say "Inaum," a word that means "present" or "gift," which has been adopted by them from the language of the plains. In this way they acquire more than sufficient money to pay the small land-tax which is levied on each village by the Government of India.

The Buddagas are industrious tillers of the soil, and raise large crops of cereals and good vegetables.

Their villages are comparatively neat, and more cleanly than those of the Todas.

Several Mission stations have been established in their vicinity, and the younger generations are taught the Tamil tongue—one of the prevailing vernaculars of this Presidency—at the Mission schools, and also various handicrafts, such as carpentry, carpet-weaving, &c., at which some of them have attained considerable skill.

Both sexes are clothed somewhat like the lower orders in the plains below, where they also find markets for the disposal of their surplus field and garden produce.

Many of the men are excellent guides, and no

distant expedition is considered to be complete without a Buddaga to show the way, although the dangers and difficulties of riding about these hills are reduced to a minimum. The chief thing to avoid is swampy ground, which has a deceitful appearance of fresh green turf, and sucks a pony's legs into its embrace almost like a quicksand. It is here that the guide is so useful, and not only prevents delay, but possible disaster, by his timely warning against attempting to cross a treacherous morass.

There are several pleasant rides to places of interest, which are the frequent resorts of parties of ladies and gentlemen on picnic pleasures bent. A favourite spot for one of these excursions is Lady Dalhousie's Chair, a huge boulder having the rude semblance of an arm-chair, on an elevated position near the top of the Coonoor Ghāt, and so called from the fact that her ladyship sat upon it while on a visit to the hills. From this point there is a fine view of the plains, which are seen to extend far away to the dim distance, where earth and sky appear to meet. At the foot of the rock there is a large patch of bright-green turf bordered by a gurgling stream of icy cold water, in which the

liquor bottles are deposited to cool their fluid contents preparatory to the noonday repast. When hill appetites are appeased, the ladies produce sketching materials, and "bits" of the scenery are transferred to paper by nimble fingers.

The Rajah's Leap is another "lion" worth visiting. It is a very ugly precipice, on the verge of the mountains, with a sheer drop of several thousands of feet to the level ground below. Tradition points it out as a place of execution for State prisoners, and for those captured in the intertribal wars of olden times. The hapless victims are said to have been brought here and ruthlessly forced over the edge of the precipice by their cruel escort, to meet their doom in mid-air, long before they could have reached the plain below. Happily we live in more enlightened times!

Our sublunary pleasures are evanescent; I must soon forego my present life of idleness and ease for the stern duties that await me in the plains, and bid farewell to the natural beauties of the Blue Mountains of Madras—Nil means "blue," and gherries "mountains."

There is no really cool weather in the lower regions; I mean those of the Madras Presidency, not the others. Shortly after October the north-east

monsoon sets in, and it is decidedly cooler than that of the summer solstice, which blows, all too gently, from the south-west.

The Madras Club for members of the civil and military services, and for other "men of leading," is a fine institution. It is a large, palatial-looking structure, and in addition to the usual dining, reading, smoking, and billiard rooms, it possesses a good swimming-bath, a racket-court, and bachelors' quarters, all within the boundaries of its extensive compound. The establishment occupies a central position, and many of the resident ladies are driven to the principal entrance-door on returning from their evening drive, to eat ices, which are handed to them in their carriages.

A sporting party arrived from England in December, and these gentlemen were utterly astonished at the high pitch of civilisation to which we have attained! People at home seem to have queer ideas of our fancied semi-barbarous condition; even you kindly propose to send out books and periodicals to this benighted land! Why, it would be somewhat like "sending coals to Newcastle." You will probably be surprised to hear that there are several large bookshops in the town, where there are fair collections of recent publications, and

where any special work may be ordered from home, and delivered after a lapse of two months! Our mess-library is extensive, and as it is periodically added to by consignments from Mr Mudie's, it has grown to such dimensions that we have had to employ the services of an auctioneer (we actually have auctioneers!) to dispose of several hundreds of handsomely bound volumes to our dusky brethren, who, by the way, nearly all speak and read English. The men in barracks have a good library and reading-room, and those in hospital who are well enough to indulge in light literature have a bountiful supply to select from. The various clergymen supply the patients with tracts and religious literature. What more do we need?

January 1868 has brought us another change of station. Half of the battalion has left for up-country quarters at a hot place named Bellary, whither the other half will shortly follow.

Before our separation we gave a ball in the mess-room in honour of Lord Napier, to which all the British residents in Madras and the outlying stations were invited. The ball was a grand success, but the heat was great—so great that many of the newly invented stearine candles in the wall-shades bent over and dropped their substance on

the back of any unlucky wight who happened to rest from his labours underneath a weeping candle. The decorations were rather extravagant, but they were greatly admired, and a deputation of the sergeants waited on the Colonel to ask permission for the use of the mess-room on the following evening, to give a dance to their friends before it was dismantled, which was at once granted.

*Bangalore, July* 29.—We were detained at Madras throughout the hot months of a very hot season, but have now got thus far, *en route* to Bellary, after a terribly hot journey by rail. On the march to the terminus at Madras several of our men were struck down by the sun, and had to be taken to hospital after partial recovery. Two more were taken ill in the train, and left at a side station which is fortunately near to a military depot, where they would receive proper attention. Although the carriages were fitted with thermantidotes to reduce the temperature, we felt them unpleasantly warm; but every one began to breathe more comfortably as we made the ascent of the Eastern Ghāts, to the table-land of the Mysore province, on which Bangalore is built, at an elevation of nearly 3000 feet above the sea.

It is a charming change, as we here enjoy a

South European climate, modified, it is true, by tropical pests in the form of mosquitoes, sand-flies, scorpions, and centipedes, which are unpleasantly devoted in their attentions to fresh arrivals.

The extensive gardens in front of the majority of the houses are masses of rich bloom of varied colour, and have the appearance of well-cultivated home gardens, with this difference, that nature has here constituted herself "head gardener," as the plants and flowering shrubs, when once arranged, receive little attention at the hands of man, except to be shorn of a portion of their beauty for personal or house decoration.

Although we can resume the use of Western clothing for a great part of the day, it is not always safe to do so when the mid-day sun asserts his sway. One of our most promising young officers who had thus rashly exposed himself was brought to his bungalow suffering from bad sunstroke, and remained in a state of insensibility for several days. Despite of every care, he only rallied at intervals, when he became quite cheerful; but the severe attack proved too much for his natural strength, and after many hopeful signs of returning health, we lost a good officer and universal favourite.

Many of the high officials at Madras emigrate

here with their families, instead of making the longer and more expensive pilgrimage to the hills in search of a cool and health-giving atmosphere.

This is also the seat of a subordinate Government; and the Resident, who superintends the political and financial interests of the Maharajah of Mysore, has a large staff of civil officials to assist in carrying out his policy. The Resident has quite a little Court, with servants in gorgeous liveries, and a mounted escort of native cavalry to accompany him in his drives abroad, and mount guard over the Residency House, which is one of the chief centres of hospitality. After my first official visit to Sir Richard I was conducted to the drawing-room, where I made my bow to Lady Meade, who was encompassed by quite a galaxy of young ladies. All were very gracious in manner, though I felt most uncomfortable, being the only *he* in the room, and thankfully took my leave on the appearance of another male visitor.

There is a considerable garrison here, consisting of artillery, cavalry, and infantry, both European and native. The British social element is well represented by the large number of civil and military officers, many of whom are married, and several have grown-up daughters, who all live and

enjoy themselves very much as they would do at home. It is quite a pleasure to see the rosy complexions of the ladies and children, as compared with the blanched appearance of those at Madras.

There was a total eclipse of the sun on the morning of the 18th of August, though a few fleecy clouds interfered with the perfect view of the phenomenon. Brahmins declare that the darkness was caused by the passage of the seven-headed snake which guards their god Brahma, across the face of the great luminary. He must be a big snake!

After a pleasant detention at Bangalore of five months' duration, we proceeded by easy stages towards Bellary, where we arrived early in January 1869. The march was uninteresting, as we passed through the country in the semi-darkness of the early morning hours, halting during the heat of the day at the appointed camping-grounds, which were from ten to fifteen miles apart. It was also rendered uncomfortable by the caprices of a captious commanding officer, who seemed to take pleasure in making himself offensively disagreeable to all under his temporary (I am thankful to say) command. He is only *locum tenens* to

the senior Colonel, who is at home on leave of absence.

On account of its situation on the east face of the Western Ghāts, Bellary is sheltered from the influences of the south-west monsoon, and is too far distant from the sea-coast to derive any benefit from the north-east. It has consequently a dried-up appearance, with a very sparse vegetation,—chiefly brown grass and isolated trees,—though tradition hath it that at one time the ground was covered with thick jungle which gave shelter to antelopes and other small deer. Now the jungle and its inhabitants have disappeared, and only a stray leopard pays a casual visit, on his prowling expeditions, with a possible memory of departed haunches of venison. Immense masses of rock rise abruptly from the level plain to a height of 200 feet and upwards—the highest being 450 feet, with a base more than two miles in circumference. It is crowned by one of the strong fortresses of Tippoo Sahib's days, and bears an evil repute as having formed a prison where many a British soldier languished and died. Inside the fort there are several great tanks for the storage of water, cut in the solid rock, but the old dungeons have disappeared since its occupation by our troops, and some

good houses have been erected for the officers and men who form the guard.

These hills of rock absorb caloric from the sun's rays, and this is freely radiated by night to such an extent as to keep the atmosphere hot and dry throughout the silent hours.

As the average annual rainfall is only about fifteen inches, our gardens do not thrive, excepting in favoured spots where irrigation is available. There is, strange as it may seem, a good supply of water procurable from the numerous wells, which are of great size and depth, and it is from these that the irrigating channels are filled.

The *nux vomica* plant grows freely on vacant patches of ground, and the egg-shaped fruit is very poisonous. Some of the lower orders of natives, licensed to sell spirits, have a pernicious habit of surreptitiously passing a fresh slice of the fruit round the inner rim of a glass before it is filled with spirits. This has a most deleterious effect on any of the men who drink it, as the poisonous juice, swallowed with the *arrack* or country rum, drives a man frantic for hours afterwards. It was a considerable time before I arrived at a solution of the cause of these seizures; when I did succeed, the

remedy was simple—a powerful emetic, with bland food to follow.

The large native town is provided with wide streets, which are kept clean and in good order, under the supervision of the local police. A great sensation was caused a few days ago by two of our young officers riding along one of the main thoroughfares on bicycles. There was a general stampede of men, women, children, and cattle to get safely away from this modern Juggernaut. A few of the more courageous among the boys rather enjoyed the novel spectacle, and tried to keep pace with the cyclists, who soon left them far behind.

The game of croquet is in great request, and many of the ladies have appointed days for parties to assemble on their private grounds. Our croquet-lawn is in front of the officers' mess, and here the beauty and fashion of Bellary assemble on Saturday evenings eager for the fray. So keenly are the games contested, that we had to supply the players with small hand-lanterns after sundown, to enable them to finish their matches before the warning notes of the "dress" bugle sounded for dinner. One lady got a sad fright on returning home from one of our parties. As she stepped from her carriage, a snake dropped on the ground from the folds

of her dress. Whether it had been lying *perdu* in the carriage, or had secreted itself while the lady was seated on our lawn, was not revealed by the wily one. But our fair guest declared she would never return to our croquet evenings—not the first time in the world's history that a serpent has intervened, with sad results.

*February* 1, 1870.—We had a dinner-party at mess last week, at which fifty-four people were present, eighteen of whom were ladies: this is considered a large proportion for an up-country station. The table and walls of the rooms were prettily decorated with flowers and ferns, brought from a hill station some thirty miles distant, as pretty greenery and flowers are scarce at Bellary. After dinner the tables were cleared away, and the band struck up music for dancing, which went on till 3 A.M., and the party was declared to have been a great success.

Your political news is a month old ere it reaches us here; in these days of telegrams, all important public events are received by wire, and anticipate the mail.

I have spent a month at Ootacamund, to escape the intolerable heat of May, and felt very much refreshed. On the 4th of June the monsoon

"burst"—that is, the periodical rains began, and they came down with a force and persistence only known in the tropics. As the rains were accompanied by a very high wind, the combined forces kept nearly every one indoors, and there has set in a general exodus of visitors returning to the low country, where they have their homes. Amongst others, I have "laid my dāk,"—or in other words, engaged carriage to take me down the hill, and on to the arid plains of Bellary.

In July I tried to make a garden, but found it discouraging work. When I sowed lettuce or celery seed in the cool of the evening, the morning's dawn disclosed the surface of each bed to be full of small holes, from which issued continuous lines of small black ants, each with a promise of a fine salad in its mouth, in the form of a seed sown the previous evening. These little robbers hoard up their spoils in their long underground galleries, where any seeds that survive may germinate, and some future occupant may reap a harvest of green food, growing all over the compound! I have many opportunities of taking to heart the words of the preacher, "all is vanity and vexation of spirit," especially in this so-called gorgeous Eastern land. But I circumvented these tiny marauders by filling

an old wine-case with good soil, rested it on bricks in the shade, and sowed my lettuce-seed therein. Very soon I had the pleasure of gathering a crop of tender succulent lettuce for breakfast. How sweet are the fruits of our own labour!

This has been a wonderfully cool July for India. High westerly winds, with heavy clouds obscuring the sun, keep the thermometer at a maximum of 85°. I have not felt so comfortable a climate, for the plains, in other parts of the country, at the same season. But we want rain badly, as the wind carries the clouds over and past us, and it is provoking to see heavy showers falling all around the horizon, when not a drop comes to us. The native population feel the scarcity of water more than we do, as our wells are properly attended to, while they seem to put their trust in the chapter of accidents, and their wells are filled with *débris* instead of water: they are a shiftless race.

Heavy rain fell in the middle of August, and all nature looks refreshed, at least our little bit does. My garden begins to flourish, though it is depressing work to attempt raising small vegetables in the open. The sun is too powerful, and the salad-loving insects too numerous. The tomato plant thrives best; I have a good crop, but our servants

appear to be as fond of the fruit as we are. One of mine was a prize tomato of great size, and I was cherishing it to maturity for the sake of its seed, when, just as it was becoming fully ripe, I found it "absent without leave" at my morning inspection—stolen by a lover of Eve's apple. I offered a reward to the servants if they would name the delinquent; but these individuals never accuse one another, and my offered reward remained in my possession.

Our Colonel left us at the end of November, and left me alone in the large bungalow we have occupied together for many months. He has gone to take up the duties of an important appointment on the staff at Madras, and we shall miss him sorely. Among other chattels, he left me (for a consideration) his beautiful bay Arab charger, which is a great pet, with a splendid black mane, and a tail so long that about two feet of it rests on the ground when he stands, but when in motion, he jauntily cocks it, and lifts it from the dust. His canter is so smooth, that the saddle feels like an arm-chair as he sweeps along over the ground.

As sole occupant of this large bungalow I feel lonely, and shall have to look out for another

"chum"; but I shall not find such another as the last, whom I have known for fifteen years.

December's gaieties loom in the near distance, with promise of balls, theatricals, and other frivolities. They will serve to amuse many who have borne the burden and heat of the year without having had a change.

Our *bête noire* on the march from Bangalore is now in command, and makes himself quite as obnoxious as he did then. He has the reputation of being a good amateur actor, but I have never seen him on the stage. He is evidently fond of scenic effects, as, when any of the men are brought before him at the orderly-room, to be sentenced for breaches of military law, he has all the officers assembled, and when the offence is stated, he lies back in his judicial chair (all the others standing), and delivers a long oration with considerable self-satisfaction. On one occasion, when he had thus delivered himself, he asked the prisoner what he had to say in his defence. The man replied, "Look at the clock! ye've been jawing for the last five-and-twenty minutes, and I have nought to say." Of course this conduct entailed a more severe punishment than would have been awarded for the original offence alone.

At one early morning parade this man, "clothed in a little brief authority," saw a corporal yawn in the ranks, and he at once called out, "Sergeant-major, be good enough to march Corporal —— to his room; see that he goes to bed, and keep him there till further orders: the poor man seems tired." The "poor man" had to remain in bed for the next four days, before he was released to receive a long lecture on his "unsoldier-like conduct."

Similar petty acts of tyranny on the part of the commanding officer were of frequent occurrence, until they culminated in his own downfall. At a battalion drill one evening, he called upon one of the junior officers to put a company through some evolutions, which he was doing perfectly well, though rather nervously. Our martinet kept constantly "nagging" at him, until the boy was driven beyond self-control, when he threw down his sword, saying, "I can do no more." This being a serious breach of discipline, the youngster was placed in arrest, subsequently tried by a general court-martial, and cashiered. At the trial the Colonel was severely handled,—so much evidence was led that proved him to be unfit to hold a command; and he was suspended, pending further inquiry. That re-

sulted in his being placed on retired pay. "So much for Buckingham!"

Such great sympathy was felt for our young friend, that his brother officers secured the services of a clever barrister for his defence; but alas! it was of no avail, and we lost a promising officer, the *beau idéal* of a young English gentleman.

After this painful episode the battalion came under the command of the senior Major, whose benign sway brought us peace and content.

Our home telegrams are burdened with news of the war between France and Prussia. The Major is in a great state of excitement, and as he received part of his education in Germany, he is now a keen partisan of the Prussians. So eager is he for news, that he has established a telegraphic connection between his house and the Government office, for the more rapid reception of war telegrams as they arrive. He has also taught several of the men the use of the instruments for the despatch and receipt of messages by wire. Thus we get news of daily occurrences, and can trace the progress of the war before the reports in the papers arrive.

Shortly after we received news of the fall of Sedan and the submission of Napoleon III. to the Prussian King, orders arrived for us to move from

Bellary to Aden, on the south coast of Arabia. This seems somewhat like a "jump from the frying-pan into the fire," as Aden is reputed to be separated from the lower regions by only a sheet of brown paper, and there is no umbrageous protection overhead. "Aden" means a paradise.

The departure from a station where one has received more than ordinary civility, for a new and unknown country, is always attended by a feeling of depression; and we regret having to leave Bellary, hot and sterile though it be, for the still hotter and more barren rocks at Aden.

Before leaving Bellary, the colonel of one of the native infantry regiments made me an offer for my Arab charger, on behalf of the general commanding the Hyderabad field-force. This astute colonel knew that I could not take the horse with me, therefore he was pleased to offer me a little more than half his value. As I could not get a better offer, I was fain to accept his terms, and I hope the general will be satisfied at having secured a valuable horse at a cheap rate.

As usual, we have got sudden orders to proceed, by the newly constructed branch railway from Bellary, for a distance of about twelve miles to the river Huggri, which has not yet been bridged.

The camp was pitched on the river's bank, to await the arrival of the bullock-waggons with our marching equipment. The upper reaches of the Huggri are not very wide, except when in flood; then they overflow their usual limits, and the current flows with great velocity. The usual ford is now both wide and deep; quite impracticable for waggons, which would be swept away by the force of the swiftly flowing water. The only means of crossing was by coracles, large wicker-work baskets of a circular shape, covered on the outside with bullock-hides to make them water-tight. Each coracle conveyed ten men, and two natives to steer the primitive craft. They were embarked at some distance up-stream, so that they might be guided to the opposite bank in safety. It was not pleasant to see these frail vessels, when they were caught by the current, commence a circular movement, waltzing down and across the stream with their living freight! But we got across, horses and all, without accident, and entrained in carriages on another short section of the railway for Gooty, where we encamped for two days before setting out on a march of over a hundred miles to Raichoor, the nearest station on the railway to Bombay.

Before we reached the station we had to cross

the bed of the river Tungaboodra, which is nearly dry at this season. The channel is about three quarters of a mile from bank to bank, covered with stones and great boulders of rock, which render the passage across a task of no little difficulty. A temporary roadway had been made, and trestle bridges thrown across the few trickling streams that represent this mighty river in the dry weather which follows the monsoon. During the periodical rains, and for some time after, the scene between the banks presents a tumultuous torrent of rushing water.

Engineers who are constructing the railway have to encounter stupendous difficulties in bridging these capricious rivers. They labour hard during the dry season, in order to make their work secure against the approach of the rains, which fill the water-courses and put an end to work for many weeks.

Fortunately for us, the weather is cool in this upland region, and after two days' much-needed rest, we took train to Poonah, three hundred and fifty miles nearer our ultimate destination. When the train arrived at Sholapore station, the English guard came to report that one of our carriage-wheels was "sick," meaning that the axle had be-

come red-hot from friction, and that the carriage must be left behind. We removed with our small packages; the "sick" one was detached from the train, and we were bestowed in a third-class carriage, the only one available.

We went zigzagging gaily up the face and along the crest of the Western Ghāts, at the rate of ten miles an hour, and eventually arrived at Poonah, where we found tents pitched, ready for our reception, on one of the grassy levels which abound there.

Poonah is a charming station, near the precipitous western face of the Ghāt, 1800 feet above the sea-level. The large native town and the cantonments occupy a site on a large, undulating, almost treeless plain, near the junction of the two small rivers Moota and Moola. A wealthy Parsee merchant of Bombay had a strong "bund," or dam, built below the junction of these rivers, to secure an ample supply of water for the native inhabitants throughout the year. An extensive lake has thus been formed, on whose placid surface the British youth of both sexes paddle their canoes and ply the oars of their outriggers.

Many excellent institutions for educational purposes are to be found here. There is a large

college for natives, under European masters, chiefly devoted to the study of the Sanscrit and Mahratti languages. Schools for girls are well attended by all castes except the Mussulman, as the men do not approve of the higher education of their women. Church Mission schools for boys and girls are carrying out a great and good work.

The climate is pleasantly cool, and is greatly enjoyed by the residents of Bombay, who come to Poonah in the hot months.

It is the headquarters of the Bombay army, and a large number of troops of all arms are stationed here to overawe the intriguing Brahmins, who were wont to be all-powerful under the Mahratta rule, but are now effete, though restless and prone to mischief if they dared.

The native population of Poonah is of a polyglot description, as representatives of most of the Indian states and many of the neighbouring countries are here assembled. Jews, Armenians, Arabs, and Parsees are plentiful; the latter, being industrious traders, frequently become very wealthy. They may be termed the Quakers of the East; they are men of peace, never engaging in warfare, but confine themselves entirely to mercantile pursuits.

The railway which conveyed us from Poonah to

Bombay is a marvel of engineering skill. It is constructed in sections cut in the face of the rocky hills. These sections have rather steep gradients, with a sheer precipice on one hand and masses of tumbled rock in the declivities. At the elbows, where two sections meet, there are level spaces on which the train rests while the engine is detached and made to go through some mysterious shunting operations before the next section of the descent is encountered.

In the dim uncertain light of early morning the rocky chasms had a weird appearance, and the shades in them deepened into utter darkness hundreds of feet below. The few stunted trees and shrubs growing amongst the boulders were like so many spectres that took ugly shapes in the mirky gloom, and as we moved onward they seemed to follow, apparently bounding from rock to rock as each new series came into view, and as though they resented our intrusion of their dismal haunts. The dawn dissipated the illusion, and our gradual approach to the foot of the Ghāt disclosed a charming view of the wild scenes through which we were passing, in all their rugged beauty—rocks and cliffs untrodden by the foot of man until the enterprising modern scaler and tunneller of moun-

tains appeared and overcame the difficulties of the ascent.

On reaching the level plain our train took us on without a halt till we arrived at the great "bunder," or quay of the Grand Harbour of Bombay, where H.M. troopship Serapis awaited us.

The embarkation of the battalion and all its *impedimenta* was soon accomplished, and we steamed away across the Indian Ocean to our new resting-place on the barren rocks of Aden. We tried to be jolly, and consoled ourselves with the thought that this would be our last halt in Eastern waters on our way home, and the men were quite jovial under the circumstances. The band helped to keep up the spirit of the hour, and the battalion troupe of Christy Minstrels regaled us with their melodies.

The captain and officers of the ship made themselves very agreeable, and our short run of about sixteen hundred miles was enjoyed by all.

We anchored off Steamer Point, the promontory of a well-protected bay, about 1 P.M., and preparations for an immediate landing had been made on board in anticipation; but a staff officer came off from the shore with a programme for our disembarkation, which the Brigadier-General in com-

mand had appointed for the following morning. After which the ship was to be cleaned! and the 3d battalion Rifle Brigade embarked the same evening. Our gallant captain was furious, especially about the cleaning of the ship—"As if my ship is not kept perfectly fit, in all sanitary respects, at all times." The ship's orders were carried out, and the Captain, who is senior in point of rank to the Brigadier, donned his full-dress uniform and went ashore to overawe the local commander, who had to give way to his superior officer. The Brigadier had arranged to have a parade of the two Rifle battalions before the 3d Rifle Brigade embarked for England, but in this he was thwarted by the stern decree of Captain Grant, C.B., who declared that if the Rifle Brigade were not embarked forthwith, he would leave without them—the Captain is a married man, with a wife and family at home!

On landing, we left a detachment to occupy the barracks at Steamer Point, and the remainder marched to the isthmus, half-way to cantonments, where two other companies were detached. Here we found the Rifle Brigade under canvas, their camp all bustle and confusion, every man, woman, and child preparing for their hasty departure. I had

the pleasure of renewing acquaintance with many of the officers. One of the subalterns had a good-looking pony, for which he asked a nominal price, including saddle and bridle. I urged that I had not money enough with me. "But a cheque on your agents will do, when you have had time to settle down." So I once more became a mounted officer. The pony carried me well across the sandy isthmus to the chief town of Aden, where the men of the four companies comprising the headquarters of the battalion went into barracks, and the officers had to make their own arrangements. Houses fit for occupation are not plentiful; there are a few mean-looking bungalows on the beach, and others are perched on the crests of spurs that jut out from the base of the mountain of rock known as Shum-Shum (1775 feet above the sea). These latter houses had the advantage of occupying more airy positions than those on the beach, and I secured one of them. From this commanding point I have a bird's-eye view of the cantonment on one side, and of the cemetery on the other. Mine is a palace of straw, or rather of maize-stems, interlaced and bound together by thin strips of bamboo. The foundation or lower part of the external wall is a rough line of stones about a foot in height, carried along the sides of the

square, and a stout bamboo pole is sunk at each angle to support the walls and the cross-pieces on which the thatched roof rests. The doors and windows are of the same materials as the upper walls, made to open outwards, and supported on hinges of plaited bamboo. These hinges soon fall into disrepair by constant use; but when the Parsee landlord was asked to make things comfortable, his invariable reply was, "Master can take other house," knowing very well that there was no other house to take.

The climate is fairly cool in this month of December, but the sun is powerful, and the atmosphere is very dry, although we are nearly surrounded by the sea.

Local tradition declares Aden to be the site of the Garden of Eden; but it surely must be greatly altered from its original state, as there is scarcely a blade of grass to be seen, and only a few stunted trees in sheltered spots, where they are kept alive by constant watering. As if to substantiate this tradition, there is a high rocky hill, which stands alone in the sea, at a short distance from the shore, and which is known as "Cain's hill." Here, it is said, the first shedder of human blood expiated his crime; and certainly, as the lonely rock now appears, no fitter place of condign punishment could well be

conceived. In primeval times it may have been an offshoot from the original garden, and the source whence Cain procured his offering of the first-fruits of the earth; now it is all rugged and bare, and with such associations in imagination, it is altogether gruesome in appearance. It is now connected to the mainland by a strong causeway; and round the corner, well out of sight, a dainty bath has been excavated in the solid rock, into which the clear waters of the Gulf of Aden flow: this is known as the ladies' bath.

The large native town at Aden is thickly populated by Eastern races, including colonies from the opposite coasts of Africa—Somalis and Nubians.

Perhaps the most interesting of these mixed races are the two half tribes of Judah and Benjamin. The people of these remnants of ancient Israel have it on record that at the dispersion these moieties, after many weary wanderings, lasting through generations, found a resting-place here. The men still wear the gaberdine, phylactery, and long ringlets as of old, and they worship the God of their fathers according to the olden rites. Their principal traffic is in ostrich-feathers, which they import largely from Africa in the raw state, and dress them for sale. Unlike the Parsees, their

women are not allowed to appear in public, but are strictly confined to the Jewish quarter of the town.

My pet feather-merchant is a handsome and very intelligent young Jew, who talks English like a Christian. He is very fond of recounting the history of his race, and expatiating on its ancient glory. On one occasion he asked me how old I thought the world was? In order to hear his reply I said, "Nearly 1900 years." Whereupon he broke into quite a passion of hysterical laughter, and exclaimed, "Why, my people have lived in the world for more than 5000 years." I explained that I dated from the appearance of the Messiah, at which he looked very grave, and with a low reverence said, "The Messiah has yet to come." He took up his bag of feathers and retired with dignity.

The Parsees are, as usual throughout Western India, the chief purveyors of Europe stores; they also own nearly all the houses in the place. One of the principal merchants has had a machine for the manufacture of aerated waters put up, but the product is not palatable; and now that the Suez Canal is in working order, we have regular supplies of Schweppe's soda-water, draught beer, and fresh stores of all kinds sent out from home, instead of

purchasing inferior articles in the local market at greater cost.

The waters about the peninsula teem with fish in great variety; many of them grow to an immense size, and are beautifully coloured. It is a common thing to see two fishermen coming from the beach with a fish eight or nine feet long, and resplendent in a skin of dark-blue and gold, pendent by its middle from a stout bamboo pole, the ends of which rest on the men's shoulders. Oysters are plentiful and very good. Dog-fish, the young of the ground-shark, are caught in numbers, and are greatly appreciated by the Arab part of the population, as they believe that this fish, when eaten, gives vigour to the system and infuses courage. Cod are common, and some of them grow to a very large size. A story is told of a sailor who was enjoying a swim in the harbour, when he encountered one of these monsters, which attacked him and deprived him of a leg. The sailor's limb must have disagreed with the cod-fish, as he was captured shortly afterwards and cut up, when the sailor's big toe was brought to light—so runs the legend. Truly travellers meet with startling incidents!

At the base of Shum-Shum, the high rocky hill,

there are some wonderful tanks cut in the solid rock, and intended to collect the rain which so rarely falls. They are called "Solomon's wells," and are of very ancient date, though they are probably of more recent origin than the reign of the wise king. Time's iron tooth has gnawed the lower part of these huge basins, and although the cracks have been filled up with cement, they are no longer reliable reservoirs for water.

Our fresh-water supply is derived from two sources; from an aqueduct which brings the water from the interior, along the isthmus, many miles in length—and from steam-condensers erected along the beach, by which the sea-water is deprived of its saline properties and rendered fresh. The latter is brought to the town in bags of skin, one on each side of a donkey, and distributed. These donkeys are driven in long files by Arabs who are employed by Government. Condensed water is not palatable until it has been exposed in large vessels and frequently stirred with a long rod, to allow of a small intermixture of atmospheric air; even then it is chiefly used for culinary and ablutionary purposes.

In the summer months (all the months are summery) we suffered from some of the plagues of

Egypt, and others not enumerated in the Pentateuch. First there came a plague of flies, which literally swarmed and covered everything. No sooner was a white table-cloth spread than it became black, and our very food was disputed by those remorseless tormentors. Punkahs were of little use in keeping them off, and ingeniously constructed fly-traps were comparatively inoperative in diminishing their numbers.

While these little torments were yet in the height of their enjoyment, our misery was increased by a visitation of boils and blains, against which the softest pillows were unavailing to afford relief.

A strong west wind brought a large flight of locusts from the coast of Africa. They came in myriads, and it was a pretty sight to watch them from the top of a rock as they passed—their silvery wings glistening in the bright sunshine like flakes of snow. The flight lasted nearly two hours, and many thousands perished on the barren rocks, where they could find no green food to refresh them after their long aerial journey. The survivors went in search of better pastures among the cultivated spots of Arabia Petræa.

Shortly after this a ship arrived in harbour with a crowd of native pilgrims bound to Mecca. Small-

pox had broken out amongst them, and the sick were landed and carefully segregated. The ship was then ordered to proceed on her voyage. The precautions that were taken against the spread of the disease were successful, and the sufferers recovered.

Yet another ship arrived, with native troops on board, and a small detachment was landed to join the Bombay regiment stationed at Aden. They brought with them the germs of another pest—the "dengue," or breakbone fever of the West Indies. The painful fact was not known or revealed at the time; but it speedily revealed itself, for the fever spread like wild-fire far and wide, alike amongst Europeans and natives. My hospital was soon filled to overflowing, and I had the accommodation increased, by having large tents pitched in the enclosure for those for whom room could not be found in the wards. The fever ran high for two or three days in each case, and was followed by intense pains in almost every joint, which effectually put an end to parades for some weeks, as no one could walk about after an attack without the support of one or even two sticks. Officers and men alike were prostrated, and I did not escape. It was wretched to remain recumbent for days with

a sensation of spontaneous combustion going on all over, and a pulse beating so rapidly that it could not be registered; but the fever ceased as suddenly as it had set in, and then the breakbone agonies began. Such are some of the delights we experienced in this paradise of woe: it bears a stronger resemblance to purgatory than to paradise, according to recognised authorities.

The steamer which left us this legacy disembarked more troops on the west coast of India, whence the fever spread over the land, and even unto Burmah.

The accumulation of evils did not damp the courage of our energetic Major, who, by permission of the local authorities, had his telegraph wire laid from his bungalow at Aden town to the detachment stationed at Steamer Point, a distance of three miles. This proved a great convenience, as it not only effected direct communication with the point at which home news arrived, but conveyed orders to the detachment without the necessity of having to employ mounted messengers in cases of emergency.

It was especially useful during the severe illness of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, as telegrams from home were received at the Government cable

station several times each day, and transmitted to us. The bulletins of the Prince's progress were eagerly awaited, and there were many sore hearts here when the dread tidings came of "scarcely any hope left." A furious ringing of the telegraph bell at the Major's bungalow woke him up about 2 A.M. on the 6th December, when he got the longed-for message to announce that the crisis was past and the Prince had regained consciousness.

Universal joy was felt and expressed for the great relief from a terrible anxiety thus accorded to our sovereign lady the Queen and the Princess of Wales. The hearts of millions throughout the empire seemed to throb in a unison of sympathy for the Royal Family during the Prince's serious illness.

Towards the end of November we got a hint to prepare for our homeward voyage, and we were ready to embark only too gladly when our old friend the Serapis hove in sight with the relieving regiment on board.

There was no talk of cleaning the ship on this occasion, to our relief, and we exchanged places, and I wish the new arrivals joy! We thankfully steamed away from the paradise of plagues, passed up the Red Sea, and entered the new

Canal at Suez on the evening of the seventh day.

Our large troopship was anchored at a siding within the entrance to the Canal. After sunset the cold was great, and towards morning it became so intense that we were glad to remain below, where we were sheltered from the chilly desert wind, till daylight showed the forward way. We steamed slowly through the Canal, which is just wide enough in many places to allow our bulky hull to pass. The displacement of water as we passed through these narrows, sent curling waves high up the banks on both sides. There is not much to see on the banks of the Canal besides the long stretch of desert sand, extending on either hand as far as the eye can reach. A few clumps of palms and flags appeared in marshy places, where large flocks of flamingoes with their scarlet breasts disported themselves. We passed Ismailia, where the Empress Eugénie was entertained by M. de Lesseps in a picturesque pavilion, after the ceremony of opening the waterway which unites the Mediterranean and the Gulf of Suez. We passed through the Bitter Lakes, where several large steamers lay at anchor, waiting for us to leave them a clear passage eastward, then on to Port Said, the

northern entrance to the Canal. Here the ship was detained to fill up with coal, and we had an opportunity of visiting the town, which is quite a large emporium for the products of Eastern and Western enterprise. In addition to the shops, there are many restaurants and *cafés chantants*, which seem to be largely patronised by the inhabitants, who form a motley collection of low-class Greek, Italian, Maltese, and Egyptian adventurers. Many of these *chevaliers d'industrie* have an uncomfortable predilection for the use of the dagger, with which they settle their differences of opinion or gambling disputes. The gambling fever runs high in all towns of this class in the East.

But away from the foul pollution! We were soon breathing the more wholesome atmosphere of the blue Mediterranean, calling at Malta and Gibraltar on our way. The weather in the English Channel proved even more inclement than in the Suez Canal, as we had to face a stiff "nor'easter" all the way to Portsmouth, against which our Indian raiment was but a sorry protection. However, the sight of the white cliffs and downs of Old England sufficed to keep our circulation at top speed, in spite of the cold—we were nearing home!

On arriving at Portsmouth, we were ordered to proceed by rail to Shorncliffe, a bleak spot on the Kentish coast. The day was wet, gloomy, and depressing, after our recent experiences of tropical heat and cloudless skies.

The wooden huts set apart for us here were built during the Crimean war, and their appearance did not add to our prospects of comfort. These huts occupy a position near the edge of the cliff, which commands a fine view of the Channel.

But friendly spirits are near us on this cheerless December afternoon; the officers of a neighbouring regiment received us in their comfortable mess-hut, where we shared their hospitality until our own mess was opened. This is the usual custom amongst regiments in the British army.

Fifteen years ago our battalion embarked for India over thirteen hundred strong. After the vicissitudes incidental to a prolonged tour of Eastern service (during which many died, and more were invalided for change of climate to England), the actual number of those who returned, and who had endured the long exile without a change, amounted to seventy-three! Most of those who had been invalided returned at intervals, and re-joined in India, with their health restored, and fit

for duty, and the battalion was also recruited by large drafts from home.

This is only one example out of many which tends to show the sacrifices required for maintaining the supremacy of our rule in that mighty empire which is said to be "the brightest jewel in the British crown."

## MY THIRD AND LAST TOUR OF INDIAN SERVICE.

On the evening of the 17th of February 1877, I received a telegram, and next morning an official letter, from the Horse Guards, ordering me to proceed from Winchester to Portsmouth, for embarkation to India on the 22d of the same month.

This order for general service came very suddenly and unexpectedly upon me; and having many things to arrange, it was hopeless for me to think of going north on a farewell visit to my friends, and my hopes of a summer holiday were blighted.

I said "Good-bye" to my old comrades, and embarked on the day appointed. By the 25th of February we had cleared the English Channel, and were well into the Bay of Biscay—bay of evil repute! But on this occasion H.M. troopship Euphrates ploughed her way majestically over smooth and quiet waters. This is the emptiest

troopship I ever sailed in; there are only officers on board, and a few ladies who accompany their husbands. All reinforcements of men for the army in India had left by previous ships; and this one takes out officers for various regiments, and returns with the last homeward-bound troops of the season. There are fifteen medical officers in the crowd, who have no work to do of more importance than to eat, and pass the time in equally arduous labours, with occasional intervals for repose. Two of the ladies were brides of four days' standing when they embarked. This cannot be a very pleasant way to spend a honeymoon, but necessity has no law; they had to marry in haste, as their spouses had received the same short notice to start that I had.

Although "Tommy Atkins" is unrepresented in the flesh on board, there are plenty of his buttons, and clothing for the army in India, stowed away as cargo on the main troop-deck.

This being Sunday we had church service, but the chaplain is a poor preacher. Notwithstanding the poverty of the sermon, the impressive service of the English Church was rendered with reverence, and our fervour was increased by the thought that our prayers mingled with those offered by friends at home about the same hour of the day.

We passed Gibraltar early on the morning of the 28th, moving smoothly along over a placid sea. Hitherto we have enjoyed the perfection of sailing, and we all hope—especially the ladies—that the clerk of the weather may continue to be propitious.

One result of the fine weather is, that the saloon tables are well patronised at all meals. What with the naval officers, eighty military officers, and several of their wives, our party at table numbers over a hundred—quite large enough, when meals are served three times a-day.

There has been nothing to see outside this floating ark beyond an occasional passing ship, or a shoal of porpoises tumbling through the water like so many pigs at play. With their arched backs, as they rise above the surface, bounding along, they have a comical resemblance to the porker on land.

In the Mediterranean Sea the elements are ever variable, and the variations are often sudden and severe. Thus, when we were two days from Malta, the weather became bitterly cold, with a high wind and a rough sea, through which the ship rolled on her way. How she did roll from side to side! We began to regret the absence of "Tommy Atkins" and some hundreds of his fellows, whose weight might have given stability to the ship in the tumul-

tuous sea. In their unavoidable absence we arrived safely in the Grand Harbour of Malta on Sunday the 4th of March. As it was an hour after noon, the musical jangling of the church bells had ceased for the time, to begin again when the "Angelus" rang out later in the day.

We learned on shore that we had escaped a gale at Portsmouth, which occurred on the day after we left, and another at Malta, two days before our arrival. We were fortunate, as only the commotion of the sea, resulting from the passage of the latter gale, was felt by those on board.

Next day we proceeded on a slow but tolerably smooth run to the entrance of the Suez Canal at Port Said. On the 10th of March we were slowly passing along the Canal with the accompaniment of hot wind from the desert, that made the paper on which I wrote crinkle and curl up as if it were scorched by fire. Free of the Canal, we passed down the Gulf of Suez, and I was once more afloat on the bosom of the Red Sea. The heat was great, and not a vestige of Pharaoh's host was to be seen! The only point of interest was Mount Sinai, of which we got a clear but distant view while passing down the Gulf. The ship rolled very much in the swell of the sea, and our cabin ports were kept

closed until we were abreast of Aden, where more favourable weather allowed of their being opened, to cool the lower decks. After a smooth and uneventful passage across the Indian Ocean, we reached Bombay on the 27th March, and landed in an atmosphere of heat and moisture.

One of the large hotels provided ample accommodation for the majority of our party, and here we were made comfortable, as far as heat and mosquitoes would allow, during our brief stay in the metropolis of Western India.

My journeyings were not yet ended, as I received an order to report myself at Allahabad, the capital of the North-West Provinces of Bengal, and at a distance of 830 miles. I left Bombay by rail on the evening of the 30th of March.

The season being now well advanced, the heat was intense, and travelling uncomfortable, especially during the day. The carriages on the railway are large and roomy; each compartment is fitted with two sleeping-berths on either side like those of a steamer's cabin, and furnished with a bath-room and lavatory at one end. By means of sliding-doors, two compartments may be thrown into one, or separated if privacy be desired.

The sides of the carriages have mats of cuscus-

grass fixed into large square openings, and provided with an automatic watering apparatus which acts by the motion of the train, and allows the water to trickle over the mats. As the hot external air passes through the wet grass it becomes cool, and sensibly reduces the temperature of the compartment.

On long journeys in India, whether by road or rail, the creature-comforts have to be cared for. Not only as regards raiment for use by night as well as by day, every well-equipped traveller has his own tiffin or lunch basket, which is well supplied with cold meats, bread, &c. Another necessity is a box of ice with aerated waters, claret, and fruit.

In this manner we travelled in comparative—very comparative—comfort to Allahabad at an average speed of twenty miles an hour. Refreshment-rooms at stations are few and far apart, and it is not always safe to trust to the supplies of food provided there.

At one of the stations where the train halted for a few minutes, I handed my empty soda-water bottles to an attendant, who exchanged them for full ones and received payment. The bottles containing the new supply were carefully corked and

wired; but on opening one which had been lying among the ice and looked temptingly cool, not a bubble of gas arose: the rascally hanger-on at the station had given me bottles of undisguised plain water! I avoided the payment of water-rates in future!

Allahabad at last, after thirty-six hours of grilling, which has brought out a fine crop of prickly heat that covers me as with a garment from head to toe: verily these Eastern plagues tend greatly to disturb the natural sweetness of one's disposition. Rubbing and scratching are of no avail, they only increase the irritation of mind and body. Oh for a few cool dock-leaves to clothe myself withal! We have fig-leaves in plenty; but the drapery being considered somewhat scanty, they are not regarded as fashionable wear!

Allahabad, the city of Allah—the Mussulman's name for the Deity—is regarded by the natives as a holy city. It is built opposite the junction of the two sacred rivers the Jumna and the Ganges, which is visible at a short distance from the walls of the fort that overawes the native city.

In holiday seasons the tribes assemble on a large expanse of greensward near the junction, and bathe in the waters of the combined rivers to wash their

sins away, and they afterwards hold high revelry on the banks.

Many thousands of men, women, and children are gathered together on these occasions of high festival, and the unsanitary conditions of their camp almost invariably cause an outbreak of cholera.

Then the camp is broken up; the assemblage is dispersed in all directions—many of the people to die by the way, and many more to carry disease and death to their far-distant homes, after disseminating the germs of disease in the villages they entered for rest or food.

In this way is disease spread broadcast over the land, notwithstanding the excellent police arrangements made at these camps by order of the Government, and which are personally supervised by the officers of the civil service who are in charge of the districts where these fairs are held.

Many efforts have been made by the Government of India for the total suppression of these festivals; but as the observance of them at stated periods forms part of the native creed, all such attempts have been useless, and the next best thing to do is to regulate the camps, and closely supervise their sanitary completeness—a very diffi-

cult task, when hundreds of thousands of natives, with no higher notions of sanitation than the beasts of the field, assemble together.

It appears to me that with advancing years I am about to develop into a modern semblance of the "Wandering Jew." Contradictory telegrams have arrived from headquarters; the first ordered me to Dinapore in Lower Bengal, then I was ordered to proceed to Peshawur in the far north, near the entrance to the Kyber Pass. A final telegram sent me to Calcutta, and here I am, in the merry month of May, luxuriating in ices, punkahs, and pyjamas, trying hard to keep cool for want of something else to do. The heat is so great that "nothing to do" has proved a blessing. It is impossible to move about without perspiring at every pore—even in bed, under a punkah, the sheets become moist. Yet I am better here than at Allahabad, which is much hotter, and has fewer of the elements of Indian civilisation than those we try to enjoy at the seat of Government.

What I thought was the final telegram was not; I was finally—it was final this time—called upon to leave my *dolce far niente* existence to proceed to Umballa, a large military station in the Punjāb, some distance to the north of Delhi, to take med-

ical charge of the 10th Hussars. I began to loathe the sight of a red envelope, but mean to take matters as easily as the good people at head-quarters appear to do.

It is now the 30th of June. Despite the heat, I have had a pleasant time, and made many agreeable acquaintances at the United Service Club, of which I became a member. But my preparations being completed, I started by the night train, back again to Allahabad, where I rested in mine inn for a couple of days, before attempting to complete the few remaining hundreds of miles to my destination—another thirty hours of hot travel!

Telegrams and railway fares must form large items in the expenditure of the Indian exchequer, if my experience since I landed be any criterion. Officers travelling on duty have their railway fares paid; my recent journeyings have taken me once across the broadest part of the Indian peninsula, and I am now about half-way back, with an equal distance to travel in another direction.

The railway fare from Bombay to Calcutta is about £25, and the line, with many a bend and curve, is over fourteen hundred miles in length,

with stations at most of the cities of note in Bengal.

Umballa, my new destination, is an important place in "the land of the five rivers," as the word "Punjāb" signifies. Notwithstanding the existence of these rivers—the Sutlej, the Ravee, the Chenāb, the Jhelum, and the Indus, which flow through the province like the outspread fingers of a mighty hand, and unite into one at its borders—the climate of Umballa is dry and hot, from the absence of rain. The large and very deep wells frequently dry up in the hot season, when the water-supply is chiefly derived from a small river some five miles distant. The water is conveyed by pipes to the outskirts of the cantonment, where it is received into long wooden troughs that are carried along one side of the principal thoroughfares by which the European settlement is divided into rectangular squares.

The presence of a large number of horses, belonging to the artillery and cavalry, necessitates a plentiful and constant supply of water, and the long aqueduct had to be constructed at an enormous cost.

A curious geological feature exists in this part of the province, which generally presents itself at the hottest time of the year. The surface of the ground

breaks into wide cracks, which increase in width until a subsidence of the soil takes place, and a yawning pit several square yards in extent is formed.

On one occasion a subsidence of this kind took place during the night on one of the main roads, and an officer who was driving in his dogcart to morning parade, turned sharply out through his gateway, and in the dim light of early morning suddenly found himself, horse, and cart engulfed. The cart was ruined, but he and his horse were not much damaged. The country is a difficult one to ride across, as the cotton and indigo fields in the neighbourhood are checkered by wide cracks on the surface, and the sharp edges of these cracks become as hard as brick under a tropical sun.

I received a warm welcome from the "Cherry-Pickers," as the 10th Hussars are familiarly named by reason of their crimson-coloured nether garments. The officers' mess was most comfortable, and even luxurious to the verge of extravagance. During dinner iced champagne was poured out with lavish hand, and after it a large silver loving-cup, brimful of the sparkling wine, was passed round, and it was considered heterodox for any one to pass the cup without lifting the foaming draught to the lips.

The soup was served hot, as soup generally is; but in such a high temperature it was positive pain to eat it, especially to those who suffered from "prickly heat." I quietly suggested that the soup might be iced as well as the champagne. The suggestion was adopted, and next evening the iced soup was served, but it had the form and consistence of a stiff jelly: the experiment was a failure, and the soup was not iced any more!

One evening mutterings not loud but deep were heard all round the table—the wine had not been properly cooled! I casually remarked, "Why not have the champagne *frappé* as they do in France?" My remark was hailed as if it had come from an oracle! The wine *frappé* was put on the table at next day's dinner: each flagon contained a solid mass of ice, and the wine would not flow until it had been some time in the hot air of the room and got thawed, but all the effervescence and nearly all the flavour of the wine had vanished!

To explain the process: before champagne is made *frappé* the bottles must be uncorked, and then placed in the icing-pail, where they are vigorously rotated until the operation is complete. The mess-butler, not being a Parisian, had ordered the freezing process to be kept up too long. But I

did not hear the last of iced soup and champagne *frappé* for many a day.

July has been so very hot that it has been impossible to do anything by day but pant under a punkah, book in hand, until the time arrives for the usual evening ride. It is a miserable waste of life, as real honest study is next to impossible. The rain will not fall to cool the air and refresh the shrivelled vegetation; a prospective famine broods over the land. The grain, grass, and trees are parched, and people who ought to know, prognosticate a famine, such as recently devastated Central and Southern India, causing the death of hundreds of thousands of our unfortunate fellow-subjects.

When the evenings are clear, we get a glimpse of the higher peaks of the Himalaya mountains, forty miles distant, and then I feel inspired with a Scotchman's longing to go for a climb. But it is difficult for me to get away from duty on the tableland.

Late in October the gallant Hussars left for England. They marched to the station on foot, leaving their horses for the cavalry regiment that comes to replace them at Umballa. I was sorry to say "good-bye" to as pleasant a set of officers as

one could wish to associate with, and the colonel was pleased to say he regretted I was not going with them.

Colonel A. ruled his regiment with a father's rod—the rod of a stern father who is regarded with respect combined with awe. An accomplished student of Eastern tongues and learned in the lore of local mythology, I had many interesting conversations with him on the customs, beliefs, and ethnology of the huge agglomeration of different races and castes which makes up the many millions comprised in the population of British India.

My experiences are to be further enlarged, as I have orders to proceed to Meerut, one of the prettiest and most favourite stations of the North-West Provinces of Bengal, and a little over a hundred miles south of Umballa.

I have medical charge of a brigade which consists of two batteries of horse and two of field artillery, with three other medical officers to assist in the duties connected with so important a charge.

Meerut is a large station for British and native troops, and society is well represented by the wives and daughters of both civil and military officers.

It was here that the great sepoy mutiny broke out in 1857; and the mutineers in their hundreds, after killing many of their European officers, their wives and children, and firing the officers' houses, made their escape to Delhi, the seat of the Great Mogul's dynasty, where they found refuge within the strong walls of the city. In those days the railway and telegraph did not exist, and the difficulty of moving British troops with celerity in the hot season is very great, so that the mutinous sepoys reached their haven in safety.

There are still evidences of the havoc committed twenty years ago to be seen in the many ruined bungalows that had been occupied by officers and their families, and where deeds of violence and horror had been done by the rebel horde. But these are matters of history which have been related by abler pens than mine.

On this the anniversary of St Andrew's Day 1877, Meerut is clothed with beauty, the air is delightfully cool, the grass and trees are brightly green, and the great profusion of flower-blossoms in the gardens that surround each whitewashed bungalow add their charms to this lovely spot.

For nearly four months onward we can ride or drive in an open carriage with comfort, although a

pith-hat is a necessary precaution against the sun by day. The evenings are cold, and ulsters are brought into requisition, ladies don their seal-skin cloaks, and fur driving-rugs become indispensable.

The drives in the neighbourhood of the cantonments are pretty; the roads are wide, almost as level as a billiard-table, and bordered by tall shady trees. With a pleasant companion seated beside me, I drive my mail-phaeton and pair over long stretches of country, with my two grooms on the seat behind.

An Indian syce or groom never accepts the responsibility of looking after more than one horse, and he must have a grass-cutter to gather provender and assist in the stable. The principle of division of labour is almost universally adopted by the servants of India: the man who looks after the wardrobe and house arrangements declines to wait at table; the table-servant would not demean himself to brush a coat; the washerman sticks to his soap, and the sweeper to his broom! Almost the only exception amongst good servants is the "bheestie" or water-carrier. On field service he is invaluable, always on the alert with his skin-bag full of water, ready to pour over a man struck

down by the sun, or to douche his master with a cool refreshing stream after a hard day's work.

All the denizens of India hail the arrival of the periodical rains with delight. The heavy clouds accumulate and darken the sky for several days towards the end of June, when, all of a sudden, they discharge their pent-up floods, to an accompaniment of vivid flashes of lightning and crashes of thunder, such as one only sees and hears in the tropics.

"The monsoon has broken," is the joyful cry. The much-longed-for rain cools the air and refreshes the parched-up soil. The whole face of nature now becomes radiant with her loveliest smiles, and the hearts of men rejoice with gladness and thankfulness.

When the monsoon broke at Meerut, the rain descended in torrents, and in a few short hours nearly three inches were registered by the pluviometer. The wide and deep brick-faced drains by the roadside were filled to overflowing, and strange to say, small white fish the size of sprats were caught in great quantities in the rushing currents, where fish were not supposed to be. Where these fish came from remained a mystery. The popular idea was that they fell from the clouds with the

rain; and as if to corroborate this idea, the chief magistrate — an Englishman of high culture — showed me one that had been picked up in the centre of his lawn-tennis court! But the tennis court, as I afterwards discovered, had been flooded by a neighbouring conduit, and it is not unlikely that the fish had been brought by the current of rushing water, and left on the lawn when the flood subsided. I could not swallow that gnat, but rested in the conviction that these fish had been swept by the force of the current into the wide drains from one or other of the large open water-tanks that exist in the vicinity, which overflow during these periodical pluvial visitations.

The local head of the medical department of the army having been ordered on the war-path to Afghanistan, I was appointed early in 1878 to officiate as Deputy Surgeon-General of the Meerut division in the North-West Provinces of Bengal during his absence.

The division is a large one, and embraces all the military stations from Chakrāta in the Himalayas to Agra, the ancient and most favourite of the many seats owned by the early Mogul emperors.

One important part of my duty was to make

periodical sanitary inspections of the barracks and hospitals at the various stations in the command, and to report upon any details of alterations, or improvements in structure or organisation, that might be required. In this way I saw much of the country, and some cities of note, which I might not otherwise have had an opportunity of visiting.

I began my tour with Delhi, where I was greatly interested by the relics of the past and faded glory of the Great Mogul dynasty, and the few remaining evidences of the siege by British troops against the sepoy mutineers in 1857, which resulted in the capture of the city and the downfall of the Mogul empire.

Within the walls of the city, which are seven miles in circuit, stands the ancient palace of the kings, protected on three sides by a wall of red stone forty feet high; and with the palace buildings, which form the fourth side, overlooking and flanked by the river, the enclosure has a circuit of more than a mile.

This large enclosed space was doubtless the scene of many a triumphal return from the ancient wars, and many a feast of wanton revelry, when the success of the conquerors was glorified in the eyes of the multitude by the number of the cap-

tives, who were frequently put to death after having to undergo indescribable tortures in public. The palace is now occupied by our troops, but there are still many interesting remains to be seen of the luxury and splendour with which the conquerors of Eastern India loved to surround themselves.

Many of those relics of ancient splendour have been swept away by the hand of modern improvement to make room for the plain structures that have been erected and adapted to the requirements of the British soldier of the present era.

There is still to be seen the "Hall of Justice," built of white marble, the walls inlaid with coloured scroll-work, and flowers in precious stones, to imitate nature. And here still stands the peacock throne, facing the entrance of open graceful arches, which are supported on slender marble pillars. The throne of white marble is there, but the peacocks, with eyes of diamond and jewel-bespangled plumage, are gone—reft by the hand of the spoiler!

The justice administered in this gorgeous hall may have been open to question, though it was meted out and accepted without thought of appeal. The king on his throne, with the officers of state, councillors, and scribes on bended knees around him, and the litigants with their friends in front of the open

hall, seem to revive a savour of patriarchal days, when justice was dispensed in the open air, with a tree for a canopy instead of a marble roof.

A wide staircase at one end of the hall leads up to the flat top, on which there is a gracefully shaped balcony of white marble, with an oblong vaulted roof supported by slender columns of the same material. The panels between the divisions of the parapet wall in front, are thin slabs of marble pierced with the most delicate patterns, in imitation of fine lace. The parapet is just of sufficient height to rest the elbows upon the top of it, while standing to enjoy the widely extended view of city, river, and plain, the latter stretching away to the far horizon until it is lost in the misty accumulation of ethereal vapour. From this balcony we had a fine bird's-eye view of a great part of the city, which lay below like an outspread map, with the broad waters of the Jumna in the middle distance.

All the wider thoroughfares of the city are shaded by large spreading trees of great age, which afford a grateful protection from the hot sun. Gardens of gay flowers, and open spaces covered with turf of an emerald green, break the monotony of the rows of flat-roofed houses, and add materially to the comfort of their occupants.

On both sides of the wide street known as the Chandni Chouk, or silver street, are to be found the establishments of the principal merchants and craftsmen, where the products of the East and West are offered for sale. Here may be had the tinned meats and bottled beer of Europe, gossamer webs from the looms of Cashmere, rare jewels from the mines of Yarkund and Cashgār, silks and embroideries in gold and silver from Benares, and other Eastern luxuries in all their varied forms.

Amongst other fine arts practised in Delhi, that of painting on ivory in water-colours takes a prominent place. One of the largest and best of the studios was my favourite haunt when on a visit to the city. It was perfectly marvellous to see the men at work reducing a large photograph of one of the famous buildings of other days, on a piece of ivory about the size of a florin, or even less. Every minute detail of the elaborate structure, every gradation of light and shade, were faithfully reproduced in miniature. They not only work in black and white, but also in colours, with equal skill and dexterity, and it was perfectly amazing not only to watch their nimble fingers at work, but to see and admire the completion of these little gems of artistic skill. It is purely mechanical work, this copy-

ing of photographs, but the results were none the less wonderfully pleasing and correct. In addition to views, they paint miniatures of native princes, rājahs, rānees, and heroes who have made their names celebrated in the history of their country, or whose memory is still revered for their good deeds. Well-painted portraits of Runjeet Singh, the lion of the Punjāb, of Holkār, of Scindhia, and many more, clothed in all the bravery of oriental splendour and magnificent jewellery, may be had here for a few rupees. But it is sad to see most of the best of these patient artists using spectacles of high power; the concentration of vision required by the minuteness of their work soon weakens their sight, and sometimes *that* ends in total darkness.

There are gold and silver smiths in profusion, but their prices are exorbitant; and if you wish anything copied in the precious metals, come with me down this narrow and rather dirty side street, to the small shop of a working jeweller. It is small and unpretentious, without glitter of gold or gems—only the few tools of his trade, and some scraps of the metal he may be working with, on his bench. But he is a good, and what is more, an honest workman, who will produce a *replica* of any metal ornament you may desire — cut or polish

a rough gem, and set it in any way you may wish.

One day I bought a large carbuncle from a Cashgār travelling merchant in its rough state, and took it to my native friend to have it polished and shaped like an egg. It proved a hard task for him, as the stone was "bohut dūr," very hard, as he said; but eventually he reduced it to the size and shape of an egg larger than a pigeon's, with a good smooth surface, for which he only charged one rupee—about two shillings! Lapidary work was not quite his *forte*, but he was so obliging that if he could not do what you asked of him, he would find some one else who could.

The strong walls of the city were well hammered by our artillery at the siege, and visible signs of the struggle against the rebel sepoys still exist. At the Cashmere gate, where the chief assault by our troops took place, the *fosse* is partially filled with the ruins of the great breach that was made by the skill and intrepidity of the Engineer officer who laid the mine, and who, unfortunately, was "hoist with his own petard." On the ridge opposite this gate, where the British force was encamped, and almost nightly assailed by the rebels, only a few remnants of their siege-works

are to be seen. The whole of the ground occupied by our avenging army has been converted into a large, or rather a series of large public gardens, beautifully laid out, with broad paths intersecting the green clumps of shrubs and flowering plants that grow so freely under a tropical sky. The clang and roar of battle have happily passed away, and now the air is redolent of perfume other than that of sulphur, and ringing with the music of children's laughter as they disport themselves at play amongst the flowery glades which erstwhile formed the scenes of many a struggle for the supremacy of right against wrong.

"The Jumma Musjid," or Grand Mosque, in the city has a commanding appearance. The huge building stands on an eminence, partly natural and in other parts raised artificially to form a level base for the superstructure. The main entrance is approached by a flight of some hundred and odd broad steps. With its high walls of dark-red stone, surmounted by an immense white marble dome, and supported at the four corners of the platform on which the building stands by tall minarets pointing heavenwards, it is a noble specimen of old Eastern architecture, and worthy of being dedicated to a higher worship than that

of Mohammed—the Mussulman's mediator between Allah and the true believer in the prophet of Islam. This mosque was built by Shah Jehān, who reigned more than two hundred and fifty years ago, and its construction occupied six years of his reign. It was partially destroyed by the fire from our guns during the siege in 1857, but was recently repaired by the Government of India.

The city of Delhi covers an immense area, and it may easily be understood that many places of interest had to be left for exploration after my present short visit.

Continuing my tour I arrived at Agra, 136 miles by rail from Delhi. Agra covers more ground than Delhi; it is much more straggling, and occupies about eleven square miles of the plain, on the banks of the Jumna.

The large and strong fort with its massive walls, which would comfortably embrace two Edinburgh Castles, and probably one of Stirling in addition, dates from the time of Akbar Khān, who wielded his powerful sway and conquering sword from 1558, in the halcyon days of Mary Queen of Scots, to 1605, when he was succeeded by his son Selim, who died in 1627 and left the vacant throne to his son Shah Jehān.

Within the limits of the almost impregnable walls of the Agra fort are the marble palace and Hall of Audience of Shah Jehān. They are magnificent in all the beautiful proportions and details of their structure. The white marble is, or had been, inlaid with precious stones, whose vacant places now reveal the handiwork of the iconoclast. But there still remain many beautiful evidences of what it must have been in the past—in the mosaics that the spoiler could not remove from the walls; or it may be that, after the diamonds and emeralds he had secured, the lapis-lazuli, cornelians, and malachite, of which the mosaic flowers are chiefly composed, were utterly beneath his notice.

The Great Mosque, also inside the fort, is a beautiful building of white marble, though it cannot compare with the surpassing architectural beauty of the "Moti Musjid," or pearl mosque, an appanage of the palace, also raised under the auspices of that prince of monumental creations—the Emperor Shah Jehān. Seen from the river the globular dome of the pearl mosque, rising boldly above the high ramparts, has all the resplendent beauty of the veritable gem as it glistens in the rays of the evening sun.

A short drive of about a mile takes us to a magnificent gateway of white marble, from which extends a long and wide tank of water, with little jets at short intervals down the centre throwing up their tiny sprays with refreshing coolness; bordered on either hand by tall oleanders, white and pink, and roses such as you may dream of but never see—with many other beautiful flowering shrubs, glowing in all the rich luxuriance of Eastern foliage and flower. We pass through this scene of beauty, beyond a clump of tall umbrageous trees, when there suddenly bursts upon our delighted vision the most magnificent spectacle I have yet seen in this land of wonders—the Tāj Mahāl! or "crown of empires." This is probably the most extraordinary and beautiful mausoleum in the world. Inspired by the genius of Shah Jehān, artists in mosaic-work from Italy and a celebrated Italian architect completed this gorgeous sepulchre, in the construction of which 20,000 men were employed incessantly for twenty-two years. It is constructed of or overlaid with white marble, within and without. But it is impossible to find words that would convey an adequate idea of the rare beauty and the varied design displayed in the tracery of the delicate mosaic-work in the sepul-

chral apartment; and the glowing dome is admirable beyond description—admirable alike for its great size and beautiful proportions. The sides and lintel of the great doorway are also inlaid, though not so richly as the tombs in the vault underneath the marble floor.

The central dome of this magnificent building is seventy feet in diameter, and the great walls of the structure, of some sixty feet in height, are surmounted by many graceful turrets, while tall minarets raise their lofty coronets on high at each corner of the square basement, from which the fairy-like structure springs upwards towards the bright zenith of the azure firmament.

The surrounding gardens are extensive and beautifully arranged; and in them the youth, beauty, and fashion of European Agra assemble when the brilliant moon is at its full, to enjoy the delights of fairyland with an accompaniment of music from a military band. On such occasions the "crown of empires" stands out resplendent in its virgin purity of white marble, bathed in the borrowed glory of refulgent night which is reflected on the waters of the Jumna, gliding far below the stately terraces and pinnacles of man's creation.

I may mention that this magnificent mausoleum

was erected by order of the Emperor Shah Jehān for the reception of the remains of himself and his favourite wife, Mumtaz Mahāl — "star of the empire"; and that over their tombs is suspended, from the vault of the lofty dome overhead, the large ovoid shell of an ostrich-egg—an Eastern symbol of eternity.

In one of the suburbs of the city, contiguous to the European barracks, several important industries are carried on by native artisans.

There are some large manufactories of leather-ware, such as shoes, slippers, harness, &c., all of which are produced in great quantities and are of good quality.

Workers in the common metals are numerous, and from them may be had neat and useful articles in brass, electro-plated with silver — telescopic drinking-cups, shoe-horns with button-hook attachment, combination pipe stoppers and pickers, portable candlesticks, and many others of like nature.

Perhaps the most interesting work that is carried on here is that of the worker in mosaics, similar to those with which the Taj and other buildings are decorated. The practice of this beautiful art has been handed down from generation to gener-

ation in hereditary succession since the days of Shah Jehān, who introduced it from Italy; and the native races, who are adepts at imitation, soon made themselves masters of the art. In these days they produce most beautiful inlaid work, not unworthy of a Roman studio.

Yet the tools with which these men work are of the most primitive description; the lathes especially seem to have descended as heirlooms together with the acquired knowledge of the mosaic art. Nevertheless, with these rude machines they divide into thin slices, and shape into the forms of petal, leaf, and stem, the hard crystals of the cornelian, agate, amethyst, lapis-lazuli, and many others, in the most artistic manner. The delicate morsels are then transferred to the beds prepared for them—chipped out of the hard marble—and arranged in all the beautiful gradation of tints with which nature loves to adorn her choicest flowers.

But as the policeman says, we must "move on."

Midway between Agra and Delhi, on my return, I leave the railway at the nearest station on the line for Fateguth—only seventy-two miles away to the right—and the distance has to be traversed in a four-wheeled cab, drawn by two ponies, which

are changed for fresh ones at intervals of about ten miles.

The conveyance has sliding-doors at each side, and, instead of seats, a boarded floor on which mattress and bedding are laid. No one travels in India without bedding and toilet apparatus, except "griffins," as new arrivals in the country are dubbed.

The journey lasted from 10 P.M. till 10.30 A.M., but the stiff springs of the carriage, and the frequent changes of ponies, sadly interfered with the night's repose.

After completing my inspection, I left at 4 P.M. the same day, in order to get the early train for Meerut.

Travelling by night through a semi-civilised country, where one risks being put aside for ever by some stray "budmash"—evil character—was a new and strange experience. But one gets accustomed to strange places as well as to strange bedfellows.

As the sun was dipping towards the horizon, my carriage suddenly stopped, the driver appeared at the door holding his hands in front of him, palms together, and in tones of entreaty asked the "lord sahib's" permission to stop for a little. Permis-

sion was granted, and as he turned away, I at once secured the sliding-doors on one side of the carriage, unsheathed my sword, and with my loaded revolver in hand awaited events. What did eventuate was this,—the driver produced a small carpet, which he spread a little way from the roadside, knelt down with his face to the setting sun, and said his prayers. He remounted and drove on, let us hope comforted in spirit, as I was relieved from a possible attack by robbers on a lonely road.

# IN THE HIMALAYAS.

The week before Christmas 1878, I journeyed along a part of the erests of the higher Himalayas.

On my way, I looked in upon Roorkee, the head-quarters of the Royal Engineers, where there is a large and exeellent institute for the praetieal training of students in eivil and military engineering.

The students eomprise both Europeans and natives. Many of the latter attain great profieiency in drawing plans for military works and buildings, and they had all undergone a seholastie training at one or other of the many eolleges whieh exist throughout India, previons to passing the matrieulation test for entry to the institute here.

Another night-drive of thirty miles from the nearest station on the railway took me to my destination; but as the way was rough and hilly, the sun had risen high in the heavens ere I arrived.

The remainder of the day was devoted to the work of inspection, and being weary of night-travelling, I rested till next morning, when I renewed my progress by carriage-and-pair, until I reached the beginning of a pass over one of the lower hill-ranges. Here the ponies were unharnessed, and I was degraded to the services of a pair of bullocks, which crawled slowly upwards to the crest and a little way beyond. A single horse now took the place of the bullocks, till I reached the level at the foot of the slope, when two fresh steeds carried me along till the ground began to rise, where a third was added, and thus I was driven, unicorn fashion, to the hotel at the foot of the ascent to the higher ranges of the towering Himalayas.

Although the distance from Roorkee is only forty-nine miles, it was a rough and tiresome journey, and I halted for the night before commencing the climb up the steep gradients that lead to Mussoorie, nearly 6000 feet nearer the sky.

The morning sun was bright and not too hot as I mounted my hired steed—carriages, I am glad to say, have to be abandoned here—and proceeded with a boy-guide up the steep acclivity. The road was rough in many places, and I was often fain to

grasp the pony's mane to avoid slipping backwards over his tail, to which my guide hung on like a man.

Two hours of rough and sometimes perilous riding brought me to the door of the Himalaya hotel at Mussoorie; but my baggage, borne on the backs of three coolies in charge of my servant, did not arrive till the day was too far spent to venture farther into the mountains.

On making inquiry, I discovered that there was not a pony to be had for hire; they had all been removed to the plains on the departure of the season's visitors, who had also left for their homes. The only other means wherewith to prosecute my onward march was a "jāmpān." This is a long, low armed-chair, with a canopy overhead for protection against the sun's rays. The chair is supported by a long pliant pole fixed at each side, the ends of which rest on the shoulders of four hill-men, and in this I reclined on my passage through the hills—like Napoleon crossing the Alps.

Four additional men, to act as relieving bearers, and another to carry my bedding and changes of clothing, completed my party, my servant being left at the hotel, in charge of my baggage. In utter ignorance of the route, I placed myself at the

mercy of these mountaineers, and commenced my pilgrimage at 10 A.M.

Our first halting-place was twenty miles distant, at a traveller's bungalow, or rest-house, near the top of a pass, 7000 feet above the sea. Here I arrived, with thankful heart, at 4 P.M., as I had felt in almost constant peril of my life throughout the journey.

The road, which is from four to five feet wide, has been scarped out of the mountain-sides, and follows their indentations, overlooking on the right hand awful abysses many hundreds of feet in depth. The hill bearers invariably walk close to the outside edge of the road, farthest from the hill side, so that, for the greater part of the way, one half of my chair was hanging over the precipice. How I loathed it!

Another unpleasant habit of these bearers is to relieve each other or to shift the pole from one shoulder to the opposite at the most dangerous places. I tried to shut my eyes, or fix them on my book, but the experiment was a failure. The scenery was too grand to miss, and I was carried forward shuddering—trying to sit as tight as I could.

The object of the bearers in keeping so near the

edge of the precipice is to avoid the fall of stones from the hillside above, which are often dislodged by goats or other animals grazing, and fall with considerable force on the road below. In some places where the precipice yields to a gentle slope downwards, they still keep as far away from the hillside as the breadth of the road will permit, to favour their possible escape from the spring of a leopard or the hug of a bear, which occasionally appear upon the scene.

On arriving at the elevated hotel, I asked the native caretaker in Hindustani if I could have dinner.

"Yes, my lord," he replied in the same tongue.

"Beefsteak ?" I asked.

"Beefeesteak !—nay, your highness."

"Then, mutton-chop ?"

"Muttonee-chop !—nay, prince, muttonee-chop, nay."

"What can I have ?"

"Moorghee, protector of the poor !"

And that was all he had—the everlasting chicken, which is to be found at every rest-house throughout the length and breadth of the land, and rarely anything besides. While enjoying the luxury of a bath I heard my prospective dinner cackling all

round the house, chased by an infuriated cook, who soon transferred it to the table, in the shape of chicken cutlets.

Fortunately I had with me some tins of soup; so I dined, and afterwards reclined on a long armed-chair, placed in the verandah, to enjoy a cheroot and a distant view of the snowy range. The serrated outline of this range of mountains, covered with perpetual snow, stood boldly out against the sky, beautifully tinted in roseate hues by the departing rays of the evening sun; while lower down, faint blue shadows deepened into darkest shades of indigo, behind the crests of a nearer range of these mighty mountains.

There was nothing to be had in this mountain solitude for breakfast next morning but undrinkable tea, which was placed on the table with an air worthy of a Parisian waiter. The table-cloth had *once* been white, and it was garnished with all the available cutlery and crockery of the establishment. But such garnishing does not satisfy even a moderate appetite, and mine having been whetted by the mountain air, I satisfied its immediate cravings with a slice of Bologna sausage and biscuits I had taken the precaution to bring with me.

Then onwards for twenty-nine miles more, over

the top of the pass to the other side of the hills, where the slope downwards to the depths below was not so abrupt, but still sufficiently eerie in certain places to make one quake with the dread of a possible slip by one of the bearers, and a roll down the declivity.

The scenery through which we passed was grand beyond description. Immensity of height was strangely contrasted by the terrific depth of the yawning gorges that separate range from range of these gigantic peaks.

Here and there we crossed, by a slender bridge, a rushing, roaring stream, that bounded over and around enormous masses of tumbled rock with angry impetuosity, until it was lost in the nether darkness that is rarely penetrated by a ray of sunlight.

Groups of indigenous trees appeared at intervals, insignificant in size as compared with the giants that raise their leaf-crowned heads from the deep ravines in the mountain-sides, all tangled as they are with the thick arms of enormous creepers that embrace them as with the coils of a family of boa-constrictors. These tree-groups are the haunts of the jackal and mountain-cat, as well as others of the smaller predatory animals that play sad havoc amongst the hen-roosts of civilisation.

It was not until 5.30 P.M. that I surmounted the perils by the way, and reached in safety the hill-station of Chakrāta, where I received a hospitable welcome from the officers of the regiment quartered there.

The following day was devoted to inspecting the station and selecting sickly men who were to be sent home for change of climate.

Another morning broke on my return over the same ground, to encounter similar perils. Christmas-eve was passed at the elevated bungalow in solitary state, with another moorghee for dinner; this time roast, and tough.

Farewell, mine host of the Hotel Moorghee!

Amidst a profusion of low salāams, I took my departure at an early hour next morning, and arrived at the more hospitable Himalaya Hotel, Mussoorie, at 4 P.M. on Christmas-day, having passed an uncomfortable week on the upper ridges of this magnificent chain of mountains, which rises like a mighty wall of separation between India and Thibet, and extends over more than fifteen degrees of longitude.

At my lonely Christmas dinner I quaffed a modest glass to the health of absent friends. On the next day I rode down the hill, rejoicing that

I had escaped a snowstorm, which would have greatly impeded or altogether prevented my journey over such dangerous ground.

Another night was passed in a jolting carriage, to enable me to catch an early train, which conveyed me in safety to my home at Meerut, where for the present I hope to remain.

And here I did remain throughout four hot seasons, during which there was much sickness, that entailed my constant presence, as two of my officers were struck off duty from illness, and their burden of work fell on my shoulders.

In August 1881 it became my turn to fall ill, and the officer next senior to me assembled a board of medical officers, who ordered me to proceed without delay to Simla for change of climate. Having been without sleep for several days, the journey was a severe tax on my exhausted powers, and the jolting of the springless cart along the rough mountain-roads on a very hot day, proved too much for weak humanity. On reaching the last stage, a few hundred yards from the hotel at Simla, I proceeded to walk up the gentle slope.

After taking a few steps, I suddenly felt myself gliding along a stream of brilliant silvery light,

into the utter darkness of oblivion, struck down by heat-apoplexy. After seven hours of complete insensibility to all my surroundings, I opened my eyes on a group of anxious faces, all of whom were strange to me, and it gradually began to dawn upon my enfeebled brain that I was in another world.

After regaining consciousness, I learned that I had been carried to the hotel, stripped, and packed in ice, within the folds of a large water-proof sheet.

It was a narrow escape, but people were very kind, and kept me constantly supplied with little delicacies, throughout a convalescence which was rather prolonged.

My leave of absence was extended, and I eventually regained my usual strength in the bracing air and genial surroundings of the capital of Indian society in the upper Himalayas.

As I was not permitted to return to duty in the plains, I spent many pleasant weeks in this charming climate, where visitors enjoy all the social amusements of life at home.

My last Indian experience has become a lifelong dream—one never to be forgotten.

Now I appear in a new *rôle*, that of an invalided

officer, unfit for further service in India, to which I said a final farewell in March 1882.

I close my record with feelings of deepest gratitude to kind friends who ministered to my necessities, and to the benign Providence which has hitherto so graciously overruled my destinies.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY OF NEW YORK.

THE END.

PRINTED BY WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS.

# CATALOGUE

OF

# MESSRS BLACKWOOD & SONS'

# PUBLICATIONS.

# PHILOSOPHICAL CLASSICS FOR ENGLISH READERS

EDITED BY WILLIAM KNIGHT, LL.D.,

Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of St Andrews.

In crown 8vo Volumes, with Portraits, price 3s. 6d.

*Now ready—*

1. **Descartes.** By Professor MAHAFFY, Dublin.
2. **Butler.** By Rev. W. LUCAS COLLINS, M.A.
3. **Berkeley.** By Professor CAMPBELL FRASER, Edinburgh.
4. **Fichte.** By Professor ADAMSON, Owens College, Manchester.
5. **Kant.** By Professor WALLACE, Oxford.
6. **Hamilton.** By Professor VEITCH, Glasgow.
7. **Hegel.** By Professor EDWARD CAIRD, Glasgow.
8. **Leibniz.** By J. THEODORE MERZ.
9. **Vico.** By Professor FLINT, Edinburgh.
10. **Hobbes.** By Professor CROOM ROBERTSON, London.
11. **Hume.** By the Editor.

*In preparation—*

SPINOZA. By the Very Rev. Principal Caird, Glasgow. [*Immediately.*

BACON. By Professor Nichol, Glasgow.

# FOREIGN CLASSICS FOR ENGLISH READERS.

EDITED BY MRS OLIPHANT.

In crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

CONTENTS.

DANTE. By the Editor.
VOLTAIRE. By Lieut.-General Sir E. B. Hamley, K.C.B.
PASCAL. By Principal Tulloch.
PETRARCH. By Henry Reeve, C.B.
GOETHE. By A. Hayward, Q.C.
MOLIÈRE. By the Editor and F. Tarver, M.A.
MONTAIGNE. By Rev. W. L. Collins, M.A.
RABELAIS. By Walter Besant, M.A.
CALDERON. By E. J. Hasell.
SAINT SIMON. By Clifton W. Collins, M.A.
CERVANTES. By the Editor.
CORNEILLE AND RACINE. By Henry M. Trollope.
MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ. By Miss Thackeray.
LA FONTAINE, AND OTHER FRENCH FABULISTS. By Rev. W. Lucas Collins, M.A.
SCHILLER By James Sime, M.A., Author of 'Lessing: his Life and Writings.'
TASSO. By E. J. Hasell.
ROUSSEAU. By Henry Grey Graham.

NOW COMPLETE.

# ANCIENT CLASSICS FOR ENGLISH READERS.

EDITED BY THE REV. W. LUCAS COLLINS, M.A.

Complete in 28 Vols. crown 8vo, cloth, price 2s. 6d. each. And may also be had in 14 Volumes, strongly and neatly bound, with calf or vellum back, £3, 10s.

*Saturday Review.*—"It is difficult to estimate too highly the value of such a series as this in giving 'English readers' an insight, exact as far as it goes, into those olden times which are so remote and yet to many of us so close."

# CATALOGUE

OF

# MESSRS BLACKWOOD & SONS'

# *PUBLICATIONS.*

ALISON. History of Europe. By Sir ARCHIBALD ALISON, Bart., D.C.L.

1. From the Commencement of the French Revolution to the Battle of Waterloo.
   LIBRARY EDITION, 14 vols., with Portraits. Demy 8vo, £10, 10s.
   ANOTHER EDITION, in 20 vols. crown 8vo, £6.
   PEOPLE'S EDITION, 13 vols. crown 8vo, £2, 11s.
2. Continuation to the Accession of Louis Napoleon.
   LIBRARY EDITION, 8 vols. 8vo, £6, 7s. 6d.
   PEOPLE'S EDITION, 8 vols. crown 8vo, 34s.
3. Epitome of Alison's History of Europe. Twenty-ninth Thousand, 7s. 6d.
4. Atlas to Alison's History of Europe. By A. Keith Johnston.
   LIBRARY EDITION, demy 4to, £3, 3s.
   PEOPLE'S EDITION, 31s. 6d.

——— Life of John Duke of Marlborough. With some Account of his Contemporaries, and of the War of the Succession. Third Edition, 2 vols. 8vo. Portraits and Maps, 30s.

——— Essays: Historical, Political, and Miscellaneous. 3 vols. demy 8vo, 45s.

AIRD. Poetical Works of Thomas Aird. Fifth Edition, with Memoir of the Author by the Rev. JARDINE WALLACE, and Portrait, Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

ALLARDYCE. The City of Sunshine. By ALEXANDER ALLARDYCE. Three vols. post 8vo, £1, 5s. 6d.

——— Memoir of the Honourable George Keith Elphinstone, K.B., Viscount Keith of Stonehaven Marischal, Admiral of the Red. 8vo, with Portrait, Illustrations, and Maps, 21s.

ALMOND. Sermons by a Lay Head-master. By HELY HUTCHINSON ALMOND, M.A. Oxon., Head-master of Loretto School. Crown 8vo, 5s.

ANCIENT CLASSICS FOR ENGLISH READERS. Edited by Rev. W. LUCAS COLLINS, M.A. Complete in 28 vols., cloth, 2s. 6d. each; or in 14 vols., tastefully bound, with calf or vellum back, £3, 10s.

*Contents of the Series.*

HOMER: THE ILIAD, by the Editor.—HOMER: THE ODYSSEY, by the Editor.—HERODOTUS, by George C. Swayne, M.A.—XENOPHON, by Sir Alexander Grant, Bart., LL.D. EURIPIDES, by W. B. Donne.—ARISTOPHANES, by the Editor.—PLATO, by Clifton W. Collins, M.A.—LUCIAN, by the Editor.—ÆSCHYLUS, by the Right Rev. the Bishop of Colombo.—SOPHOCLES, by Clifton W. Collins, M.A.—HESIOD AND THEOGNIS, by the Rev. J. Davies, M.A.—GREEK ANTHOLOGY, by Lord Neaves.—VIRGIL, by the Editor. —HORACE, by Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B.—JUVENAL, by Edward Walford, M.A.—PLAUTUS AND TERENCE, by the Editor.—THE COMMENTARIES OF CÆSAR, by Anthony Trollope.—TACITUS, by W. B. Donne.—CICERO, by the Editor.—PLINY'S LETTERS, by the Rev. Alfred Church, M.A., and the Rev. W. J. Brodribb, M.A.—LIVY, by the Editor.—OVID, by the Rev. A. Church, M.A.—CATULLUS, TIBULLUS, AND PROPERTIUS, by the Rev. Jas. Davies, M.A.—DEMOSTHENES, by the Rev. W. J. Brodribb, M.A.—ARISTOTLE, by Sir Alexander Grant, Bart., LL.D.—THUCYDIDES, by the Editor.—LUCRETIUS, by W. H. Mallock, M.A.—PINDAR, by the Rev. F. D. Morice, M.A.

AYLWARD. The Transvaal of To-day: War, Witchcraft, Sports, and Spoils in South Africa. By ALFRED AYLWARD, Commandant, Transvaal Republic. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

AYTOUN. Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers, and other Poems. By W. EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN, D.C.L., Professor of Rhetoric and Belles-Lettres in the University of Edinburgh. Cheap Edition, printed from a new type, and tastefully bound. Fcap. 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Another Edition, being the Thirtieth. Fcap. 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

——— An Illustrated Edition of the Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers. From designs by Sir NOEL PATON. Small 4to, 21s., in gilt cloth.

——— Bothwell: a Poem. Third Edition. Fcap., 7s. 6d.

——— Poems and Ballads of Goethe. Translated by Professor AYTOUN and Sir THEODORE MARTIN, K.C.B. Third Edition. Fcap., 6s.

——— Bon Gaultier's Book of Ballads. By the SAME. Fourteenth and Cheaper Edition. With Illustrations by Doyle, Leech, and Crowquill. Fcap. 8vo, 5s.

——— The Ballads of Scotland. Edited by Professor AYTOUN. Fourth Edition. 2 vols. fcap. 8vo, 12s.

——— Memoir of William E. Aytoun, D.C.L. By Sir THEODORE MARTIN, K.C.B. With Portrait. Post 8vo, 12s.

BACH. On Musical Education and Vocal Culture. By ALBERT B. BACH. Fourth Edition. 8vo, 7s. 6d.

——— The Principles of Singing. A Practical Guide for Vocalists and Teachers. With Course of Vocal Exercises. Crown 8vo, 6s.

——— The Art of Singing. With Musical Exercises for Young People. Crown 8vo, 3s.

BALCH. Zorah: A Love-Tale of Modern Egypt. By ELISABETH BALCH (D.T.S.) Post 8vo, 7s. 6d.

BALLADS AND POEMS. By MEMBERS OF THE GLASGOW BALLAD CLUB. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

BANNATYNE. Handbook of Republican Institutions in the United States of America. Based upon Federal and State Laws, and other reliable sources of information. By DUGALD J. BANNATYNE, Scotch Solicitor, New York; Member of the Faculty of Procurators, Glasgow. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

BEDFORD. The Regulations of the Old Hospital of the Knights of St John at Valetta. From a Copy Printed at Rome, and preserved in the Archives of Malta; with a Translation, Introduction, and Notes Explanatory of the Hospital Work of the Order. By the Rev. W. K. R. BEDFORD, one of the Chaplains of the Order of St John in England. Royal 8vo, with Frontispiece, Plans, &c., 7s. 6d.

BELLAIRS. The Transvaal War, 1880-81. Edited by Lady BELLAIRS. With a Frontispiece and Map. 8vo, 15s.

——— Gossips with Girls and Maidens, Betrothed and Free. Crown 8vo, 5s.

BESANT. The Revolt of Man. By WALTER BESANT, M.A. Eighth Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

——— Readings in Rabelais. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

BEVERIDGE. Culross and Tulliallan; or Perthshire on Forth. Its History and Antiquities. With Elucidations of Scottish Life and Character from the Burgh and Kirk-Session Records of that District. By DAVID BEVERIDGE. 2 vols. 8vo, with Illustrations, 42s.

BLACKIE. Lays and Legends of Ancient Greece. By JOHN STUART BLACKIE, Emeritus Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh. Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

——— The Wisdom of Goethe. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, extra gilt, 6s.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, from Commencement in 1817 to June 1887. Nos. 1 to 860, forming 140 Volumes.

——— Index to Blackwood's Magazine. Vols. 1 to 50. 8vo, 15s.

——— Tales from Blackwood. Forming Twelve Volumes of Interesting and Amusing Railway Reading. Price One Shilling each, in Paper Cover. Sold separately at all Railway Bookstalls.

They may also be had bound in cloth, 18s., and in half calf, richly gilt, 30s. Or 12 volumes in 6, Roxburghe, 21s., and half red morocco, 28s.

——— Tales from Blackwood. New Series. Complete in Twenty-four Shilling Parts. Handsomely bound in 12 vols., cloth, 30s. In leather back, Roxburghe style, 37s. 6d. In half calf, gilt, 52s. 6d. In half morocco, 55s.

——— Standard Novels. Uniform in size and legibly Printed. Each Novel complete in one volume.

*FLORIN SERIES*, Illustrated Boards. Or in Cloth Boards, 2s. 6d.

TOM CRINGLE'S LOG. By Michael Scott.
THE CRUISE OF THE MIDGE. By the Same.
CYRIL THORNTON. By Captain Hamilton.
ANNALS OF THE PARISH. By John Galt.
THE PROVOST, &c. By John Galt.
SIR ANDREW WYLIE. By John Galt.
THE ENTAIL. By John Galt.
MISS MOLLY. By Beatrice May Butt.
REGINALD DALTON. By J. G. Lockhart.
PEN OWEN. By Dean Hook.
ADAM BLAIR. By J. G. Lockhart.
LADY LEE'S WIDOWHOOD. By General Sir E. B. Hamley.
SALEM CHAPEL. By Mrs Oliphant.
THE PERPETUAL CURATE. By Mrs Oliphant.
MISS MARJORIBANKS. By Mrs Oliphant.
JOHN: A Love Story. By Mrs Oliphant.

*SHILLING SERIES*, Illustrated Cover. Or in Cloth Boards, 1s. 6d.

THE RECTOR, and THE DOCTOR'S FAMILY. By Mrs Oliphant.
THE LIFE OF MANSIE WAUCH. By D. M. Moir.
PENINSULAR SCENES AND SKETCHES. By F. Hardman.
SIR FRIZZLE PUMPKIN, NIGHTS AT MESS, &c.
THE SUBALTERN.
LIFE IN THE FAR WEST. By G. F. Ruxton.
VALERIUS: A Roman Story. By J. G. Lockhart.

BLACKMORE. The Maid of Sker. By R. D. BLACKMORE, Author of 'Lorna Doone,' &c. New Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

BLAIR. History of the Catholic Church of Scotland. From the Introduction of Christianity to the Present Day. By ALPHONS BELLESHEIM, D.D., Canon of Aix-la-Chapelle. Translated, with Notes and Additions, by D. OSWALD HUNTER BLAIR, O.S.B., Monk of Fort Augustus. To be completed in 4 vols. 8vo. Vols. I and II. 25s.

BOSCOBEL TRACTS. Relating to the Escape of Charles the Second after the Battle of Worcester, and his subsequent Adventures. Edited by J. HUGHES, Esq., A.M. A New Edition, with additional Notes and Illustrations, including Communications from the Rev. R. H. BARHAM, Author of the 'Ingoldsby Legends.' 8vo, with Engravings, 16s.

BROOKE, Life of Sir James, Rajah of Sarāwak. From his Personal Papers and Correspondence. By SPENSER ST JOHN, H.M.'s Minister-Resident and Consul-General Peruvian Republic; formerly Secretary to the Rajah. With Portrait and a Map. Post 8vo, 12s. 6d.

BROUGHAM. Memoirs of the Life and Times of Henry Lord Brougham. Written by HIMSELF. 3 vols. 8vo, £2, 8s. The Volumes are sold separately, price 16s. each.

BROWN. The Forester: A Practical Treatise on the Planting, Rearing, and General Management of Forest-trees. By JAMES BROWN, LL.D. Inspector of and Reporter on Woods and Forests, Benmore House, Port Elgin Ontario. Fifth Edition, revised and enlarged. Royal 8vo, with Engravings. 36s.

BROWN. The Ethics of George Eliot's Works. By JOHN CROMBIE BROWN. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

BROWN. A Manual of Botany, Anatomical and Physiological. For the Use of Students. By ROBERT BROWN, M.A., Ph.D. Crown 8vo, with numerous Illustrations, 12s. 6d.

BUCHAN. Introductory Text-Book of Meteorology. By ALEXANDER BUCHAN, M.A., F.R.S.E., Secretary of the Scottish Meteorological Society, &c. Crown 8vo, with 8 Coloured Charts and other Engravings, pp. 218. 4s. 6d.

BUCHANAN. The Shirè Highlands (East Central Africa). By JOHN BUCHANAN, Planter at Zomba. Crown 8vo, 5s.

BURBIDGE. Domestic Floriculture, Window Gardening, and Floral Decorations. Being practical directions for the Propagation, Culture, and Arrangement of Plants and Flowers as Domestic Ornaments. By F. W. BURBIDGE. Seeond Edition. Crown 8vo, with numerous Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

——— Cultivated Plants: Their Propagation and Improvement. Including Natural and Artificial Hybridisation, Raising from Seed, Cuttings, and Layers, Grafting and Budding, as applied to the Families and Geuera in Cultivation. Crown 8vo, with numerous Illustrations, 12s. 6d.

BURTON. The History of Scotland: From Agricola's Invasion to the Extinction of the last Jacobite Insurrection. By JOHN HILL BURTON, D.C.L., Historiographer-Royal for Scotland. New and Eularged Edition, 8 vols., and Iudex. Crown 8vo, £3, 3s.

——— History of the British Empire during the Reign of Queen Anne. In 3 vols. 8vo. 36s.

——— The Scot Abroad. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d.

——— The Book-Hunter. New Edition. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

BUTE. The Roman Breviary: Reformed by Order of the Holy Œcumenical Council of Trent; Published by Order of Pope St Pius V.; and Revised by Clement VIII. and Urban VIII.: together with the Offices since granted. Translated out of Latin into English by JOHN, Marquess of Bute, K.T. In 2 vols. crown 8vo, eloth boards, edges uncut. £2, 2s.

——— The Altus of St Columba. With a Prose Paraphrase and Notes. In paper cover, 2s. 6d.

BUTLER. Pompeii: Descriptive and Picturesque. By W. BUTLER. Post 8vo, 5s.

BUTT. Miss Molly. By BEATRICE MAY BUTT. Cheap Edition, 2s.

——— Alison. 3 vols. crown 8vo, 25s. 6d.

——— Lesterre Durant. 2 vols. crown 8vo, 17s.

——— Eugenie. Crown 8vo, 6s. 6d.

CAIRD. Sermons. By JOHN CAIRD, D.D., Principal of the University of Glasgow. Sixteenth Thousand. Fcap. 8vo, 5s.

——— Religion in Common Life. A Sermon preached in Crathie Church, October 14, 1855, before Her Majesty the Queen and Prince Albert. Published by Her Majesty's Command. Cheap Edition, 3d.

CAMPBELL. Sermons Preached before the Queen at Balmoral. By the Rev. A. A. CAMPBELL, Minister of Crathie. Published by Command of Her Majesty. Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d.

CAMPBELL. Records of Argyll. Legends, Traditions, and Recollections of Argyllshire Highlanders, collected chiefly from the Gaelic. With Notes on the Antiquity of the Dress, Clan Colours or Tartans of the Highlanders. By LORD ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL. Illustrated with Nineteen full-page Etchings. 4to, printed on hand-made paper, £3, 3s.

CANTON. A Lost Epic, and other Poems. By WILLIAM CANTON. Crown 8vo, 5s.

CAPPON. Victor Hugo. A Memoir and a Study. By JAMES CAPPON, M.A. Post 8vo, 10s. 6d.

CARRICK. Koumiss; or, Fermented Mare's Milk: and its Uses in the Treatment and Cure of Pulmonary Consumption, and other Wasting Diseases. With an Appendix on the best Methods of Fermenting Cow's Milk. By GEORGE L. CARRICK, M.D., L.R.C.S.E. and L.R.C.P.E., Physician to the British Embassy, St Petersburg, &c. Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d.

CAUVIN. A Treasury of the English and German Languages. Compiled from the best Authors and Lexicographers in both Languages. Adapted to the Use of Schools, Students, Travellers, and Men of Business; and forming a Companion to all German-English Dictionaries. By JOSEPH CAUVIN, LL.D. & Ph.D., of the University of Göttingen, &c. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

CAVE-BROWN. Lambeth Palace and its Associations. By J. CAVE-BROWN, M.A., Vicar of Detling, Kent, and for many years Curate of Lambeth Parish Church. With an Introduction by the Archbishop of Canterbury. Second Edition, containing an additional Chapter on Medieval Life in the Old Palaces. 8vo, with Illustrations, 21s.

CHARTERIS. Canonicity; or, Early Testimonies to the Existence and Use of the Books of the New Testament. Based on Kirchhoffer's 'Quellensammlung.' Edited by A. H. CHARTERIS, D.D., Professor of Biblical Criticism in the University of Edinburgh. 8vo, 18s.

CHRISTISON. Life of Sir Robert Christison, Bart., M.D., D.C.L. Oxon., Professor of Medical Jurisprudence in the University of Edinburgh. Edited by his SONS. In two vols. 8vo. Vol. I.—Autobiography. 16s. Vol. II.—Memoirs. 16s.

CHURCH SERVICE SOCIETY. A Book of Common Order: Being Forms of Worship issued by the Church Service Society. Fifth Edition. 6s.

CLOUSTON. Popular Tales and Fictions: their Migrations and Transformations. By W. A. CLOUSTON, Editor of 'Arabian Poetry for English Readers,' 'The Book of Sindibad,' &c. 2 vols. post 8vo, roxburghe binding, 25s.

COCHRAN. A Handy Text-Book of Military Law. Compiled chiefly to assist Officers preparing for Examination; also for all Officers of the Regular and Auxiliary Forces. Specially arranged according to the Syllabus of Subjects of Examination for Promotion, Queen's Regulations, 1883. Comprising also a Synopsis of part of the Army Act. By MAJOR F. COCHRAN, Hampshire Regiment, Garrison Instructor, North British District. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

COLLIER. Babel. By the Hon. MARGARET COLLIER (Madame GALLETTI DI CADILHAC). Author of 'Our Home by the Adriatic.' 2 vols. post 8vo, 17s.

COLQUHOUN. The Moor and the Loch. Containing Minute Instructions in all Highland Sports, with Wanderings over Crag and Corrie, Flood and Fell. By JOHN COLQUHOUN. Seventh Edition. With Illustrations. *[In preparation.*

CONGREVE. Tales of Country Life in La Gruyère. From the French of Pierre Sciobéret. By L. DORA CONGREVE. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

COTTERILL. Suggested Reforms in Public Schools. By C. C. COTTERILL, M.A., Assistant Master at Fettes College, Edin. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

COX. The Opening of the Line: A Strange Story of Dogs and their Doings. By PONSONBY COX. Profusely Illustrated by J. H. O. BROWN. 4to, 1s.

COUNTESS IRENE. By the Author of 'Lauterdale and Caterina.' 3 vols. post 8vo. [*In the press.*

CRANSTOUN. The Elegies of Albius Tibullus. Translated into English Verse, with Life of the Poet, and Illustrative Notes. By JAMES CRANSTOUN, LL.D., Author of a Translation of 'Catullus.' Crown 8vo, 6s. 6d.

——— The Elegies of Sextus Propertius. Translated into English Verse, with Life of the Poet, and Illustrative Notes. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

CRAWFORD. Saracinesca. By F. MARION CRAWFORD, Author of 'Mr Isaacs,' 'Dr Claudius,' 'Zoroaster,' &c. &c. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

CRAWFORD. The Doctrine of Holy Scripture respecting the Atonement. By the late THOMAS J. CRAWFORD, D.D., Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh. Fourth Edition. 8vo, 12s.

——— The Fatherhood of God, Considered in its General and Special Aspects, and particularly in relation to the Atonement, with a Review of Recent Speculations on the Subject. Third Edition, Revised and Enlarged. 8vo, 9s.

——— The Preaching of the Cross, and other Sermons. 8vo, 7s. 6d.

——— The Mysteries of Christianity. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

DAVIES. Norfolk Broads and Rivers; or, The Waterways, Lagoons, and Decoys of East Anglia. By G. CHRISTOPHER DAVIES, Author of 'The Swan and her Crew.' Illustrated with Seven full-page Plates. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

DAYNE. In the Name of the Tzar. A Novel. By J. BELFORD DAYNE. Crown 8vo, 6s.

DESCARTES. The Method, Meditations, and Principles of Philosophy of Descartes. Translated from the Original French and Latin. With a New Introductory Essay, Historical and Critical, on the Cartesian Philosophy. By JOHN VEITCH, LL.D., Professor of Logic and Rhetoric in the University of Glasgow. A New Edition, being the Ninth. Price 6s. 6d.

DOBSON. History of the Bassandyne Bible. The First Printed in Scotland. With Notices of the Early Printers of Edinburgh. By WILLIAM T. DOBSON, Author of 'Literary Frivolities,' 'Poetical Ingenuities, 'Royal Characters of Scott,' &c. Post 8vo, with Facsimiles and other Illustrations. 7s. 6d.

DOGS, OUR DOMESTICATED: Their Treatment in reference to Food, Diseases, Habits, Punishment, Accomplishments. By 'MAGENTA.' Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

DU CANE. The Odyssey of Homer, Books I.-XII. Translated into English Verse. By Sir CHARLES DU CANE, K.C.M.G. 8vo, 10s. 6d.

DUDGEON. History of the Edinburgh or Queen's Regiment Light Infantry Militia, now 3rd Battalion The Royal Scots; with an Account of the Origin and Progress of the Militia, and a Brief Sketch of the old Royal Scots. By Major R. C. DUDGEON, Adjutant 3rd Battalion The Royal Scots. Post 8vo, with Illustrations, 10s. 6d.

DUNCAN. Manual of the General Acts of Parliament relating to the Salmon Fisheries of Scotland from 1828 to 1882. By J. BARKER DUNCAN. Crown 8vo, 5s.

DUNSMORE. Manual of the Law of Scotland, as to the Relations between Agricultural Tenants and their Landlords, Servants, Merchants, and Bowers. By W. DUNSMORE. 8vo, 7s. 6d.

DUPRÈ. Thoughts on Art, and Autobiographical Memoirs of Giovanni Duprè. Translated from the Italian by E. M. PERUZZI, with the permission of the Author. New Edition. With an Introduction by W. W. Story. Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d.

ELIOT. George Eliot's Life, Related in her Letters and Journals. Arranged and Edited by her husband, J. W. CROSS. With Portrait and other Illustrations. Third Edition. 3 vols. post 8vo, 42s.

ELIOT. Works of George Eliot (Cabinet Edition). Handsomely printed in a new type, 21 volumes, crown 8vo, price £5, 5s. The Volumes are also sold separately, price 5s. each, viz.:—

Romola. 2 vols.—Silas Marner, The Lifted Veil, Brother Jacob. 1 vol.—Adam Bede. 2 vols.—Scenes of Clerical Life. 2 vols.—The Mill on the Floss. 2 vols.—Felix Holt. 2 vols.—Middlemarch. 3 vols.—Daniel Deronda. 3 vols.—The Spanish Gypsy. 1 vol.—Jubal, and other Poems, Old and New. 1 vol.—Theophrastus Such. 1 vol.—Essays. 1 vol.

——— George Eliot's Life. (Cabinet Edition.) With Portrait and other Illustrations. 3 vols. crown 8vo, 15s.

——— George Eliot's Life. (Cheap Edition.) With Portrait and other Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

——— Novels by GEORGE ELIOT. Cheap Edition. Adam Bede. Illustrated. 3s. 6d., cloth.—The Mill on the Floss. Illustrated. 3s. 6d., cloth.—Scenes of Clerical Life. Illustrated. 3s., cloth.—Silas Marner: The Weaver of Raveloe. Illustrated. 2s. 6d., cloth.—Felix Holt, the Radical. Illustrated. 3s. 6d., cloth.—Romola. With Vignette. 3s. 6d., cloth.

——— Middlemarch. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

——— Daniel Deronda. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

——— Essays. By GEORGE ELIOT. New Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.

——— Impressions of Theophrastus Such. New Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.

——— The Spanish Gypsy. Crown 8vo, 5s.

——— The Legend of Jubal, and other Poems, Old and New. New Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s., cloth.

——— Wise, Witty, and Tender Sayings, in Prose and Verse. Selected from the Works of GEORGE ELIOT. Seventh Edition. Fcap. 8vo, 6s.

——— The George Eliot Birthday Book. Printed on fine paper, with red border, and handsomely bound in cloth, gilt. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. And in French morocco or Russia, 5s.

ESSAYS ON SOCIAL SUBJECTS. Originally published in the 'Saturday Review.' A New Edition. First and Second Series. 2 vols. crown 8vo, 6s. each.

EWALD. The Crown and its Advisers; or, Queen, Ministers, Lords, and Commons. By ALEXANDER CHARLES EWALD, F.S.A. Crown 8vo, 5s.

FAITHS OF THE WORLD, The. A Concise History of the Great Religious Systems of the World. By various Authors. Being the St Giles' Lectures—Second Series. Crown 8vo, 5s.

FARRER. A Tour in Greece in 1880. By RICHARD RIDLEY FARRER. With Twenty-seven full-page Illustrations by LORD WINDSOR. Royal 8vo, with a Map, 21s.

FERRIER. Philosophical Works of the late James F. Ferrier, B.A. Oxon., Professor of Moral Philosophy and Political Economy, St Andrews. New Edition. Edited by Sir ALEX. GRANT, Bart., D.C.L., and Professor LUSHINGTON. 3 vols. crown 8vo, 34s. 6d.

——— Institutes of Metaphysic. Third Edition. 10s. 6d.

——— Lectures on the Early Greek Philosophy. Third Edition, 10s. 6d.

——— Philosophical Remains, including the Lectures on Early Greek Philosophy. 2 vols., 24s.

FLETCHER. Lectures on the Opening Clauses of the Litany, delivered in St Paul's Church, Edinburgh. By JOHN B. FLETCHER, M.A. Crown 8vo, 4s.

FLINT. The Philosophy of History in Europe. By ROBERT FLINT, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Divinity, University of Edinburgh. Vol. I. 8vo. [*New Edition in preparation.*

FLINT. Theism. Being the Baird Lecture for 1876. By ROBERT FLINT, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Divinity, University of Edinburgh. Fifth Edition. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

——— Anti-Theistic Theories. Being the Baird Lecture for 1877. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d.

FORBES. Insulinde: Experiences of a Naturalist's Wife in the Eastern Archipelago. By Mrs H. O. FORBES. Post 8vo, with a Map. 8s. 6d.

FOREIGN CLASSICS FOR ENGLISH READERS. Edited by Mrs OLIPHANT. Price 2s. 6d. *For List of Volumes published, see page 2.*

GALT. Annals of the Parish. By JOHN GALT. Fcap. 8vo, 2s.

——— The Provost. Fcap. 8vo, 2s.

——— Sir Andrew Wylie. Fcap. 8vo, 2s.

——— The Entail; or, The Laird of Grippy. Fcap. 8vo, 2s.

GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

——— Family Prayers. Authorised by the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. A New Edition, crown 8vo, in large type, 4s. 6d. Another Edition, crown 8vo, 2s.

——— Prayers for Social and Family Worship. For the Use of Soldiers, Sailors, Colonists, and Sojourners in India, and other Persons, at home and abroad, who are deprived of the ordinary services of a Christian Ministry. Cheap Edition, 1s. 6d.

——— The Scottish Hymnal. Hymns for Public Worship. Published for Use in Churches by Authority of the General Assembly. Various sizes—viz.: 1. Large type, for Pulpit use, cloth, 3s. 6d. 2. Longprimer type, cloth, red edges, 1s. 6d.; French morocco, 2s. 6d.; calf, 6s. 3. Bourgeois type, cloth, red edges, 1s.; French morocco, 2s. 4. Minion type, French morocco, 1s. 6d. 5. School Edition, in paper cover, 2d. 6. Children's Hymnal, paper cover, 1d. No. 2, bound with the Psalms and Paraphrases, cloth, 3s.; French morocco, 4s. 6d.; calf, 7s. 6d. No. 3, bound with the Psalms and Paraphrases, cloth, 2s.; French morocco, 3s.

——— The Scottish Hymnal, with Music. Selected by the Committees on Hymns and on Psalmody. The harmonies arranged by W. H. Monk. Cloth, 1s. 6d.; French morocco, 3s. 6d. The same in the Tonic Sol-fa Notation, 1s. 6d. and 3s. 6d.

——— The Scottish Hymnal, with Fixed Tune for each Hymn. Longprimer type, 3s. 6d.

——— The Scottish Hymnal Appendix. 1. Longprimer type, 1s. 2. Nonpareil type, cloth limp, 4d.; paper cover, 2d.

——— Scottish Hymnal with Appendix Incorporated. Bourgeois type, limp cloth, 1s. Large type, cloth, red edges, 2s. 6d. Nonpareil type, paper covers, 3d.; cloth, red edges, 6d.

GERARD. Reata: What's in a Name. By E. D. GERARD. New Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

——— Beggar my Neighbour. New Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

——— The Waters of Hercules. New Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

——— The Land beyond the Forest. Facts, Figures, and Fancies from Transylvania. By E. GERARD, Author of 'Reata,' &c. In Two Volumes. With Maps and Illustrations. [*In the press.*

GERARD. Stonyhurst Latin Grammar. By Rev. JOHN GERARD. Fcap. 8vo, 3s.

GILL. Free Trade: an Inquiry into the Nature of its Operation. By RICHARD GILL. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

GOETHE'S FAUST. Part I. Translated into English Verse by Sir THEODORE MARTIN, K.C.B. Second Edition, post 8vo, 6s. Ninth Edition, fcap., 3s. 6d.

——— Part II. Translated into English Verse by the SAME. Second Edition, revised. Fcap. 8vo, 6s.

GOETHE. Poems and Ballads of Goethe. Translated by Professor AYTOUN and Sir THEODORE MARTIN, K.C.B. Third Edition, fcap. 8vo, 6s.

GORDON CUMMING. At Home in Fiji. By C. F. GORDON CUMMING, Author of 'From the Hebrides to the Himalayas.' Fourth Edition, post 8vo. With Illustrations and Map. 7s. 6d.

——— A Lady's Cruise in a French Man-of-War. New and Cheaper Edition. 8vo. With Illustrations and Map. 12s. 6d.

——— Fire-Fountains. The Kingdom of Hawaii: Its Volcanoes, and the History of its Missions. With Map and numerous Illustrations. 2 vols. 8vo, 25s.

——— Granite Crags: The Yō-semité Region of California. Illustrated with 8 Engravings. New and Cheaper Edition. 8vo, 8s. 6d.

——— Wanderings in China. New Edition. 2 vols. 8vo, with Illustrations, 25s.

GRAHAM. The Life and Work of Syed Ahmed Khan, C.S.I. By Lieut.-Colonel G. F. I. GRAHAM, B.S.C. 8vo, 14s.

GRANT. Bush-Life in Queensland. By A. C. GRANT. New Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

GRIFFITHS. Locked Up. By Major ARTHUR GRIFFITHS. Author of 'Chronicles of Newgate,' 'Fast and Loose,' &c. With Illustrations by C. J. STANILAND, R.I. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

——— The Wrong Road; by Hook or Crook. 3 vols. post 8vo, 25s. 6d.

HALDANE. Subtropical Cultivations and Climates. A Handy Book for Planters, Colonists, and Settlers. By R. C. HALDANE. Post 8vo, 9s.

HAMERTON. Wenderholme: A Story of Lancashire and Yorkshire Life. By PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON, Author of 'A Painter's Camp.' A New Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

HAMILTON. Lectures on Metaphysics. By Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON, Bart., Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh. Edited by the Rev. H. L. MANSEL, B.D., LL.D., Dean of St Paul's; and JOHN VEITCH, M.A., Professor of Logic and Rhetoric, Glasgow. Seventh Edition. 2 vols. 8vo, 24s.

——— Lectures on Logic. Edited by the SAME. Third Edition. 2 vols., 24s.

——— Discussions on Philosophy and Literature, Education and University Reform. Third Edition, 8vo, 21s.

——— Memoir of Sir William Hamilton, Bart., Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh. By Professor VEITCH of the University of Glasgow. 8vo, with Portrait, 18s.

——— Sir William Hamilton: The Man and his Philosophy. Two Lectures Delivered before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution, January and February 1883. By the SAME. Crown 8vo, 2s.

HAMLEY. The Operations of War Explained and Illustrated. By Lieut.-General Sir EDWARD BRUCE HAMLEY, K.C.B. Fourth Edition, revised throughout. 4to, with numerous Illustrations, 30s.

——— Thomas Carlyle: An Essay. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.

——— The Story of the Campaign of Sebastopol. Written in the Camp. With Illustrations drawn in Camp by the Author. 8vo, 21s.

——— On Outposts. Second Edition. 8vo, 2s.

——— Wellington's Career; A Military and Political Summary. Crown 8vo. 2s.

——— Lady Lee's Widowhood. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

——— Our Poor Relations. A Philozoic Essay. With Illustrations, chiefly by Ernest Griset. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

HAMLEY. Guilty, or Not Guilty? A Tale. By Major-General W. G. HAMLEY, late of the Royal Engineers. New Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

——— Traseaden Hall. "When George the Third was King." New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

HARBORD. Definitions and Diagrams in Astronomy and Navigation. By the Rev. J. B. HARBORD, M.A., Assistant Director of Education, Admiralty. 1s.

HASELL. Bible Partings. By E. J. HASELL. Crown 8vo, 6s.

——— Short Family Prayers. By Miss HASELL. Cloth, 1s.

HAY. The Works of the Right Rev. Dr George Hay, Bishop of Edinburgh. Edited under the Supervision of the Right Rev. Bishop STRAIN. With Memoir and Portrait of the Author. 5 vols. crown 8vo, bound in extra cloth, £1, 1s. Or, sold separately—viz.:

The Sincere Christian Instructed in the Faith of Christ from the Written Word. 2 vols., 8s.—The Devout Christian Instructed in the Law of Christ from the Written Word. 2 vols., 8s.—The Pious Christian Instructed in the Nature and Practice of the Principal Exercises of Piety. 1 vol., 4s.

HEATLEY. The Horse-Owner's Safeguard. A Handy Medical Guide for every Man who owns a Horse. By G. S. HEATLEY, M.R.C.V.S. Crown 8vo, 5s.

——— The Stock-Owner's Guide. A Handy Medical Treatise for every Man who owns an Ox or a Cow. Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d.

HEMANS. The Poetical Works of Mrs Hemans. Copyright Editions.—One Volume, royal 8vo, 5s.—The Same, with Illustrations engraved on Steel, bound in cloth, gilt edges, 7s. 6d.—Six Volumes in Three, fcap., 12s. 6d.

SELECT POEMS OF MRS HEMANS. Fcap., cloth, gilt edges, 3s.

HOLE. A Book about Roses: How to Grow and Show Them. By the Rev. Canon HOLE. Tenth Edition, revised. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

HOME PRAYERS. By Ministers of the Church of Scotland and Members of the Church Service Society. Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo, 3s.

HOMER. The Odyssey. Translated into English Verse in the Spenscrian Stanza. By PHILIP STANHOPE WORSLEY. Third Edition, 2 vols. fcap., 12s.

——— The Iliad. Translated by P. S. WORSLEY and Professor CONINGTON. 2 vols. crown 8vo, 21s.

HOSACK. Mary Queen of Scots and Her Accusers. Containing a Variety of Documents never before published. By JOHN HOSACK, Barrister-at-Law. A New and Enlarged Edition, with a Photograph from the Bust on the Tomb in Westminster Abbey. 2 vols. 8vo, £1, 1s.

HUTCHINSON. Hints on the Game of Golf. By HORACE G. HUTCHINSON. Third Edition. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

HYDE. The Royal Mail; its Curiosities and Romance. By JAMES WILSON HYDE, Superintendent in the General Post Office, Edinburgh. Second Edition, enlarged. Crown 8vo, with Illustrations, 6s.

IDDESLEIGH. Lectures and Essays. By the late EARL OF IDDESLEIGH, G.C.B., D.C.L., &c. 8vo, 16s.

INDEX GEOGRAPHICUS: Being a List, alphabetically arranged, of the Principal Places on the Globe, with the Countries and Subdivisions of the Countries in which they are situated, and their Latitudes and Longitudes. Applicable to all Modern Atlases and Maps. Imperial 8vo, pp. 676, 21s.

JAMIESON. Discussions on the Atonement: Is it Vicarious? By the Rev. GEORGE JAMIESON, A.M., B.D., D.D., Author of 'Profound Problems in Philosophy and Theology.' 8vo, 16s.

JEAN JAMBON. Our Trip to Blunderland; or, Grand Excursion to Blundertown and Back. By JEAN JAMBON. With Sixty Illustrations designed by CHARLES DOYLE, engraved by DALZIEL. Fourth Thousand. Handsomely bound in cloth, gilt edges, 6s. 6d. Cheap Edition, cloth, 3s. 6d. In boards, 2s. 6d.

JENNINGS. Mr Gladstone: A Study. By LOUIS J. JENNINGS, M.P., Author of 'Republican Government in the United States,' 'The Croker Memoirs,' &c. Popular Edition. Crown 8vo, 1s.

JERNINGHAM. Reminiscences of an Attaché. By HUBERT E. H. JERNINGHAM. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.

——— Diane de Breteuille. A Love Story. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

JOHNSTON. The Chemistry of Common Life. By Professor J. F. W. JOHNSTON. New Edition, Revised, and brought down to date. By ARTHUR HERBERT CHURCH, M.A. Oxon.; Author of 'Food: its Sources, Constituents, and Uses;' 'The Laboratory Guide for Agricultural Students;' 'Plain Words about Water,' &c. Illustrated with Maps and 102 Engravings on Wood. Complete in one volume, crown 8vo, pp. 618, 7s. 6d.

——— Elements of Agricultural Chemistry and Geology. Fourteenth Edition, Revised, and brought down to date. By Sir CHARLES A. CAMERON, M.D., F.R.C.S.I., &c. Fcap. 8vo, 6s. 6d.

——— Catechism of Agricultural Chemistry and Geology. An entirely New Edition, revised and enlarged, by Sir CHARLES A. CAMERON, M.D., F.R.C.S.I., &c. Eighty-sixth Thousand, with numerous Illustrations, 1s.

JOHNSTON. Patrick Hamilton: a Tragedy of the Reformation in Scotland, 1528. By T. P. JOHNSTON. Crown 8vo, with Two Etchings by the Author, 5s.

KENNEDY. Sport, Travel, and Adventures in Newfoundland and the West Indies. By Captain W. R. KENNEDY, R.N. With Illustrations by the Author. Post 8vo, 14s.

KING. The Metamorphoses of Ovid. Translated in English Blank Verse. By HENRY KING, M.A., Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford, and of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d.

KINGLAKE. History of the Invasion of the Crimea. By A. W. KINGLAKE. Cabinet Edition. Seven Volumes, illustrated with maps and plans, crown 8vo, at 6s. each. The Volumes respectively contain:—

I. THE ORIGIN OF THE WAR between the Czar and the Sultan. II. RUSSIA MET AND INVADED. III. THE BATTLE OF THE ALMA. IV. SEBASTOPOL AT BAY. V. THE BATTLE OF BALACLAVA. VI. THE BATTLE OF INKERMAN. VII. WINTER TROUBLES.

——— History of the Invasion of the Crimea. Vol. VI. Winter Troubles. Demy 8vo, with a Map, 16s.

——— History of the Invasion of the Crimea. Vol. VII. From the Morrow of Inkerman to the Fall of Canrobert. Demy 8vo, with Maps and Plans, 14s.

——— History of the Invasion of the Crimea. Vol. VIII. From the Opening of Pélissier's Command to the Death of Lord Raglan. With an Index to the Whole Work. With Maps and Plans. Demy 8vo, 14s.

——— Eothen. A New Edition, uniform with the Cabinet Edition of the 'History of the Invasion of the Crimea,' price 6s.

KNOLLYS. The Elements of Field-Artillery. Designed for the Use of Infantry and Cavalry Officers. By HENRY KNOLLYS, Captain Royal Artillery; Author of 'From Sedan to Saarbrück,' Editor of 'Incidents in the Sepoy War,' &c. With Engravings. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

LAING. Select Remains of the Ancient Popular and Romance Poetry of Scotland. Originally Collected and Edited by DAVID LAING, LL.D. Re-edited, with Memorial-Introduction, by JOHN SMALL, M.A. With a Portrait of Dr Laing. 4to, 25s.

LAVERGNE. The Rural Economy of England, Scotland, and Ireland. By LEONCE DE LAVERGNE. Translated from the French. With Notes by a Scottish Farmer. 8vo, 12s.

LAWLESS. Hurrish: a Study. By the Hon. EMILY LAWLESS, Author of 'A Chelsea Householder,' 'A Millionaire's Cousin.' Third and cheaper Edition, crown 8vo, 6s.

LEE. A Phantom Lover: A Fantastic Story. By VERNON LEE. Crown 8vo, 1s.

LEE. Glimpses in the Twilight. Being various Notes, Records, and Examples of the Supernatural. By the Rev. GEORGE F. LEE, D.C.L. Crown 8vo. 8s. 6d.

LEES. A Handbook of Sheriff Court Styles. By J. M. LEES, M.A., LL.B., Advocate, Sheriff-Substitute of Lanarkshire. New Ed., 8vo, 21s.

——— A Handbook of the Sheriff and Justice of Peace Small Debt Courts. 8vo, 7s. 6d.

LETTERS FROM THE HIGHLANDS. Reprinted from 'The Times.' Fcap. 8vo, 4s. 6d.

LIGHTFOOT. Studies in Philosophy. By the Rev. J. LIGHTFOOT, M.A., D.Sc., Vicar of Cross Stone, Todmorden. Crown 8vo, 5s.

LINDAU. The Philosopher's Pendulum, and other Stories. By RUDOLPH LINDAU. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

LITTLE. Madagascar: Its History and People. By the Rev HENRY W. LITTLE, some years Missionary in East Madagascar. Post 8vo 10s. 6d.

LOCKHART. Doubles and Quits. By LAURENCE W. M. LOCKHART. With Twelve Illustrations. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

——— Fair to See: a Novel. Eighth Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

——— Mine is Thine: a Novel. Eighth Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

LORIMER. The Institutes of Law: A Treatise of the Principles of Jurisprudence as determined by Nature. By JAMES LORIMER, Regius Professor of Public Law and of the Law of Nature and Nations in the University of Edinburgh. New Edition, revised throughout, and much enlarged. 8vo, 18s.

——— The Institutes of the Law of Nations. A Treatise of the Jural Relation of Separate Political Communities. In 2 vols. 8vo. Volume I., price 16s. Volume II., price 20s.

M'COMBIE. Cattle and Cattle-Breeders. By WILLIAM M'COMBIE, Tillyfour. New Edition, enlarged, with Memoir of the Author. By JAMES MACDONALD, Editor of the 'Live-Stock Journal.' Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

MACRAE. A Handbook of Deer-Stalking. By ALEXANDER MACRAE, late Forester to Lord Henry Bentinck. With Introduction by HORATIO ROSS, Esq. Fcap. 8vo, with two Photographs from Life. 3s. 6d.

M'CRIE. Works of the Rev. Thomas M'Crie, D.D. Uniform Edition. Four vols. crown 8vo, 24s.

——— Life of John Knox. Containing Illustrations of the History of the Reformation in Scotland. Crown 8vo. 6s. Another Edition, 3s. 6d.

——— Life of Andrew Melville. Containing Illustrations of the Ecclesiastical and Literary History of Scotland in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. Crown 8vo, 6s.

——— History of the Progress and Suppression of the Reformation in Italy in the Sixteenth Century. Crown 8vo, 4s.

——— History of the Progress and Suppression of the Reformation in Spain in the Sixteenth Century. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

——— Lectures on the Book of Esther. Fcap. 8vo, 5s.

MACDONALD. A Manual of the Criminal Law (Scotland) Procedure Act, 1887. By NORMAN DORAN MACDONALD. Revised by the LORD ADVOCATE. 8vo, cloth. 10s. 6d.

M'INTOSH. The Book of the Garden. By CHARLES M'INTOSH, formerly Curator of the Royal Gardens of his Majesty the King of the Belgians, and lately of those of his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch, K.G., at Dalkeith Palace. Two large vols. royal 8vo, embellished with 1350 Engravings. £4, 7s. 6d.

Vol. I. On the Formation of Gardens and Construction of Garden Edifices. 776 pages, and 1073 Engravings, £2, 10s.

Vol. II. Practical Gardening. 868 pages, and 279 Engravings, £1, 17s. 6d.

MACKAY. A Manual of Modern Geography; Mathematical, Physical, and Political. By the Rev. ALEXANDER MACKAY, LL.D., F.R.G.S. 11th Thousand, revised to the present time. Crown 8vo, pp. 688. 7s. 6d.

——— Elements of Modern Geography. 53d Thousand, revised to the present time. Crown 8vo, pp. 300, 3s.

——— The Intermediate Geography. Intended as an Intermediate Book between the Author's 'Outlines of Geography' and 'Elements of Geography.' Twelfth Edition, revised. Crown 8vo, pp. 238, 2s.

——— Outlines of Modern Geography. 176th Thousand, revised to the present time. 18mo pp. 118, 1s.

MACKAY. First Steps in Geography. 86th Thousand. 18mo, pp. 56. Sewed, 4d.; cloth, 6d.

——— Elements of Physiography and Physical Geography. With Express Reference to the Instructions recently issued by the Science and Art Department. By the Rev. ALEXANDER MACKAY, LL.D., F.R.G.S. 30th Thousand, revised. Crown 8vo, 1s. 6d.

——— Facts and Dates; or, the Leading Events in Sacred and Profane History, and the Principal Facts in the various Physical Sciences. The Memory being aided throughout by a Simple and Natural Method. For Schools and Private Reference. New Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

MACKAY. An Old Scots Brigade. Being the History of Mackay's Regiment, now incorporated with the Royal Scots. With an Appendix containing many Original Documents connected with the History of the Regiment. By JOHN MACKAY (late) OF HERRIESDALE. Crown 8vo, 5s.

MACKAY. The Founders of the American Republic. A History of Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Franklin, and Madison. With a Supplementary Chapter on the Inherent Causes of the Ultimate Failure of American Democracy. By CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D. Post 8vo, 10s. 6d.

MACKELLAR. More Leaves from the Journal of a Life in the Highlands, from 1862 to 1882. Translated into Gaelic by Mrs MARY MACKELLAR. By command of Her Majesty the Queen. Crown 8vo, with Illustrations. 10s. 6d.

MACKENZIE. Studies in Roman Law. With Comparative Views of the Laws of France, England, and Scotland. By LORD MACKENZIE, one of the Judges of the Court of Session in Scotland. Sixth Edition, Edited by JOHN KIRKPATRICK, Esq., M.A. Cantab.; Dr Jur. Heidelb.; LL.B. Edin.; Advocate. 8vo, 12s.

MAIN. Three Hundred English Sonnets. Chosen and Edited by DAVID M. MAIN. Fcap. 8vo, 6s.

MAIR. A Digest of Laws and Decisions, Ecclesiastical and Civil, relating to the Constitution, Practice, and Affairs of the Church of Scotland. With Notes and Forms of Procedure. By the Rev. WILLIAM MAIR, D.D., Minister of the Parish of Earlston. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

MAITLAND. Parva. By E. FULLER MAITLAND (E. F. M.) Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

MANNERS. Notes of an Irish Tour in 1846. By Lord JOHN MANNERS, M.P., G.C.B. New Edition. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

MANNERS. Gems of German Poetry. Translated by Lady JOHN MANNERS. Small quarto, 3s. 6d.

——— Impressions of Bad-Homburg. Comprising a Short Account of the Women's Associations of Germany under the Red Cross. By Lady JOHN MANNERS. Crown 8vo, 1s. 6d.

——— Some Personal Recollections of the Later Years of the Earl of Beaconsfield, K.G. Sixth Edition, 6d.

——— Employment of Women in the Public Service. 6d.

——— Some of the Advantages of Easily Accessible Reading and Recreation Rooms, and Free Libraries. With Remarks on Starting and Maintaining Them. Second Edition, crown 8vo, 1s.

——— A Sequel to Rich Men's Dwellings, and other Occasional Papers. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

——— Encouraging Experiences of Reading and Recreation Rooms. Aims of Guilds, Nottingham Social Guild, Existing Institutions, &c., &c. Crown 8vo, 1s.

MARMORNE. The Story is told by ADOLPHUS SEGRAVE, the youngest of three Brothers. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

MARSHALL. French Home Life. By FREDERIC MARSHALL. Second Edition. 5s.

MARSHMAN. History of India. From the Earliest Period to the Close of the India Company's Government; with an Epitome of Subsequent Events. By JOHN CLARK MARSHMAN, C.S.I. Abridged from the Author's larger work. Second Edition, revised. Crown 8vo, with Map, 6s. 6d.

MARTIN. Goethe's Faust. Part I. Translated by Sir THEODORE MARTIN, K.C.B. Second Edition, crown 8vo, 6s. Ninth Edition, fcap. 8vo, 3s. 6d.

——— Goethe's Faust. Part II. Translated into English Verse. Second Edition, revised. Fcap. 8vo, 6s.

——— The Works of Horace. Translated into English Verse, with Life and Notes. In 2 vols. crown 8vo, printed on hand-made paper, 21s.

——— Poems and Ballads of Heinrich Heine. Done into English Verse. Second Edition. Printed on *papier vergé*, crown 8vo, 8s.

——— Catullus. With Life and Notes. Second Ed., post 8vo, 7s. 6d.

——— The Vita Nuova of Dante. With an Introduction and Notes. Second Edition, crown 8vo, 5s.

——— Aladdin: A Dramatic Poem. By ADAM OEHLENSCHLAEGER. Fcap. 8vo, 5s.

——— Correggio: A Tragedy. By OEHLENSCHLAEGER. With Notes. Fcap. 8vo, 3s.

——— King Rene's Daughter: A Danish Lyrical Drama. By HENRIK HERTZ. Second Edition, fcap., 2s. 6d.

MARTIN. On some of Shakespeare's Female Characters. In a Series of Letters. By HELENA FAUCIT, LADY MARTIN. Dedicated by permission to Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen. New Edition. Royal 8vo, with Portrait. 9s.

MATHESON. Can the Old Faith Live with the New? or the Problem of Evolution and Revelation. By the Rev. GEORGE MATHESON, D.D. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

——— The Psalmist and the Scientist; or, Modern Value of the Religious Sentiment. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

MEIKLEJOHN. An Old Educational Reformer—Dr Bell. By J. M. D. MEIKLEJOHN, M.A., Professor of the Theory, History, and Practice of Education in the University of St Andrews. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

——— The Golden Primer. With Coloured Illustrations by Walter Crane. Small 4to, boards, 5s.

——— The English Language: Its Grammar, History, and Literature. With Chapters on Versification, Paraphrasing, and Punctuation. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d.

MICHEL. A Critical Inquiry into the Scottish Language. With the view of Illustrating the Rise and Progress of Civilisation in Scotland. By FRANCISQUE-MICHEL, F.S.A. Lond. and Scot., Correspondant de l'Institut de France, &c. In One handsome Quarto Volume, printed on hand-made paper, and appropriately bound in Roxburghe style. Price 66s.

MICHIE. The Larch: Being a Practical Treatise on its Culture and General Management. By CHRISTOPHER Y. MICHIE, Forester, Cullen House. Crown 8vo, with Illustrations. New and Cheaper Edition, enlarged, 5s.

MILNE. The Problem of the Churchless and Poor in our Large Towns. With special reference to the Home Mission Work of the Church of Scotland. By the Rev. ROBT. MILNE, M.A., D.D., Ardler. Crown 8vo, 5s.

MINTO. A Manual of English Prose Literature, Biographical and Critical: designed mainly to show Characteristics of Style. By W. MINTO, M.A., Professor of Logic in the University of Aberdeen. Third Edition, revised. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

——— Characteristics of English Poets, from Chaucer to Shirley. New Edition, revised. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

——— The Crack of Doom. 3 vols. post 8vo, 25s. 6d.

MITCHELL. Biographies of Eminent Soldiers of the last Four Centuries. By Major-General JOHN MITCHELL, Author of 'Life of Wallenstein.' With a Memoir of the Author. 8vo, 9s.

MOIR. Life of Mansie Wauch, Tailor in Dalkeith. With 8 Illustrations on Steel, by the late GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. Another Edition, fcap. 8vo, 1s. 6d.

MOMERIE. Defects of Modern Christianity, and other Sermons. By the Rev. A. W. MOMERIE, M.A., D.Sc. Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in King's College, London. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.

——— The Basis of Religion. Being an Examination of Natural Religion. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

——— The Origin of Evil, and other Sermons. Fourth Edition, enlarged. Crown 8vo, 5s.

——— Personality. The Beginning and End of Metaphysics, and a Necessary Assumption in all Positive Philosophy. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s.

——— Agnosticism. Second Edition, Revised. Crown 8vo, 5s.

——— Preaching and Hearing; and Other Sermons. Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d.

——— Belief in God. Crown 8vo, 3s.

MONTAGUE. Campaigning in South Africa. Reminiscences of an Officer in 1879. By Captain W. E. MONTAGUE, 94th Regiment, Author of 'Claude Meadowleigh,' &c. 8vo, 10s. 6d.

MONTALEMBERT. Memoir of Count de Montalembert. A Chapter of Recent French History. By Mrs OLIPHANT, Author of the 'Life of Edward Irving,' &c. 2 vols. crown 8vo, £1, 4s.

MURDOCH. Manual of the Law of Insolvency and Bankruptcy: Comprehending a Summary of the Law of Insolvency, Notour Bankruptcy, Composition-contracts, Trust-deeds, Cessios, and Sequestrations; and the Winding-up of Joint-Stock Companies in Scotland; with Annotations on the various Insolvency and Bankruptcy Statutes; and with Forms of Procedure applicable to these Subjects. By JAMES MURDOCH, Member of the Faculty of Procurators in Glasgow. Fifth Edition, Revised and Enlarged, 8vo, £1, 10s.

MY TRIVIAL LIFE AND MISFORTUNE: A Gossip with no Plot in Particular. By A PLAIN WOMAN. New Edition, crown 8vo, 6s.

By the SAME AUTHOR.

POOR NELLIE. 3 vols. post 8vo, 25s. 6d.

NEAVES. Songs and Verses, Social and Scientific. By an Old Contributor to 'Maga.' By the Hon. Lord NEAVES. Fifth Ed., fcap. 8vo, 4s.

——— The Greek Anthology. Being Vol. XX. of 'Ancient Classics for English Readers.' Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

NICHOLSON. A Manual of Zoology, for the Use of Students. With a General Introduction on the Principles of Zoology. By HENRY ALLEYNE NICHOLSON, M.D., D.Sc., F.L.S., F.G.S., Regius Professor of Natural History in the University of Aberdeen. Seventh Edition, rewritten and enlarged. Post 8vo, pp. 956, with 555 Engravings on Wood, 18s.

——— Text-Book of Zoology, for the Use of Schools. Fourth Edition, enlarged. Crown 8vo, with 188 Engravings on Wood, 7s. 6d.

——— Introductory Text-Book of Zoology, for the Use of Junior Classes. Sixth Edition, revised and enlarged, with 166 Engravings, 3s.

——— Outlines of Natural History, for Beginners; being Descriptions of a Progressive Series of Zoological Types. Third Edition, with Engravings, 1s. 6d.

——— A Manual of Palæontology, for the Use of Students. With a General Introduction on the Principles of Palæontology. Second Edition. Revised and greatly enlarged. 2 vols. 8vo, with 722 Engravings, £2, 2s.

——— The Ancient Life-History of the Earth. An Outline of the Principles and Leading Facts of Palæontological Science. Crown 8vo, with 276 Engravings, 10s. 6d.

——— On the "Tabulate Corals" of the Palæozoic Period, with Critical Descriptions of Illustrative Species. Illustrated with 15 Lithograph Plates and numerous Engravings. Super-royal 8vo, 21s.

NICHOLSON. On the Structure and Affinities of the Genus Monticulipora and its Sub-Genera, with Critical Descriptions of Illustrative Species. By HENRY ALLEYNE NICHOLSON, M.D., D.Sc., F.L.S., F.G.S., Regius Professor of Natural History in the University of Aberdeen. Illustrated with numerous Engravings on wood and lithographed Plates. Super-royal 8vo, 18s.

——— Synopsis of the Classification of the Animal Kingdom. 8vo, with 106 Illustrations, 6s.

NICHOLSON. Communion with Heaven, and other Sermons. By the late MAXWELL NICHOLSON, D.D., Minister of St Stephen's, Edinburgh. Crown 8vo, 5s. 6d.

——— Rest in Jesus. Sixth Edition. Fcap. 8vo, 4s. 6d.

OLIPHANT. Masollam: a Problem of the Period. A Novel. By LAURENCE OLIPHANT. 3 vols. post 8vo, 25s. 6d.

——— Altiora Peto. Eighth Edition, Illustrated. Crown 8vo, 6s.

——— Piccadilly: A Fragment of Contemporary Biography. With Eight Illustrations by Richard Doyle. Eighth Edition, 4s. 6d. Cheap Edition, in paper cover, 2s. 6d.

——— Traits and Travesties; Social and Political. Post 8vo, 10s. 6d.

——— The Land of Gilead. With Excursions in the Lebanon. With Illustrations and Maps. Demy 8vo, 21s.

——— The Land of Khemi. Post 8vo, with Illustrations, 10s. 6d.

——— Haifa: Life in Modern Palestine. 2d Edition. 8vo, 7s. 6d.

——— Episodes in a Life of Adventure; or, Moss from a Rolling Stone. Fourth Edition. Post 8vo, 6s.

——— Fashionable Philosophy, and other Sketches. In paper cover, 1s.

——— Sympneumata: or, Evolutionary Functions now Active in Man. Edited by LAURENCE OLIPHANT. Post 8vo, 10s. 6d.

OLIPHANT. The Story of Valentine; and his Brother. By Mrs OLIPHANT. 5s., cloth.

——— Katie Stewart. 2s. 6d.

——— A House Divided against Itself. 3 vols. post 8vo, 25s. 6d.

OSBORN. Narratives of Voyage and Adventure. By Admiral SHERARD OSBORN, C.B. 3 vols. crown 8vo, 12s.

OSSIAN. The Poems of Ossian in the Original Gaelic. With a Literal Translation into English, and a Dissertation on the Authenticity of the Poems. By the Rev. ARCHIBALD CLERK. 2 vols. imperial 8vo, £1, 11s. 6d.

OSWALD. By Fell and Fjord; or, Scenes and Studies in Iceland. By E. J. OSWALD. Post 8vo, with Illustrations. 7s. 6d.

OUR OWN POMPEII. A Romance of To-morrow. 2 vols. crown 8vo, 17s.

OUTRAM. Lyrics: Legal and Miscellaneous. By the late GEORGE OUTRAM, Esq., Advocate. New Edition, with Explanatory Notes. Edited by J. H. Stoddart, LL.D.; and Illustrated by William Ralston and A. S. Boyd. Fcap. 8vo, 5s.

PAGE. Introductory Text-Book of Geology. By DAVID PAGE, LL.D., Professor of Geology in the Durham University of Physical Science, Newcastle. With Engravings on Wood and Glossarial Index. Twelfth Edition. Revised by Professor LAPWORTH of Mason Science College, Birmingham. *[In the press.*

——— Advanced Text-Book of Geology, Descriptive and Industrial. With Engravings, and Glossary of Scientific Terms. Sixth Edition, revised and enlarged, 7s. 6d.

——— Introductory Text-Book of Physical Geography. With Sketch-Maps and Illustrations. Edited by CHARLES LAPWORTH, LL.D., F.G.S., &c., Professor of Geology and Mineralogy in the Mason Science College, Birmingham. 12th Edition. 2s. 6d.

PAGE. Advanced Text-Book of Physical Geography. Third Edition, Revised and Enlarged by Prof. LAPWORTH. With Engravings. 5s.

PATON. Spindrift. By Sir J. NOEL PATON. Fcap., cloth, 5s.

——— Poems by a Painter. By Sir J. NOEL PATON. Fcap., cloth, 5s.

PATTERSON. Essays in History and Art. By R. HOGARTH PATTERSON. 8vo, 12s.

——— The New Golden Age, and Influence of the Precious Metals upon the World. 2 vols. 8vo, 31s. 6d.

PAUL. History of the Royal Company of Archers, the Queen's Body-Guard for Scotland. By JAMES BALFOUR PAUL, Advocate of the Scottish Bar. Crown 4to, with Portraits and other Illustrations. £2, 2s.

PEILE. Lawn Tennis as a Game of Skill. With latest revised Laws as played by the Best Clubs. By Captain S. C. F. PEILE, B.S.C. Third Edition, fcap. cloth, 1s. 6d.

PETTIGREW. The Handy Book of Bees, and their Profitable Management. By A. PETTIGREW. Fourth Edition, Enlarged, with Engravings. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

PHILOSOPHICAL CLASSICS FOR ENGLISH READERS. Companion Series to Ancient and Foreign Classics for English Readers. Edited by WILLIAM KNIGHT, LL.D., Professor of Moral Philosophy, University of St Andrews. In crown 8vo volumes, with portraits, price 3s. 6d.

[*For list of Volumes published, see page 2.*

POLLOK. The Course of Time: A Poem. By ROBERT POLLOK, A.M. Small fcap. 8vo, cloth gilt, 2s. 6d. The Cottage Edition, 32mo, sewed, 8d. The Same, cloth, gilt edges, 1s. 6d. Another Edition, with Illustrations by Birket Foster and others, fcap., gilt cloth, 3s. 6d., or with edges gilt, 4s.

PORT ROYAL LOGIC. Translated from the French: with Introduction, Notes, and Appendix. By THOMAS SPENCER BAYNES, LL.D., Professor in the University of St Andrews. Eighth Edition, 12mo, 4s.

POTTS AND DARNELL. Aditus Faciliores: An easy Latin Construing Book, with Complete Vocabulary. By A. W. POTTS, M.A., LL.D., Head-Master of the Fettes College, Edinburgh, and sometime Fellow of St John's College, Cambridge; and the Rev. C. DARNELL, M.A., Head-Master of Cargilfield Preparatory School, Edinburgh, and late Scholar of Pembroke and Downing Colleges, Cambridge. Ninth Edition, fcap. 8vo, 3s. 6d.

——— Aditus Faciliores Graeci. An easy Greek Construing Book, with Complete Vocabulary. Fourth Edition, fcap. 8vo, 3s.

PRINGLE. The Live-Stock of the Farm. By ROBERT O. PRINGLE. Third Edition. Revised and Edited by JAMES MACDONALD, Editor of the 'Live-Stock Journal,' &c. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

PUBLIC GENERAL STATUTES AFFECTING SCOTLAND from 1707 to 1847, with Chronological Table and Index. 3 vols. large 8vo, £3, 3s.

PUBLIC GENERAL STATUTES AFFECTING SCOTLAND, COLLECTION OF. Published Annually with General Index.

RAMSAY. Rough Recollections of Military Service and Society. By Lieut.-Col. BALCARRES D. WARDLAW RAMSAY. Two vols. post 8vo, 21s.

RAMSAY. Scotland and Scotsmen in the Eighteenth Century. Edited from the MSS. of JOHN RAMSAY, Esq. of Ochtertyre, by ALEXANDER ALLARDYCE, Author of 'Memoir of Admiral Lord Keith, K.B.,' &c. In two vols. 8vo. [*In the press.*

RANKINE. A Treatise on the Rights and Burdens incident to the Ownership of Lands and other Heritages in Scotland. By JOHN RANKINE M.A., Advocate. Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged. 8vo, 45s.

RECORDS OF THE TERCENTENARY FESTIVAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH. Celebrated in April 1884. Published under the Sanction of the Senatus Academicus. Large 4to, £2, 12s. 6d.

RICE. Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln. By Distinguished Men of his Time. Collected and Edited by ALLEN THORNDIKE RICE, Editor of the 'North American Review.' Large 8vo, with Portraits, 21s.

RIMMER. The Early Homes of Prince Albert. By ALFRED RIMMER, Author of 'Our Old Country Towns,' &c. Beautifully Illustrated with Tinted Plates and numerous Engravings on Wood. 8vo, 10s. 6d.

ROBERTSON. Orellana, and other Poems. By J. LOGIE ROBERTSON, M.A. Fcap. 8vo. Printed on hand-made paper. 6s.

——— The White Angel of the Polly Ann, and other Stories. A Book of Fables and Fancies. Fcap. 8vo, 3s. 6d.

——— Our Holiday Among the Hills. By JAMES and JANET LOGIE ROBERTSON. Fcap. 8vo, 3s. 6d.

ROSCOE. Rambles with a Fishing-rod. By E. S. ROSCOE. Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d.

ROSS. Old Scottish Regimental Colours. By ANDREW ROSS, S.S.C., Hon. Secretary Old Scottish Regimental Colours Committee. Dedicated by Special Permission to Her Majesty the Queen. Folio, handsomely bound in cloth, £2, 12s. 6d.

ROSSLYN. Love that Lasts for Ever. A Jubilee Lyric. By the Earl of Rosslyn. Dedicated by Permission to the Queen, on the Fiftieth Anniversary of her Accession, and published by Her Majesty's Command. Printed on hand-made paper, with vellum cover, 1s.

RUSSELL. The Haigs of Bemersyde. A Family History. By JOHN RUSSELL. Large 8vo, with Illustrations. 21s.

RUSTOW. The War for the Rhine Frontier, 1870: Its Political and Military History. By Col. W. RUSTOW. Translated from the German, by JOHN LAYLAND NEEDHAM, Lieutenant R.M. Artillery. 3 vols. 8vo, with Maps and Plans, £1, 11s. 6d.

ST LEGER. Under a Delusion. A Novel. By JOAN ST LEGER. 2 vols. crown 8vo, 17s.

SCHILLER. Wallenstein. A Dramatic Poem. By FREDERICK VON SCHILLER. Translated by C. G. A. LOCKHART. Fcap. 8vo, 7s. 6d.

SCOTCH LOCH FISHING. By "Black Palmer." Crown 8vo, interleaved with blank pages, 4s.

SCOTTISH METAPHYSICS. Reconstructed in accordance with the Principles of Physical Science. By the Writer of 'Free Notes on Herbert Spencer's First Principles.' Crown 8vo, 5s.

SELLER AND STEPHENS. Physiology at the Farm; in Aid of Rearing and Feeding the Live Stock. By WILLIAM SELLER, M.D., F.R.S.E., Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh, formerly Lecturer on Materia Medica and Dietetics; and HENRY STEPHENS, F.R.S.E., Author of 'The Book of the Farm,' &c. Post 8vo, with Engravings, 16s.

SETH. Scottish Philosophy. A Comparison of the Scottish and German Answers to Hume. Balfour Philosophical Lectures, University of Edinburgh. By ANDREW SETH, M.A., Professor of Logic, Rhetoric, and Metaphysics in the University of St Andrews. Crown 8vo, 5s.

——— Hegelianism and Personality. Balfour Philosophical Lectures. Second Series. Crown 8vo, 5s.

SETON. A Budget of Anecdotes. Chiefly relating to the Current Century. Compiled and Arranged by GEORGE SETON, Advocate, M.A. Oxon. New and Cheaper Edition, fcap. 8vo. Boards, 1s. 6d.

SHADWELL. The Life of Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde. Illustrated by Extracts from his Diary and Correspondence. By Lieutenant-General SHADWELL, C.B. 2 vols. 8vo. With Portrait, Maps, and Plans. 36s.

SHAND. Fortune's Wheel. By ALEX. INNES SHAND, Author of 'Against Time,' &c. 3 vols. post 8vo, 25s. 6d.

——— Half a Century; or, Changes in Men and Manners. Second Edition, 8vo, 12s. 6d.

——— Letters from the West of Ireland. Reprinted from the 'Times.' Crown 8vo, 5s.

SHARPE. Letters from and to Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe. Edited by ALEXANDER ALLARDYCE, Author of 'Memoir of Admiral Lord Keith, K.B.,' &c. With a Memoir by the Rev. W. K. R. BEDFORD. In two vols. 8vo. Illustrated with Etchings and other Engravings.

SIM. Margaret Sim's Cookery. With an Introduction by L. B. WALFORD, Author of 'Mr Smith: A Part of His Life,' &c. Crown 8vo, 5s.

SIMPSON. Dogs of other Days: Nelson and Puck. By EVE BLANTYRE SIMPSON. Fcap. 8vo, with Illustrations, 2s. 6d.

SKELTON. Maitland of Lethington; and the Scotland of Mary Stuart. A History. By JOHN SKELTON, C.B., LL.D. Author of 'The Essays of Shirley.' Demy 8vo, 12s. 6d.

SMITH. Italian Irrigation: A Report on the Agricultural Canals of Piedmont and Lombardy, addressed to the Hon. the Directors of the East India Company; with an Appendix, containing a Sketch of the Irrigation System of Northern and Central India. By Lieut.-Col. R. BAIRD SMITH, F.G.S., Bengal Engineers. Second Edition. 2 vols. 8vo, with Atlas, 30s.

SMITH. Thorndale; or, The Conflict of Opinions. By WILLIAM SMITH, Author of 'A Discourse on Ethics,' &c. A New Edition. Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d.

——— Gravenhurst; or, Thoughts on Good and Evil. Second Edition, with Memoir of the Author. Crown 8vo, 8s.

SMITH. Greek Testament Lessons for Colleges, Schools, and Private Students, consisting chiefly of the Sermon on the Mount and the Parables of our Lord. With Notes and Essays. By the Rev. J. HUNTER SMITH, M.A., King Edward's School, Birmingham. Crown 8vo, 6s.

SMITH. Writings by the Way. By JOHN CAMPBELL SMITH, M.A., Sheriff-Substitute. Crown 8vo, 9s.

SMITH. The Secretary for Scotland. Being a Statement of the Powers and Duties of the new Scottish Office. With a Short Historical Introduction and numerous references to important Administrative Documents. By W. C. SMITH, LL.B., Advocate. 8vo. 6s.

SOLTERA. A Lady's Ride Across Spanish Honduras. By MARIA SOLTERA. With Illustrations. Post 8vo, 12s. 6d.

SORLEY. The Ethics of Naturalism. Being the Shaw Fellowship Lectures, 1884. By W. R. Sorley, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Examiner in Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. Crown 8vo, 6s.

SPEEDY. Sport in the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland with Rod and Gun. By TOM SPEEDY. Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged. With Illustrations by Lieut.-General Hope Crealocke, C.B., C.M.G., and others. 8vo, 15s.

SPROTT. The Worship and Offices of the Church of Scotland; or, the Celebration of Public Worship, the Administration of the Sacraments, and other Divine Offices, according to the Order of the Church of Scotland. By GEORGE W. SPROTT, D.D., Minister of North Berwick. Crown 8vo, 6s.

STARFORTH. Villa Residences and Farm Architecture: A Series of Designs. By JOHN STARFORTH, Architect. 102 Engravings. Second Edition, medium 4to, £2, 17s. 6d.

STATISTICAL ACCOUNT OF SCOTLAND. Complete, with Index, 15 vols. 8vo, £16, 16s.

Each County sold separately, with Title, Index, and Map, neatly bound in cloth, forming a very valuable Manual to the Landowner, the Tenant, the Manufacturer, the Naturalist, the Tourist, &c.

STEPHENS. The Book of the Farm; detailing the Labours of the Farmer, Farm-Steward, Ploughman, Shepherd, Hedger, Farm-Labourer, Field-Worker, and Cattleman. By HENRY STEPHENS, F.R.S.E. Illustrated with Portraits of Animals painted from the life; and with 557 Engravings on Wood, representing the principal Field Operations, Implements, and Animals treated of in the Work. A New Edition, Rewritten, and with New Illustrations.

——— The Book of Farm Buildings; their Arrangement and Construction. By HENRY STEPHENS, F.R.S.E., Author of 'The Book of the Farm;' and ROBERT SCOTT BURN. Illustrated with 1045 Plates and Engravings. Large 8vo, uniform with 'The Book of the Farm,' &c. £1, 11s. 6d.

——— The Book of Farm Implements and Machines. By J. SLIGHT and R. SCOTT BURN, Engineers. Edited by HENRY STEPHENS. Large 8vo, uniform with 'The Book of the Farm,' £2, 2s.

STEPHENS. Catechism of Practical Agriculture. With Engravings. 1s.

STEVENSON. British Fungi. (Hymenomycetes.) By Rev. JOHN STEVENSON, Author of 'Mycologia Scotia,' Hon. Sec. Cryptogamic Society of Scotland. 2 vols. post 8vo, with Illustrations, price 12s. 6d. each. Vol. I. AGARICUS—BOLBITIUS. Vol. II. CORTINARIUS—DACRYMYCES.

STEWART. Advice to Purchasers of Horses. By JOHN STEWART, V.S., Author of 'Stable Economy.' New Edition. 2s. 6d.

——— Stable Economy. A Treatise on the Management of Horses in relation to Stabling, Grooming, Feeding, Watering, and Working. By JOHN STEWART, V.S. Seventh Edition, fcap. 8vo, 6s. 6d.

STORMONTH. Etymological and Pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language. Including a very Copious Selection of Scientific Terms. For Use in Schools and Colleges, and as a Book of General Reference. By the Rev. JAMES STORMONTH. The Pronunciation carefully Revised by the Rev. P. H. PHELP, M.A. Cantab. Ninth Edition, Revised throughout. Crown 8vo, pp. 800. 7s. 6d.

——— Dictionary of the English Language, Pronouncing, Etymological, and Explanatory. Revised by the Rev. P. H. PHELP. Library Edition. Imperial 8vo, handsomely bound in half morocco, 31s. 6d.

——— The School Etymological Dictionary and Word-Book. Combining the advantages of an ordinary pronouncing School Dictionary and an Etymological Spelling-book. Fcap. 8vo, pp. 254. 2s.

STORY. Nero; A Historical Play. By W. W. STORY, Author of 'Roba di Roma.' Fcap. 8vo, 6s.

——— Vallombrosa. Post 8vo, 5s.

——— He and She; or, A Poet's Portfolio. Fcap. 8vo, in parchment, 3s. 6d.

——— Poems. 2 vols. fcap., 7s. 6d.

——— Fiammetta. A Summer Idyl. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

STRICKLAND. Life of Agnes Strickland. By her SISTER. Post 8vo, with Portrait engraved on Steel, 12s. 6d.

STURGIS. John-a-Dreams. A Tale. By JULIAN STURGIS. New Edition, crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

——— Little Comedies, Old and New. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

SUTHERLAND. Handbook of Hardy Herbaceous and Alpine Flowers, for general Garden Decoration. Containing Descriptions, in Plain Language, of upwards of 1000 Species of Ornamental Hardy Perennial and Alpine Plants, adapted to all classes of Flower-Gardens, Rockwork, and Waters; along with Concise and Plain Instructions for their Propagation and Culture. By WILLIAM SUTHERLAND, Gardener to the Earl of Minto; formerly Manager of the Herbaceous Department at Kew. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

TAYLOR. The Story of My Life. By the late Colonel MEADOWS TAYLOR, Author of 'The Confessions of a Thug,' &c. &c. Edited by his Daughter. New and cheaper Edition, being the Fourth. Crown 8vo, 6s.

TAYLOR. The City of Sarras. By U. ASHWORTH TAYLOR. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

TEMPLE. Lancelot Ward, M.P. A Love-Story. By GEORGE TEMPLE. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

THOLUCK. Hours of Christian Devotion. Translated from the German of A. Tholuck, D.D., Professor of Theology in the University of Halle. By the Rev. ROBERT MENZIES, D.D. With a Preface written for this Translation by the Author. Second Edition, crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

THOMSON. Handy Book of the Flower-Garden: being Practical Directions for the Propagation, Culture, and Arrangement of Plants in Flower-Gardens all the year round. Embracing all classes of Gardens, from the largest to the smallest. With Engraved Plans, illustrative of the various systems of Grouping in Beds and Borders. By DAVID THOMSON, Gardener to his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch, K.G., at Drumlanrig. Fourth and Cheaper Edition, crown 8vo, 5s.

THOMSON. The Handy Book of Fruit-Culture under Glass: being a series of Elaborate Practical Treatises on the Cultivation and Forcing of Pines, Vines, Peaches, Figs, Melons, Strawberries, and Cucumbers. With Engravings of Hothouses, &c., most suitable for the Cultivation and Forcing of these Fruits. By DAVID THOMSON, Gardener to his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch, K.G., at Drumlanrig. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, with Engravings, 7s. 6d.

THOMSON. A Practical Treatise on the Cultivation of the Grape-Vine. By WILLIAM THOMSON, Tweed Vineyards. Ninth Edition. 8vo, 5s.

THOMSON. Cookery for the Sick and Convalescent. With Directions for the Preparation of Poultices, Fomentations, &c. By BARBARA THOMSON. Fcap. 8vo, 1s. 6d.

TOM CRINGLE'S LOG. A New Edition, with Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 5s. Cheap Edition, 2s.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE HIGHLAND AND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF SCOTLAND. Published annually, price 5s.

TULLOCH. Rational Theology and Christian Philosophy in England in the Seventeenth Century. By JOHN TULLOCH, D.D., Principal of St Mary's College in the University of St Andrews; and one of her Majesty's Chaplains in Ordinary in Scotland. Second Edition. 2 vols. 8vo, 16s.

——— Modern Theories in Philosophy and Religion. 8vo, 15s.

——— Theism. The Witness of Reason and Nature to an All-Wise and Beneficent Creator. 8vo, 10s. 6d.

——— Luther, and other Leaders of the Reformation. Third Edition, enlarged. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

TWO STORIES OF THE SEEN AND THE UNSEEN. 'THE OPEN DOOR,' 'OLD LADY MARY.' Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

VEITCH. Institutes of Logic. By JOHN VEITCH, LL.D., Professor of Logic and Rhetoric in the University of Glasgow. Post 8vo, 12s. 6d.

——— The Feeling for Nature in Scottish Poetry. From the Earliest Times to the Present Day. 2 vols. fcap. 8vo, in Roxburghe binding. 15s.

VIRGIL. The Æneid of Virgil. Translated in English Blank Verse by G. K. RICKARDS, M.A., and Lord RAVENSWORTH. 2 vols. fcap. 8vo, 10s.

WALFORD. The Novels of L. B. WALFORD. New and Uniform Edition. Crown 8vo, each 5s.

MR SMITH: A PART OF HIS LIFE.
COUSINS.
PAULINE.
TROUBLESOME DAUGHTERS.
DICK NETHERBY.
THE BABY'S GRANDMOTHER.
HISTORY OF A WEEK.

WARDEN. Poems. By FRANCIS HEYWOOD WARDEN. With a Notice by Dr Vanroth. Crown 8vo, 5s.

WARREN'S (SAMUEL) WORKS. People's Edition, 4 vols. crown 8vo, cloth, 15s. 6d. Or separately:—

Diary of a Late Physician. Cloth, 2s. 6d.; boards, 2s.

Ten Thousand A-Year. Cloth, 3s. 6d.; boards, 2s. 6d.

Now and Then. The Lily and the Bee. Intellectual and Moral Development of the Present Age. 4s. 6d.

Essays: Critical, Imaginative, and Juridical. 5s.

WARREN. The Five Books of the Psalms. With Marginal Notes. By Rev. SAMUEL L. WARREN, Rector of Esher, Surrey; late Fellow, Dean, and Divinity Lecturer, Wadham College, Oxford. Crown 8vo, 5s.

WATSON. Christ's Authority; and other Sermons. By the late ARCHIBALD WATSON, D.D., Minister of the Parish of Dundee, and one of Her Majesty's Chaplains for Scotland. With Introduction by the Very Rev. PRINCIPAL CAIRD, Glasgow. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

WEBSTER. The Angler and the Loop-Rod. By DAVID WEBSTER. Crown 8vo, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

WELLINGTON. Wellington Prize Essays on "the System of Field Manœuvres best adapted for enabling our Troops to meet a Continental Army." Edited by Lieut.-General Sir EDWARD BRUCE HAMLEY, K.C.B. 8vo, 12s. 6d.

WESTMINSTER ASSEMBLY. Minutes of the Westminster Assembly, while engaged in preparing their Directory for Church Government, Confession of Faith, and Catechisms (November 1644 to March 1649). Edited by the Rev. Professor ALEX. T. MITCHELL, of St Andrews, and the Rev. JOHN STRUTHERS, LL.D. With a Historical and Critical Introduction by Professor Mitchell. 8vo, 15s.

WHITE. The Eighteen Christian Centuries. By the Rev. JAMES WHITE. Seventh Edition, post 8vo, with Index. 6s.

—— History of France, from the Earliest Times. Sixth Thousand, post 8vo, with Index, 6s.

WHITE. Archæological Sketches in Scotland—Kintyre and Knapdale. By Colonel T. P. WHITE, R.E., of the Ordnance Survey. With numerous Illustrations. 2 vols. folio, £4, 4s. Vol. I., Kintyre, sold separately, £2, 2s.

—— The Ordnance Survey of the United Kingdom. A Popular Account. Crown 8vo, 5s.

WILLS AND GREENE. Drawing-room Dramas for Children. By W. G. WILLS and the Hon. Mrs GREENE. Crown 8vo, 6s.

WILSON. Works of Professor Wilson. Edited by his Son-in-Law, Professor FERRIER. 12 vols. crown 8vo, £2, 8s.

—— Christopher in his Sporting-Jacket. 2 vols., 8s.

—— Isle of Palms, City of the Plague, and other Poems. 4s.

—— Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life, and other Tales. 4s.

—— Essays, Critical and Imaginative. 4 vols., 16s.

—— The Noctes Ambrosianæ. 4 vols., 16s.

—— The Comedy of the Noctes Ambrosianæ. By CHRISTOPHER NORTH. Edited by JOHN SKELTON, Advocate. With a Portrait of Professor Wilson and of the Ettrick Shepherd, engraved on Steel. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

—— Homer and his Translators, and the Greek Drama. Crown 8vo, 4s.

WILSON. From Korti to Khartum: A Journal of the Desert March from Korti to Gubat, and of the Ascent of the Nile in General Gordon's Steamers. By Colonel Sir CHARLES W. WILSON, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., R.E. Seventh Edition. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

WINGATE. Annie Weir, and other Poems. By DAVID WINGATE. Fcap. 8vo, 5s.

—— Lily Neil. A Poem. Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d.

WORDSWORTH. The Historical Plays of Shakspeare. With Introductions and Notes. By CHARLES WORDSWORTH, D.C.L., Bishop of S. Andrews. 3 vols. post 8vo, each price 7s. 6d.

WORSLEY. Poems and Translations. By PHILIP STANHOPE WORSLEY, M.A. Edited by EDWARD WORSLEY. Second Edition, enlarged. Fcap. 8vo, 6s.

YATE. England and Russia Face to Face in Asia. A Record of Travel with the Afghan Boundary Commission. By Lieutenant A. C. YATE, Bombay Staff Corps, Special Correspondent of the 'Pioneer,' 'Daily Telegraph,' &c., &c., with the Afghan Boundary Commission. 8vo, with Maps and Illustrations, 21s.

YOUNG. Songs of Béranger done into English Verse. By WILLIAM YOUNG. New Edition, revised. Fcap. 8vo, 4s. 6d.

YULE. Fortification: for the Use of Officers in the Army, and Readers of Military History. By Col. YULE, Bengal Engineers. 8vo, with numerous Illustrations, 10s. 6d.

ZIT AND XOE: Their Early Experiences. Reprinted from 'Blackwood's Magazine.' Crown 8vo, paper cover, 1s.

12/87.